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Vergilius Maro Publius. Aeneid. Eng. Symmons.

THE
ÆNEIS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.

OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Velle videmur, et in mediis conatibus ægri
Succidimus: NON LINGUA VALET.



VOL. I.

CHISWICK:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR N. HAILES, PICCADILLY;

DAWDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND
R. HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON.

1820.

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PREFACE.

IN the revision of the following pages, on their second passage through the press, I have done what I could to render them less unworthy, I will not say of the public approbation but, of the public pardon; and I conceive that they are now brought nearer to that state of relative perfection, in which I have been solicitous to place them before the reading community of Britain. The alterations in them, however, which I have been induced to make, are not either so numerous, or of so important a na-

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In the task of revising my work, I have been principally assisted by the judgment of my son, John Symmons; whose taste has been refined to pure Atticism by an intimate intercourse with the great authors of Greece; and to whom, as my assessor in the present instance, I avow my obligations with the just pride of a father. In the correction of my *Æneis*, I have also been aided by my public critics, whose exposure of a few of my smaller delinquencies has made them more obviously the subjects of my remark. To these critics I ought, perhaps, to profess myself indebted for something more than the discovery of my faults;

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A DISSERTATION on heroic poetry could no where be more properly in its place than in an introduction to the *Æneis*. But, having been so frequently and so popularly treated by the critics of France and of our own country, the subject is now in the possession of the general reader; and I could not offer the compensation of novelty for the attention which I should exact, and the time which I might consume. This prefatory discourse shall be confined, therefore, to my author and to my translation; and if I cannot make it interesting, I will endeavour to prevent it from being long.

The action of an epic poem, as is universally allowed, must be great, that it may gratify the ambition of the mind; and its fable (or the complication of its incidents) must be entire and one, that it may not distract the attention, and may supply that pleasure which is always produced by the contemplation of a perfect whole, constituted by justness of proportion and accuracy of adaptation. In the *Æneis* are combined greatness of action and unity of fable. It exhibits a hero, the survivor of the wreck of his country, proceeding, under the immediate guidance of Hea-

ven, to establish his gods and his dominion in a distant region, where he is to plant the germ of an empire, destined in after ages to overshadow a large portion of the earth: and the component incidents of this magnificent action are so artificially complicated as to form a single and complete piece; to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be subtracted without essential injury to the symmetry of its parts, and the result of its entire combination. In full correspondence with this admirable disposition of the whole is the excellence of all its subordinate portions. Throughout the *Æneis*, the agents, divine and human, are justly adapted to the conduct of the action: the effect is uniformly in strong connexion with the cause: the sentiments are always proper; and the diction is every where poetic, dignified, exquisite, and harmonious. The *Æneis* has generally been regarded as a political poem, the object of which was to reconcile the countrymen of the poet to the new imperial government of the Cæsars; and, in pursuance of this idea, the endeavours of ingenious men have been exerted to discover in its hero the latent person of Augustus, and to prove that the Trojan chief, who is proposed, as they tell us, for the model of a perfect legislator, was intended to be the direct representative of the Roman emperor. Since I was capable of reflecting upon the subject, I have uniformly considered this assignment of purpose to the *Æneis* as altogether visionary: and I am now happy that I can adduce the opinion of the learned and able Heyne, in the support of my own, against a theory, which has, in truth, nothing on which it can rest but the fancies of those who have advanced it. Between the characters of *Æneas* and Augustus there is not to be traced the smallest lineament of resemblance: in the events

of their lives there is an equal dissimilarity; and, from the whole poem, not a single passage can be brought in evidence of its author's preference of the imperial to the republican government. With the texture of his great work, the subject of which he unquestionably chose with a reference, generally, to Rome and, specifically, to the Julian family, the poet has interwoven much of the history of the former, and much splendid allusion to the exploits and fortunes of the latter. But, having given to his poem this Roman determination, and having thus made it his occasional altar of incense to his imperial patron, he certainly never dreamt of forming it into a great machine, like his own wooden horse, for the accomplishment of a concealed purpose; or of carrying it beyond its professed and ostensible subject, the settlement of the Trojans under Æneas in Italy. They, therefore, who, following Bossu and some of the other French critics, affect to find more profundity in his design, are assuredly the dupes of their own misdirected ingenuity. For the casket, floating on the surface, they dive with perverse labour into the deep; and thence, to compensate their exertions, bring up nothing but party-coloured shells, and unprofitable weeds. The *Æneis*, indeed, seems to advance no particular pretensions to the denomination of a political poem; and, if I were compelled to designate its general object and character either as political or religious, I should undoubtedly discriminate them as the latter. In the proposition of the subject of the poem, it is the religion, not the laws, of Troy which the hero, pre-eminently denoted as pious, is to establish in Italy. *Inferretque DEOS Latio*, are the words of the poet on this occasion; and, soon afterwards, we find the chieftain describing himself as the pious Æneas, who under the

direction of Heaven was transporting his household gods, whom he had saved from the enemy, to the country assigned to him by the Fates. He prays and he fights: but nowhere, unless it be during his temporary residence in Crete, does he legislate; and in Crete he performs only the common duties of the founder of a colony. All the great actions of the poem are accomplished by divine agency; and the leader's conduct is every where influenced and instructed by the predictions of ghosts and of seers; by omens, by prodigies, and by oracles. Can the character of a poem, with such a professed object, such a hero, and such a course of action, be properly regarded as political? If the design of the poet was really to read a political lecture to his countrymen, and to propose in his *Æneas* the perfect model of a legislator, where are we to discover any evidence of his intention? and by what means are we to ascertain the nature of that political creed which he inculcates, or by which he regulates his own faith? If he pays some illustrious compliments to the head of the Julian house, be it not forgotten that the chiefs also of the republic share largely in his praise; and that the elder Brutus and the Catos, the Decii and the Fabii, the Scipios, and even the popular Gracchi, assert their due proportion in his pages of honest panegyric. Wherever any opportunity is suggested to her, the Muse of Maro is warm in the cause of freedom; and, if indeed she were instructed to be the advocate of that of usurpation and imperial despotism, it must be confessed that she has betrayed her retainer; and, with splendid faithlessness, has deserted to the adversary. But although these profound divers into inanity, these men who can see what is visible only to themselves, are formidable from their numbers, and still more from

their talents; though of our own countrymen, Dryden and Pope, Warburton and Hurd, are in their ranks, their united powers cannot throw a doubt upon the question; or make us hesitate finally to dismiss it as altogether unworthy of any further consideration.

At the period of its production, in the meridian pride of Roman literature and taste, the *Æneis* was hailed as one of the most successful efforts of the human mind; and as contesting the palm of victory with the great epic of Greece, "the tale of Troy divine." While learning continued in any degree to be cultivated by Rome, the *Æneis* lost no portion of its original celebrity; and, on the subversion of that empire, the eternity of which it had so fondly predicted, it passed, in consequence of a species of sanctity attached by admiration to its character, not only safely but, proudly through those stormy and dark ages which subsequently overwhelmed Europe, together with almost all the monuments of her ancient renown. When literature revived in the fourteenth century, the *Æneis* once more became the theme of tuneful tongues; and all the illustrious wits of Italy, with Dantè and Petrarch at their head, proposed it as their model of imitation, and offered to its author the richest incense of their praise. Well then might it be imagined, that what had thus excited the wonder of such a series of ages, distinguished as they were by such a diversity of character, would be secure in its possession of fame; and would reach the remotest limits of time in a state of unassaulted supremacy. It has, however, been assailed by the cavils of modern criticism; and an attempt has been made, by a general charge of deficiency in the prime poetic requisite of invention, to

degrade it to a subordinate rank among the productions of human genius. The assertion of Macrobius, (in his "Saturnalia," written in the fourth century, under the Emperor Honorius,) that two of its finest books were borrowed almost wholly from the compositions of Pisander and Apollonius Rhodius, has been echoed from one trivial mouth to another, whilst the numerous imitations of the Greek poets, which sparkle throughout its pages, have been adduced to aggravate the effect of this alarming disclosure; and thus altogether to lower the proud epic of Rome into something little more than a compilation; demonstrative, indeed, of a mind possessing taste, but destitute of native energy and resource. On the admission of these charges, which, as far as they are of a criminal nature, are all open to refutation, we might still confidently assert that the *Æneis* was the offspring of a powerful and original intellect, and we might assert it without the fear of effective contradiction. It has been observed by Aristotle (the subject of whose remarks was principally the drama) that the most difficult part of the poet's labour was the construction of his fable; and that more had failed in this prime portion of their work than in any other. What the sagacity of this transcendent critic suggested to him on this topic, has been demonstrated to be true by the experience of all ages, from his own to the present; and, on the evidence of the event, that power of mind, which can combine the various incidents of a great action into one just and perfect whole, must be regarded as of rarer occurrence than that which can either delineate character, or exhibit sentiment, or supply the colouring of diction. For the proof of this assertion, we need not wander from our own country as it exists in our own times:

for, affluent as it is in writers of poetic fancy, it has not produced one who has shown himself equal to the construction of a poetic fable. Now the *Æneis* must be admitted to be a grand structure, in the formation of which this presiding faculty of mind has been exerted with the most unquestionable success. Every part of the magnificent edifice has been so disposed by the hand of the consummate architect as to fall into one great plan, and perfectly to combine the charm of variety with the impression of unity. Of this praise it is impossible to deprive the *Æneis*; and with this, associated with his supreme mastery of poetic diction, it will not be easy to dispossess its author of that high rank among the sons of the Muse to which he has been elevated by the unanimous suffrage of so many successive generations. But if we examine the charges which have been alledged against him, they will be discovered either to be false, or to be inadequate to the purposes of their adduction. The same writer, who asserts that the whole of the second book of the *Æneis* is taken from Pisander, affirms also that the whole of the fourth is, in like manner, derived from Apollonius. Now, although the poem of Pisander be unfortunately lost, that of Apollonius is preserved; and we can determine, from our knowledge of the fact, that, whatever Macrobius may advance upon the subject, the obligations of the fourth book to the *Argonautics* are very inconsiderable. Might we not reasonably, then, infer, that the testimony, which stands convicted of error in one instance, was equally defective in the other; and that as, without Apollonius, Dido might have loved, have been deserted, and have immolated herself on the funeral pile; so, without the suggestions of Pisander, Troy might have flamed, Priam have been slain, Creüsa have

perished, and Anchises have been carried through the burning city upon the shoulders of his son. This, I say, we might fairly have inferred from the evidence alone of Apollonius, as it positively contradicts the unqualified assertion of Macrobius. But it is made more than probable, by the learned investigation of Heyne, that the whole of what is affirmed by this grammarian, respecting the pillage of Pisan-der's page, is the falsehood (strange as it may seem) either of gross ignorance, or of unaccountable and almost incomprehensible inadvertency. Of the only two poetical Pisan-der's of whom any record is to be found, and to one of whom Macrobius must necessarily refer, the more ancient lived about the time of Hesiod, and the more modern towards the close of the second century, under the reign of Alexander Severus. To the former, of these time-sundered writers, one poem alone in two books, on the exploits of Hercules, is ascribed by the concurring voice of antiquity; and to the latter, a much larger poem, comprehending the whole compass of the fabulous history of Greece. In the first of these compositions it is impossible that the second taking of Troy could be noticed; but of the last it would naturally form a part of the multifarious subject. Clear, therefore, is it almost to demonstration that, from the most extraordinary and rash ignorance, Macrobius has confounded a writer, not very far removed from his own days, with a writer very remotely ancient; and has thus perversely imputed, as the effect of a robbery, to Virgil, what most probably was taken from his own page. Pisan-der, then, must be thrown entirely out of the question; and, even without this strong refutation of their defamer, any competent reader of those unrivalled compositions (the second and fourth books of the *Æneis*) must be so

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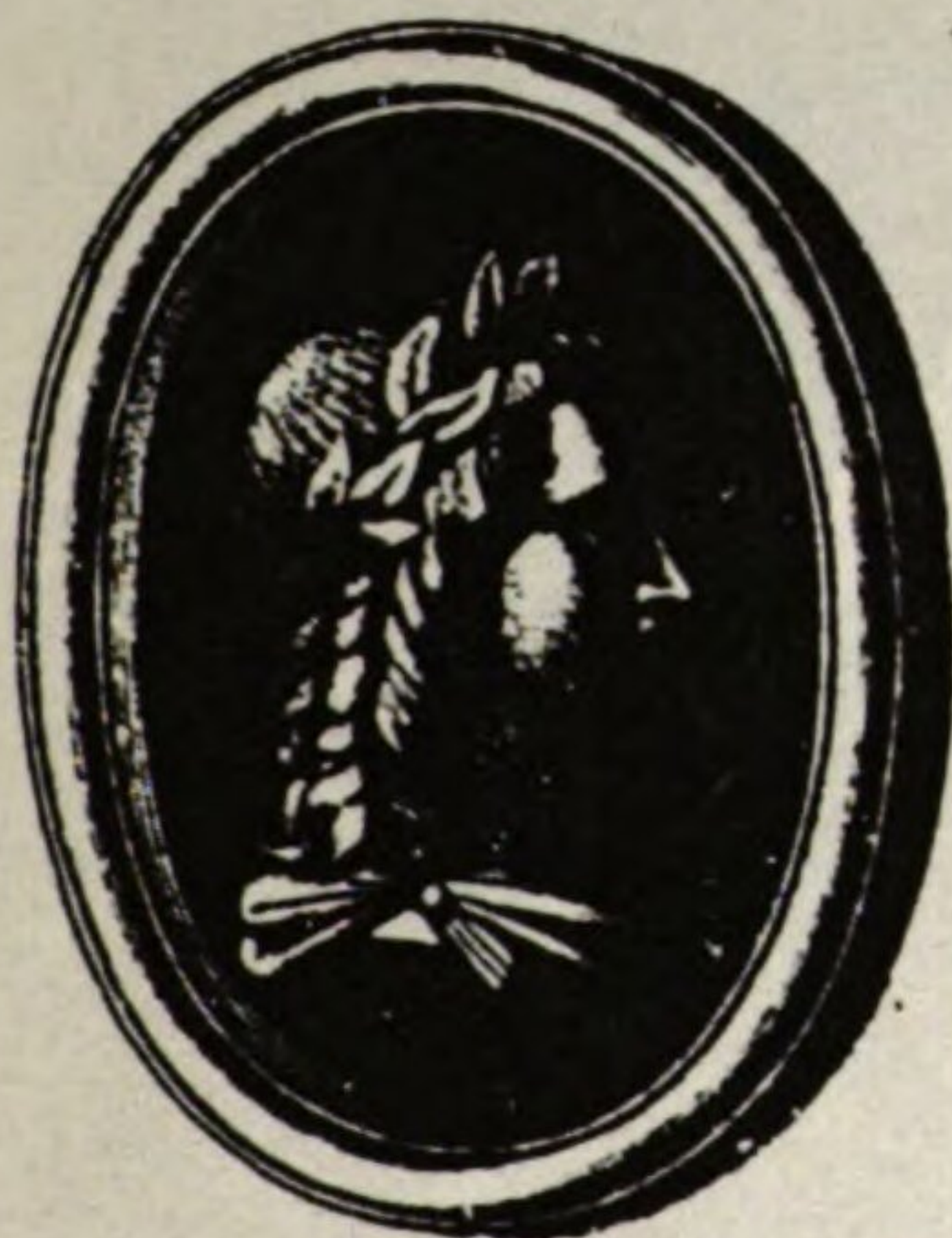
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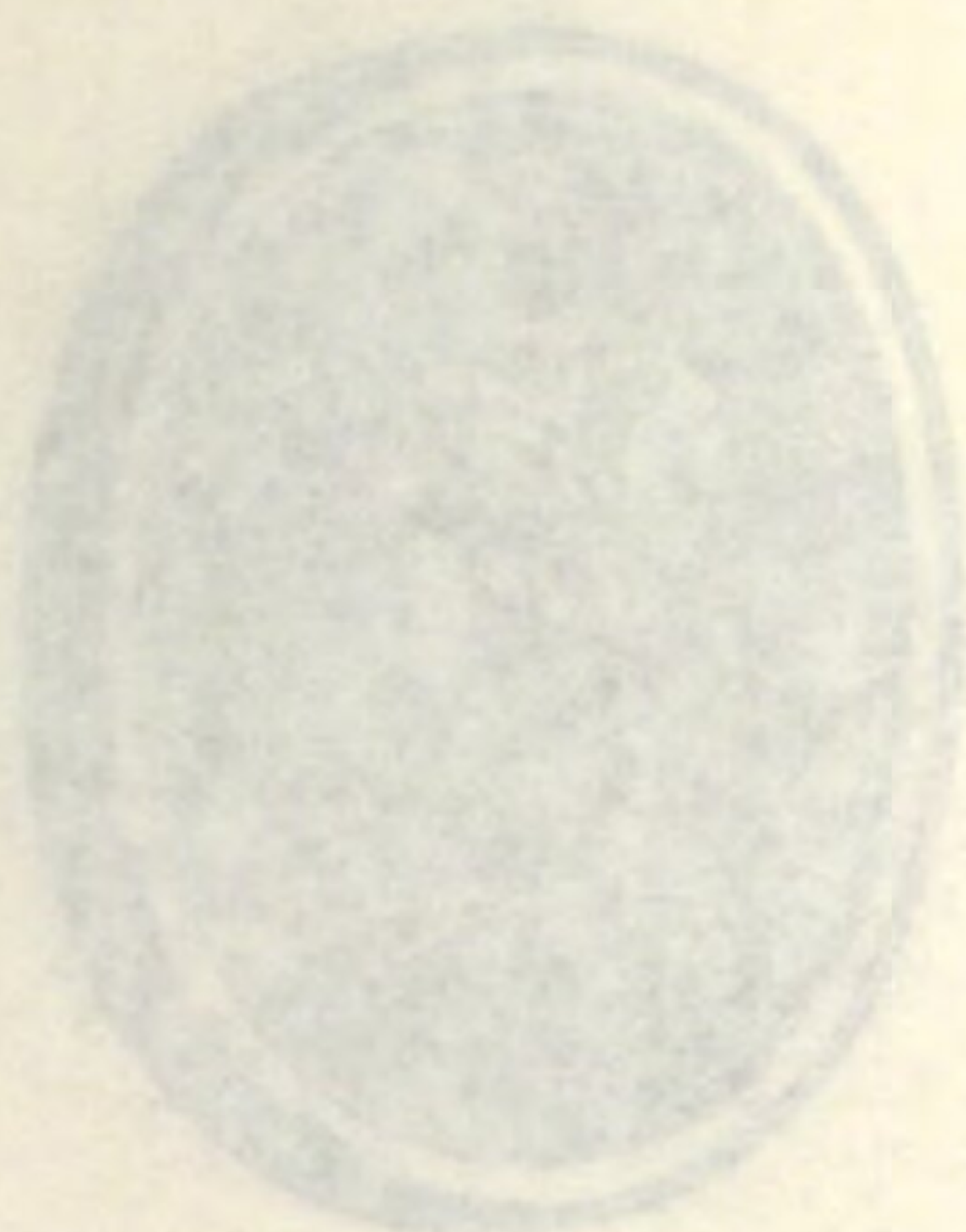
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PRINTED BY J. H. JOHNSON

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

FOR M. HART, STATIONER

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The action of an epic poem, as is universally allowed, must be great, that it may gratify the ambition of the mind; and its fable (or the complication of its incidents) must be entire and one, that it may not distract the attention, and may supply that pleasure which is always produced by the contemplation of a perfect whole, constituted by justness of proportion and accuracy of adaptation. In the *Æneis* are combined greatness of action and unity of fable. It exhibits a hero, the survivor of the wreck of his country, proceeding, under the immediate guidance of Hea-

ven, to establish his gods and his dominion in a distant region, where he is to plant the germ of an empire, destined in after ages to overshadow a large portion of the earth: and the component incidents of this magnificent action are so artificially complicated as to form a single and complete piece; to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be subtracted without essential injury to the symmetry of its parts, and the result of its entire combination. In full correspondence with this admirable disposition of the whole is the excellence of all its subordinate portions. Throughout the *Æneis*, the agents, divine and human, are justly adapted to the conduct of the action: the effect is uniformly in strong connexion with the cause: the sentiments are always proper; and the diction is every where poetic, dignified, exquisite, and harmonious. The *Æneis* has generally been regarded as a political poem, the object of which was to reconcile the countrymen of the poet to the new imperial government of the Cæsars; and, in pursuance of this idea, the endeavours of ingenious men have been exerted to discover in its hero the latent person of Augustus, and to prove that the Trojan chief, who is proposed, as they tell us, for the model of a perfect legislator, was intended to be the direct representative of the Roman emperor. Since I was capable of reflecting upon the subject, I have uniformly considered this assignment of purpose to the *Æneis* as altogether visionary: and I am now happy that I can adduce the opinion of the learned and able Heyne, in the support of my own, against a theory, which has, in truth, nothing on which it can rest but the fancies of those who have advanced it. Between the characters of *Æneas* and Augustus there is not to be traced the smallest lineament of resemblance: in the events

of their lives there is an equal dissimilarity; and, from the whole poem, not a single passage can be brought in evidence of its author's preference of the imperial to the republican government. With the texture of his great work, the subject of which he unquestionably chose with a reference, generally, to Rome and, specifically, to the Julian family, the poet has interwoven much of the history of the former, and much splendid allusion to the exploits and fortunes of the latter. But, having given to his poem this Roman determination, and having thus made it his occasional altar of incense to his imperial patron, he certainly never dreamt of forming it into a great machine, like his own wooden horse, for the accomplishment of a concealed purpose; or of carrying it beyond its professed and ostensible subject, the settlement of the Trojans under Æneas in Italy. They, therefore, who, following Bossu and some of the other French critics, affect to find more profundity in his design, are assuredly the dupes of their own misdirected ingenuity. For the casket, floating on the surface, they dive with perverse labour into the deep; and thence, to compensate their exertions, bring up nothing but party-coloured shells, and unprofitable weeds. The *Æneis*, indeed, seems to advance no particular pretensions to the denomination of a political poem; and, if I were compelled to designate its general object and character either as political or religious, I should undoubtedly discriminate them as the latter. In the proposition of the subject of the poem, it is the religion, not the laws, of Troy which the hero, pre-eminently denoted as pious, is to establish in Italy. *Inferretque DEOS Latio*, are the words of the poet on this occasion; and, soon afterwards, we find the chieftain describing himself as the pious Æneas, who under the

direction of Heaven was transporting his household gods, whom he had saved from the enemy, to the country assigned to him by the Fates. He prays and he fights: but no where, unless it be during his temporary residence in Crete, does he legislate; and in Crete he performs only the common duties of the founder of a colony. All the great actions of the poem are accomplished by divine agency; and the leader's conduct is every where influenced and instructed by the predictions of ghosts and of seers; by omens, by prodigies, and by oracles. Can the character of a poem, with such a professed object, such a hero, and such a course of action, be properly regarded as political? If the design of the poet was really to read a political lecture to his countrymen, and to propose in his Æneas the perfect model of a legislator, where are we to discover any evidence of his intention? and by what means are we to ascertain the nature of that political creed which he inculcates, or by which he regulates his own faith? If he pays some illustrious compliments to the head of the Julian house, be it not forgotten that the chiefs also of the republic share largely in his praise; and that the elder Brutus and the Catos, the Decii and the Fabii, the Scipios, and even the popular Gracchi, assert their due proportion in his pages of honest panegyric. Wherever any opportunity is suggested to her, the Muse of Maro is warm in the cause of freedom; and, if indeed she were instructed to be the advocate of that of usurpation and imperial despotism, it must be confessed that she has betrayed her retainer; and, with splendid faithlessness, has deserted to the adversary. But although these profound divers into inanity, these men who can see what is visible only to themselves, are formidable from their numbers, and still more from

their talents; though of our own countrymen, Dryden and Pope, Warburton and Hurd, are in their ranks, their united powers cannot throw a doubt upon the question; or make us hesitate finally to dismiss it as altogether unworthy of any further consideration.

At the period of its production, in the meridian pride of Roman literature and taste, the *Æneis* was hailed as one of the most successful efforts of the human mind; and as contesting the palm of victory with the great epic of Greece, "the tale of Troy divine." While learning continued in any degree to be cultivated by Rome, the *Æneis* lost no portion of its original celebrity; and, on the subversion of that empire, the eternity of which it had so fondly predicted, it passed, in consequence of a species of sanctity attached by admiration to its character, not only safely but, proudly through those stormy and dark ages which subsequently overwhelmed Europe, together with almost all the monuments of her ancient renown. When literature revived in the fourteenth century, the *Æneis* once more became the theme of tuneful tongues; and all the illustrious wits of Italy, with Dantè and Petrarch at their head, proposed it as their model of imitation, and offered to its author the richest incense of their praise. Well then might it be imagined, that what had thus excited the wonder of such a series of ages, distinguished as they were by such a diversity of character, would be secure in its possession of fame; and would reach the remotest limits of time in a state of unassaulted supremacy. It has, however, been assailed by the cavils of modern criticism; and an attempt has been made, by a general charge of deficiency in the prime poetic requisite of invention, to

degrade it to a subordinate rank among the productions of human genius. The assertion of Macrobius, (in his "Saturnalia," written in the fourth century, under the Emperor Honorius,) that two of its finest books were borrowed almost wholly from the compositions of Pisander and Apollonius Rhodius, has been echoed from one trivial mouth to another, whilst the numerous imitations of the Greek poets, which sparkle throughout its pages, have been adduced to aggravate the effect of this alarming disclosure; and thus altogether to lower the proud epic of Rome into something little more than a compilation; demonstrative, indeed, of a mind possessing taste, but destitute of native energy and resource. On the admission of these charges, which, as far as they are of a criminal nature, are all open to refutation, we might still confidently assert that the *Æneis* was the offspring of a powerful and original intellect, and we might assert it without the fear of effective contradiction. It has been observed by Aristotle (the subject of whose remarks was principally the drama) that the most difficult part of the poet's labour was the construction of his fable; and that more had failed in this prime portion of their work than in any other. What the sagacity of this transcendent critic suggested to him on this topic, has been demonstrated to be true by the experience of all ages, from his own to the present; and, on the evidence of the event, that power of mind, which can combine the various incidents of a great action into one just and perfect whole, must be regarded as of rarer occurrence than that which can either delineate character, or exhibit sentiment, or supply the colouring of diction. For the proof of this assertion, we need not wander from our own country as it exists in our own times:

for, affluent as it is in writers of poetic fancy, it has not produced one who has shown himself equal to the construction of a poetic fable. Now the *Æneis* must be admitted to be a grand structure, in the formation of which this presiding faculty of mind has been exerted with the most unquestionable success. Every part of the magnificent edifice has been so disposed by the hand of the consummate architect as to fall into one great plan, and perfectly to combine the charm of variety with the impression of unity. Of this praise it is impossible to deprive the *Æneis*; and with this, associated with his supreme mastery of poetic diction, it will not be easy to dispossess its author of that high rank among the sons of the Muse to which he has been elevated by the unanimous suffrage of so many successive generations. But if we examine the charges which have been alledged against him, they will be discovered either to be false, or to be inadequate to the purposes of their adduction. The same writer, who asserts that the whole of the second book of the *Æneis* is taken from Pisander, affirms also that the whole of the fourth is, in like manner, derived from Apollonius. Now, although the poem of Pisander be unfortunately lost, that of Apollonius is preserved; and we can determine, from our knowledge of the fact, that, whatever Macrobius may advance upon the subject, the obligations of the fourth book to the *Argonautics* are very inconsiderable. Might we not reasonably, then, infer, that the testimony, which stands convicted of error in one instance, was equally defective in the other; and that as, without Apollonius, Dido might have loved, have been deserted, and have immolated herself on the funeral pile; so, without the suggestions of Pisander, Troy might have flamed, Priam have been slain, Creüsa have

perished, and Anchises have been carried through the burning city upon the shoulders of his son. This, I say, we might fairly have inferred from the evidence alone of Apollonius, as it positively contradicts the unqualified assertion of Macrobius. But it is made more than probable, by the learned investigation of Heyne, that the whole of what is affirmed by this grammarian, respecting the pillage of Pisan-der's page, is the falsehood (strange as it may seem) either of gross ignorance, or of unaccountable and almost incomprehensible inadvertency. Of the only two poetical Pisan-der's of whom any record is to be found, and to one of whom Macrobius must necessarily refer, the more ancient lived about the time of Hesiod, and the more modern towards the close of the second century, under the reign of Alexander Severus. To the former, of these time-sundered writers, one poem alone in two books, on the exploits of Hercules, is ascribed by the concurring voice of antiquity; and to the latter, a much larger poem, comprehending the whole compass of the fabulous history of Greece. In the first of these compositions it is impossible that the second taking of Troy could be noticed; but of the last it would naturally form a part of the multifarious subject. Clear, therefore, is it almost to demonstration that, from the most extraordinary and rash ignorance, Macrobius has confounded a writer, not very far removed from his own days, with a writer very remotely ancient; and has thus perversely imputed, as the effect of a robbery, to Virgil, what most probably was taken from his own page. Pisan-der, then, must be thrown entirely out of the question; and, even without this strong refutation of their defamer, any competent reader of those unrivalled compositions (the second and fourth books of the *Æneis*) must be so

forcibly impressed with the characters of original genius, stamped upon their entire substance, as confidently to pronounce them to be the results of one great and inventive intellect. The clay, of which they are formed, might be dug from any field; but their symmetry was modelled and the breath of animation infused into them by the great Prometheus of Rome. The improbable tale of the wooden horse was obtained by Virgil, as there can be no doubt, from the Odyssey, in which it is first found, and from the Cyclic poets, as they are called, or the old ballad singers of Greece, with whom probably it was a favourite theme. But how wonderfully does it rise into importance under his management; and with what surprising artifice has he attached probability to a fiction, which, in its naked absurdity, could only repel belief and be the subject of ridicule?

It is impossible, then, not to regard the large body of the *Æneis* as an original production, in the full and legitimate sense of the term: but can no evidence be drawn from it in any way to convict its author of a barrenness of poetic invention? In the first half of this immortal poem, the Odyssey, as we are told, is followed, as is the Iliad in the last. *Æneas*, in short, wanders as Ulysses did before him; and is instructed to fight by the example of Achilles. Of the first six books, however, of the *Æneis*, one only, as passed upon the seas, and one, as conversant with the regions of the dead, can be regarded in any way as connected with the adventures of Ulysses. Now, in the first of these books, a single incident alone of any consequence, that of the Cyclops, is transferred from the Grecian page; and in the last of them, the idea is so changed, so enlarged, so sublimed, and

so adapted to the poet's peculiar and magnificent purpose, as fairly to claim the merit of the proudest originality. In the sixth of the *Æneis*, the description of Tityus and the silence of Dido are the chief, if not the sole, circumstances derived from the *Necyomantia* (or the evocation of the dead) in the eleventh *Odyssey*; whilst all the scenery of Elysium, with the glorious vision which is there exhibited, is the undivided and gorgeous property of the Roman poet. In the last six books of the *Æneis* there are, as in the *Ilias*, a catalogue of the forces, a Vulcanian shield, and a battle terminating in a single combat between the leaders of the hostile armies. But all these facts are so diversified, so appropriated, so originalized (if I may thus express myself) by the inventive faculty of the more modern artist, as justly to be placed to the credit of his wealth, and not to be adduced for the demonstration of his indigence. If the catalogue in the seventh book, beautiful and rich in poetry as it is, must be confessed to be inferior, in some respects, to the catalogue in the *Ilias*, we must look at the inferior materials, from which it is fabricated; and then we shall not withhold our wonder from the powers of the poet, which could raise it into any competition with the muster-roll of Greece. In the *Æneis*, the forces of a few towns, or rather villages, of Latium and the small neighbouring states, are all which are to be arrayed: but, in the *Ilias*, the ten myriads of warriors, raised by the combination of the numerous communities of Greece, stand before the bard to be ordered and described. The whole of the former also, as it must be recollected, with the exception of a few ancient names, is an emanation from the mind of the poet; whilst in the latter, tradition at least, if not written documents, supplied the subjects of the recording verse. In their respective

catalogues, therefore, whatever may be the relative merit of these pieces, the exhibition of the inventive faculty must be acknowledged to be greater in the Roman than in the Grecian poet; and on this we may decide without referring to the second catalogue (that of the Tuscan auxiliaries) which altogether belongs to the former.

With respect to the Vulcanian armour, given to the heroes of the two poems, the shield of Achilles, with all its exquisite beauties, must be admitted by the most zealous admirers of Homer to be a subordinate production to that of Æneas; accommodated as this is to the grand purpose of the poet, and charged with a glowing outline of the Roman history, from the founder of the city to the establisher of the empire. And here by the way it may be remarked, that the Vulcan of the Roman epic is a being of a higher order and more godlike dignity than the Vulcan of the Grecian; and that the forge of the god of fire in the former, with his Cyclopean servants and their terrific labours, far exceeds, in sublime and awful effect, whatever is to be found upon the subject in the latter.

If the battles in the Æneis, which occupy a relatively small portion of the poem, be examined with attention, they will be discovered to be essentially distinguished, by their incidents and general character, from those in the Ilias. Horses and chariots, swords and javelins, are the instruments of fight in one poem as in the other: but in this inevitable resemblance alone will the wars on the Phrygian and on the Latian plain be found to be alike. In the ninth book of the Æneis it is true that two chiefs open and defend the gates of their fortified camp, like

Polypætes and Leonteus in the twelfth of the *Ilias*: but the result of their adventure is altogether different; and the attempt of Nisus and Euryalus, to penetrate to their absent leader through the besieging host, cannot be compared with the enterprise of Dolon, though their exploits may be likened to those of Diomed and Ulysses. In the tenth book, the conflict is quite of a new species, between a disembarking army endeavouring to seize upon the shore and an army contending to defend it. The eleventh is occupied with an equestrian combat, of which Homer could not supply the example; and the twelfth, in which Turnus falls by the spear of Æneas, as Hector, in the twenty-second of the *Ilias*, bleeds beneath that of Achilles, is diversified with so many unexpected, yet probable, changes of fortune, as to be rich in excellence unborrowed from any alien page.

To descend more into detail on this occasion would, probably, be thought tedious: but there is one observation in which I must indulge before I take my leave of the subject. The almost inexhaustible fancy, with which Homer diversifies his pictures of war, has been the frequent and just topic of admiration. He certainly fights his battles like a master: his heroes perish by an endless variety of wounds; and his combats, always arrayed in new circumstances, rise one above another with an augmentation of horror. If we examine, however, the epic of the Mantuan, we shall be compelled to confess that, in the effect of variety, it greatly, on the whole, exceeds that of the Grecian poet. Each book of the *Æneis*, with much intrinsic diversity, forms a striking contrast, though each is precisely in its proper place, with that which is next to it; and the mind, alternately agitated and composed, is perpetually transported

into new scenery and circumstances ; which at one time amuse the imagination, and at another awaken the passions. If the truth of this assertion could be questioned, we might confidently appeal to the arguments of the several books of the poem, and to the feelings of every reader, for its perfect establishment.

But if neither in the entire fabric of the *Æneis*, nor in its great constituent parts, are discoverable the proofs of deficient invention, where beside are we to look for them ? In the paucity, as we are told, of its characters ; in its few original similes ; and its numerous imitations, or translations, from the poets of Greece ? In the *Æneis*, as it is allowed, the characters are fewer, and perhaps less finely discriminated than in the *Ilias*. But the agents of Virgil are equal to their allotted parts in the action ; and if we contemplate the characters of *Æneas* and *Dido*, of *Turnus* and *Mezentius*, of *Lausus* and *Camilla*, of *Latinus* *Amata* and *Drances*, we must surely pronounce that their poetic creator cannot justly be arraigned of defective invention.

That few only of the similes of Virgil are original, and that he may perpetually be tracked in the epic and dramatic pages of Greece, are facts which his admirers may be as little desirous of concealing, as he seems himself to have been ambitious of displaying. With opinions, on the subject of original composition, different from those of some of the poets of the present age, he conceived that by a masterly use of the material he made it substantially his own ; and that, by adapting it to the embellishment of his work, he lost no more of his credit as a poet or an inventor,

than an architect would of his, as a designer, by adjusting a marble from an ancient temple to a place in his dome or colonnade. We must recollect, also, that the Roman literature was wholly derived from that of Greece: that the first poets of Rome did little more than translate from their Grecian masters: that her youth were trained in the schools, and their taste, of course, was altogether formed on the models of the elder country; and that, in the brightest hour of her genius, a happy imitation of a Greek poet, or an allusion which recalled to the mind of the reader some beauty, the object of his early admiration, was productive of a distinct and superior pleasure. This, at least, we may strongly infer from the practice of all her bards, in her golden age of composition. From the few wrecks of the lyric poetry of Greece which have floated down to us, and which we see inserted almost wholly by Horace into his odes, we may conclude that this consummate master of the lyre, who wrote for an Augustus and a Mæcenas, borrowed most largely from the stores of Grecian inspiration: and would such, we may ask, have been his conduct, had he not been conscious, that he was thus conciliating more respect for his compositions; and enduing them with the greater power of communicating delight? It was, indeed, in Virgil, a species of authentication of his work; and little could he suspect that, by this display of his erudition and his taste, he was exposing himself, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, to the charge of deficiency in the prime requisite of the poetic character. Having evinced himself, in short, by the construction of his poem to be a poet, as the term is defined by the illustrious critic of Greece, he might very justly imagine that he was only exhibiting other and subor-

dinate powers of his mind, when he was thus fashioning, and improving for his purposes, what he had solicited from the affluence of the Grecian Muse.

But if we must admire the *Æneis* as one magnificent composition, and contemplate with delight the beauty, the symmetry, and the diversity of its constituent parts, can we be otherwise than struck when we attend to the inimitable graces of that diction, through which the whole is presented to our eyes? In the praise of this, at once harmonious and varied, compressed and luminous, simple yet figuratively bold, every suffrage has been united; and every tongue has pronounced its excellence to be unrivalled by any preceding or subsequent production of the Muse. With an instrument of smaller compass and weaker power, he has generally been acknowledged to have achieved, in this respect, something beyond the most successful efforts of Greece; and the works of other countries, in their relatively barbarian dialects, cannot be raised into any kind of competition.

Of this magnificent poem, thus accomplished and adorned by the powers of song with the richest of their stores, have I presumed to offer a translation to the public of Britain! What led me to the adventure cannot be of any interest with the world; and whatever relates personally to myself must necessarily be unworthy of their attention. Let it suffice, that the undertaking was the result of accident, and a peculiar concurrence of domestic circumstances. The version of the fourth book was made solely for my own amusement. It was published to fill a chasm in a volume, which I was fondly desirous of consecrating to the memory of a darling child; and its success, announced by the voice of private

and of public criticism, induced me, in a peculiarly secluded situation and after an interval of some years, to attempt the translation of the entire poem. This may account for the composition: but the publication must either be justified, by its success, as an act of venial presumption; or must expose me, by its failure, to the imputation of an over-weening and illusory conceit: for it cannot be denied that what I thus offer to the public is offered with the persuasion that it will not be wholly undeserving of their regard. When I reflect on the united power of those numerous and enlightened minds, of which the British public consists, I must inevitably be struck with awe as I present myself to its eye. But it would be a departure from truth were I not to say that, though awed, I am not confounded; and, though trembling, I am not without hope at least, if I dare not say confidence, in the event.

Of all the classic writers, with the single exception perhaps of Horace in his lyric compositions, Virgil is the least susceptible of an adequate translation into our inferior language. My reasons for this assertion must be known to every scholar; who cannot be otherwise than sensible that the exquisite beauties of the great Mantuan's diction, the varied harmonies of his numbers, and that peculiarly nervous brevity, with which he sometimes suggests more to the mind than he expresses to the ear, absolutely deride and baffle translation. He, indeed, who fancies that he can transfuse them into our language, betrays either a taste incapable of appreciating them, or an assumption of power which it is impossible that he should possess. If full justice could be done to the style of Virgil in any modern language, it probably would be in ours: for inferior

as in smoothness and melody it may be to some, in energy and compressibility it must be acknowledged as superior to all. On the subject of the powers of our language, I cannot resist the temptation of citing an anecdote from the letters of Mr. Eustace. That intelligent traveller relates that, many years ago, he was in a party at Paris, when the Abbé de Lille, being asked by an English gentleman why he did not translate the *Æneis*, answered in a style of delicate compliment, "*Monsieur, donnez-moi votre langue, et je commence demain.*" But, alas! the brevity of Virgil is, equally with his harmony, unattainable in English. With reference to the concise energy with which he impresses his thoughts, the great Dryden has admirably remarked: "There" (in his brevity) "he is like ambergris; a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language." For my own part, conscious at once of my author and of myself, and glowing as I read, but trembling as I write, I cannot affect to raise my pretensions to the force of his diction or to the power of his numbers. To convey his thoughts in the best language of poetry which I could obtain is the utmost of my claim; and I entreat not to be compared with my mighty original, but with those who have preceded me in the endeavour to exhibit him as an English bard. Without discussing the question, which has so frequently been debated, between the relative merits of free or of close translation, I have felt assured that whatever was unpoetic, however verbally true, could not be a just translation of what was eminently poetic. On this assurance alone have I acted; and, studious of the meaning of my author but not solicitously regardful of his

expression, I have laboured to impart to him in my version as much of the cast and air of an original as I could. To make the *Æneis*, in short, a fine English poem has, as I will confess, been the loftiness of my aim: but whether I have reached it, or in what degree I may have approached to it, is beyond my jurisdiction to decide.

For my preference of rhymed verse, as the instrument of my translation, I conceive that no apology can be necessary to the British public. I was certainly induced to this preference not, as must be obvious to any person who reflects for a moment upon the subject, by any greater facility of execution which it offered to me, but by the persuasion that I was thus consulting at once the character of my author, the genius of my native language, and the general feeling of the English ear. The advocates of unrhymed verse are sometimes specious, but more frequently vehement in the defense of the cause which they undertake. They tell us, that rhyme is a monkish invention, a barbarian adjunct to verse, unacknowledged or rejected by poetry in its best age, and not required for the perfection of its language; which is attainable only by the selection of its words, the modulation of its rhythm, the perpetual change of its pauses, the flow of the sentence from line to line, and the general effect resulting from a number of these lines, combined into the fabric of one full, round, and harmonious period. They proceed to assure us, that rhyme is a fetter which, restricting the free pace of the Muse to the narrow limitation of a couplet, is essentially adversarious to the high musical expression required by her epic grandeur; and, then, they consistently endeavour to convince us, that all the loftier graces of heroic diction are to

be found only in that unshackled verse, in which the poet may arrange his pauses at his pleasure, and may roll his sense through all the varied modulation of a long and symphonious paragraph. For all this they adduce the evidence of passages, selected from the works of our great masters of blank-verse composition; and, lastly, they exult over the poverty or the vice of those ears which can find a compensation, for this rich and full harmony, in the similar sounds that tinkle in the closes of a couplet. Not yet contented with their imaginary advantages, they struggle hard to persuade us, that to write without rhyme is a more arduous labour than to compose under that restraint; and both Dr. Trapp and Mr. Cowper, who follows undeviatingly in his predecessor's track, produce their own experience for the support of what they assert; the former, affirming, that, "though he may not have made one good verse, he has made many good rhymes; a very conceivable feat! and the latter, that "he has written more verses in a day with tags, than he ever could write without them." Each of these writers, of whom (as the artificers of blank verse and with a reference only to their translations) I must give the decided preference to the Oxford professor, attempts the disparagement of rhyme, by stating that it will cover the defect of prosaic expression; and Mr. Cowper, to prove its more easy production, very confidently appeals to "the multitudes who rhyme; but who have no other poetical pretensions." This, as I believe, is a fair abstract of all that has been advanced to elevate unrhymed above rhymed verse; and, if a part of it may be admitted to be specious, much of it must be pronounced frivolous, and some, obviously favourable to the cause which it is intended to impugn.

On the origin of rhyme, much has been said but little ascertained. Its source seems to be hidden in the depths of antiquity: for it may be traced to the old poetry of the East; and, from its prevalence in that of Wales, its existence in the Celtic, that primitive language of a large portion of Europe, may confidently be inferred. With the birth of the Muse of modern Europe we know that it was coëtaneous; and that her first feeble articulation was lisped in it alone. In the Italian, the Spanish, the French, and the English languages, not to mention those of a different parentage in the north, rhyme was embraced by poetry as a necessary support; and it was long before the experiment was made in any one of them of its walking without it. If the tasteless idler of the convent, therefore, corrupted the verse of Rome, and compelled it to jingle (not indeed for the first time, for it had previously jingled in the hand of a literary Roman emperor*,) he acted under the influence of the popular taste; and erroneously imagined that to be an universal grace, which he perceived to be a power essentially requisite to the very existence of the popular poetry. From this diffusive adoption, then, of rhyme by the nations of the East, the West, and the North, something surely may be concluded in favour of its general accommodation to the human ear. But it was rejected by the classic languages of Greece and Rome; and the finest productions of poetry, ever witnessed by the world, delight us with their intrinsic and, with reference to rhyme, their independent harmony. The fact cannot be contradicted: but we must recollect that the frame of these privileged languages is peculiarly musical; that the quantity of their syllables is so accurately

* Adrian.

defined as to form the base of a system of metre, immediately and incommunicably their own; and that their words, distributable into unequal feet of harmonious effect, were susceptible of an arrangement at once varied, symmetrical, and euphonious. Can this be said of any of the languages of modern Europe, in all of which quantity (for quantity, under certain modifications, must exist in all languages) is found in a state of subserviency to accent? If it cannot, how are they to supply their inevitable deficiency? by vainly struggling for graces, the effects of a symmetry not compatible with their constitution? or by employing an expedient which the experience of far-divided nations has discovered to be productive of grateful and musical effect? We admit that, by some powerful hands, our unrhymed verse has been so constructed as to be copiously harmonious; and we are, of course, sensible that, in any language, rhyme is only one of the charms of verse, which cannot be availing when unaccompanied by the other requisites of poetic diction,—the proportions of rhythm, the diversity of pause, the nice selection and the melodious disposition of words. We contend, however, that rhyme is a beauty which requires not the surrender of any of the beauties of metre, and is to be considered only as their perfection and crown. Are the modulation of rhythm, the changeful pause, the curious choice and nice adaptation of words to the ear, inconsistent with lines terminating in rhyme? We not only cannot discover any reason why they should be, but we can confidently appeal to experience to demonstrate that they are not. If we open some of the happiest pages of Dryden, will the ear complain of weariness from their monotony, or of offense from their harshness? That the rhyme, indeed, may strike

with a proper degree of independent effect, the sentence (or at least a significant portion of it) is generally confined within the couplet; and, though it may occasionally, without injury, overflow this boundary, as we are taught by the practice of our best rhymists, we are willing to concede that rhyme cannot attain to the beauty of a long and harmonious period. To compensate, however, for this single inferiority of power, the rhymed verse can boast of the higher finish of each of its lines, and of its exemption from those weak finals and from that violent and offensive divorce of words, the most closely connected by the sense and the syntax, which is admitted by unrhymed composition and which perpetually occurs in its very best examples.

But we have, hitherto, been regarding our unrhymed verse only in its most felicitous construction. Fairly to ascertain the relative merits of these two species of composition, we must regard them as they are fabricated by the common poet; and then the advantages of the rhymed will at once evidently appear. As it is generally seen, blank verse seems to be only a laborious and doubtful struggle to escape from the fangs of prose. To avoid the perpetual and pressing persecution of this enemy, it has recourse to pompous and turgid diction, to foreign idiom, to compound epithets, to harsh and violent inversions; and, if it ever ventures to relax into simple and natural phraseology, it instantly becomes tame and the prey of its pursuer. It would be to insult the feeble and the prostrate, were we to adduce, for the proof of this assertion, Mr. Cowper's translation of Homer; for the greater part of this composition is nothing more than stiff, quaint, and oddly fashioned prose, frequently obscure and sometimes

ungrammatical, printed under the semblance of verse: but, with a few illustrious exceptions where the great poet triumphs with his own proper and inalienable power, we may appeal, for the truth of what we affirm, to all the blank-verse efforts of our English Muse. Far from being more easy, with reference to their phraseology and fabric, they will be found more hard, more involved, and more remote from all freedom of diction than the compositions assisted by rhyme. In crimination, indeed, of rhyme, it has been advanced, that even the language of prose will pass under its sanction: and can any thing more strong be alleged on its behalf, than that the potency of its charm will supply even the absence of the great poetic requisite of poetic expression? But the writers of blank verse boldly contend, that their task is of more difficult execution than that of the writer in rhyme. The greater or the less facility of either of these species of composition cannot be considered as connected with the present question; which refers, not to the labour of the writer but, to the pleasure of the reader. It will be difficult, however, to persuade us, that to find homoiotonous closes for our lines in a language not peculiarly favourable, like the Italian, for their discovery, and to keep this part of the mechanism of the verse in strict subordination to the sense, is a work of such singularly facile accomplishment as not to weigh a feather in the scale of difficulty. If, indeed, we were to receive as authentic all that our opponents affirm upon the subject, we must admit that rhyming possessed a sort of gaseous levity, which not only required no exertion to lift it, but which buoyed up the hand that was in contact with it. But, alas for myself and my brother rhymers! the case is unhappily very different. That there are, as Mr. Cowper

asserts, more rhymers than poets, and that multitudes contrive to rhyme without any other poetical pretensions; the experience of every day rather painfully assures us. But to execute any part of the mere mechanism of verse is attainable by industry alone; and very few of this host of rhymers could by other means have the smallest chance of conciliating any part of the public attention. They rhyme, therefore, not because it is easier to write with rhyme than without it, but because, unassisted by it, their object would be hopeless. As we possess none of honest Trapp's rhymes, we cannot form a judgment on these easy productions of his: but of Mr. Cowper's "lines with tags to them," we have many; and, without intending any offense to the friends of this ingenious and worthy man, we may confidently affirm, that it is not on his rhymed verse that his reputation can safely be rested. If he had not, indeed, written the "Task," his name, however swelled by the inflating breath of Mr. Hayley, would not have been sufficiently buoyant to float down the current of time. By the example of these writers, if I could feel myself warranted to refer to my own experience, as of any importance on the occasion, I could say with strict truth, that I have always found the toil of rhymed verse, I will not say greater but, incomparably greater than that of unrhymed; and that without the impediments of rhyme, to which I subjected myself for what I conceived to be an adequate cause, I could easily have performed my task of translation in one third of the time which it has now imperiously exacted from me. But neither Dr. Trapp's and Mr. Cowper's extraordinary aptitude for rhyme, nor mine for blank verse, can be worthy of the regard of the reader. Let me cite, therefore, the authority of Dryden on a subject, on which it

is entitled to the highest respect. In his preface to the *Æneis*, written in his old age, this consummate master of rhymed and unrhymed composition observes, with reference to Annibale Caro, "His translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme. Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, 'tis a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it: but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better" (it is evident that he means more readily) "in blank verse. Rhyme is, certainly, a constraint even to the best poets; and to those who make it with most ease: though, perhaps, I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow and divert it from the white." By his introduction of Quarles and Withers on this occasion, Dryden was sensible that there is a species of rhyming of very easy execution, exemplified by the ballad-mongers of his and of our days. But this was not the subject of his remarks, nor is it of mine: and as to the difficulties of rhyme, when employed in translation, Mr. Cowper himself asserts, that they are so great as not to be completely surmountable by any degree of human ingenuity. On this topic he observes, what Dryden has expressed more happily before him, that in original composition (I cite the substance of what he says in my own words) if the thought

be not easily subduable to the poet's mechanical purposes of expression and rhyme it may be dismissed, and another of more pliancy may be sought: but that in translation the case is manifestly different; for there, every thing must be made to submit, whatever efforts the feat may exact, to the thought of the original author. In consequence of this remark, the truth of which cannot be controverted, he proceeds to decide that rhymed verse is totally unfit for the translation of the Greek and Roman epic, since it is impossible in it, as he confidently affirms, to convey the whole sense, and nothing more, of the original poet. He then adduces the example of Pope, who, having overcome, as Mr. C. remarks, every difficulty which, with his intractable instrument of rhyme, it was possible for him to overcome, has yet produced so inadequate a translation of Homer as to make another version of the old Greek bard a work of very general demand. Leaving the inconsistency of Mr. Cowper, (with whom rhyme is, in one instance, a mere plaything and, in another, an insurmountable labour,) to be settled by the ingenuity of his friends, on the question between his Homeric version and Pope's the public have now irrevocably determined; for whilst the latter continues to be read with delight by thousands and by myriads, the former is discarded even by the scholar as a libel on the subject of his idolatrous admiration. It is, in truth, as wide a departure from the character of the illustrious original as the translation by Pope, with this unfortunate distinction, that its deviation is into the coarse, the harsh, the vulgar, and the unpoetic. Pope has erred by communicating alien and sometimes, perhaps, incretricious ornament to the simple and majestic poet of Greece. But

Mr. Cowper has shorn him of his poetry, as the Philistian harlot shore the strong man of his strength, and has exhibited him in a state of deformity and degradation.

Whether the Greek or the Roman epic can be successfully translated into blank verse, I cannot assume to decide: but if the feat is to be accomplished, it must be by hands of far greater power than those which have hitherto been exerted in the attempt. Dr. Trapp's Work, however, is highly respectable; and his ideas on the general subject of translation are at once liberal and just. The translation of a poet, as I have already observed, must necessarily be poetic, or it cannot resemble him; and by this test I am willing that my production should be assayed. If the English reader shall pronounce the *Æneis*, now before him, to be an indifferent poem, he will without my exhortation throw it aside; and I shall be compelled to admit that my *Æneis* is a most inadequate representative of that which delighted the court of Augustus. If, on the contrary, my work shall obtain the approbation of the general reader, I shall be the less tremblingly solicitous when it awaits the sentence of the learned. They, who are conversant with my original, will probably be satisfied, when they find none of the ideas of the great Roman falsified or omitted; and they will not expect to see, what they know in our inferior language to be impossible, the inimitable beauties of the Virgilian diction transplanted and flourishing in my English page: they will allow, in short, for inevitable deficiency; and will, perhaps, indulgently accept for the much, which they must lose, the all, which my acquaintance with the powers of my native numbers will permit me to offer in compensation.

On the subject of English rhythm much has been written since the time of Dryden: but it cannot be said that our rhythmical science or execution has been improved since the death of that great master and refiner of the English Muse. In his prefaces we may still find the best rules for poetic composition, and in his works the happiest illustrations of them. By the criticism of Johnson, able as in some respects it is, we have not been advanced in the doctrine of poetic numbers: for his ear was not formed for the higher harmonies of verse; and he seems not thoroughly to have understood the principles from which they result. The modern schools of Cowper and Darwin, as their systems tend to two opposite extremes, are both evidently tainted with error; the disciples of the former degrading verse into prose in their eagerness to avoid tumour, or shocking us with discord as they pursue the charm of variety; whilst those of the latter satiate our ears with a dull and stagnant monotony, under the pretence of gratifying them with perpetual and unmitigated harmony. By the just award of the public taste, the Darwinian school is now happily no more, and may consequently be dismissed from our notice: but some of the corrupt tenets of that of Cowper, under the false names of simplicity and varied diction, have still those who espouse them; and their influence on our composition may yet slightly be traced. In the short and weak preface to his *Homer*, Mr. Cowper speaks contemptuously of poetic composition, '*bedizened*' with metaphor; and, in defense of his broken and discordant numbers, he asserts that they were the subjects of his choice, to relieve the ear from a palling sameness of cadence. But surely metaphor is pre-eminently, if not peculiarly, the property of poetry; and that which

constitutes the living principle of its language. The diction of the classic Muse is almost uniformly figurative; and throughout the productions of Virgil it will be difficult to discover ten lines in continuity of which some are not ornamented or made picturesque with metaphor. The same may be affirmed of the lyric compositions of Horace: and simple as on many occasions may be the diction of the Grecian bards, it will be found to be generally metaphoric. Metaphoric, indeed, it must be in proportion as it is poetic: and metaphor, as we may confidently assert, has no necessary connexion whatever with tumour or meretricious embellishment. For the support of what we advance, passages without number might be adduced from the poets of Greece and Rome, of Italy and England: but the obviousness of its truth makes citations, for its confirmation, unnecessary; and if we are desirous of seeing what is poetry (if poetry it may be called) when *unbedizened* with metaphor, we have only to open Mr. Cowper's *Ilias*, and we shall immediately be satisfied. As to the other tenet, maintained by this ingenious man and his followers, of introducing discords for the production of variety, it stands equally refuted by all the great classic examples, and by the very nature of the thing itself. Our ear, indeed, solicits variety in verse; but it can be only within the precincts of verse that it solicits it. If it ask for what is beyond these limits, it asks for an incongruity, and seeks for pleasure from something monstrous, a thing unacknowledged either as verse or as prose. In the compositions of Homer and of Virgil, the variety of cadence is nearly infinite, and the ear is relieved and delighted by the still shifting position of the pause. The line is sometimes quickened and sometimes impeded; now roughened with aspirates and consonants, and now smooth and flowing with

liquids and vowels. But, under every change and mode of adaptation to the poet's purpose, the line is still an hexameter; constructed upon certain principles, and invariably constituted of a due proportion of spondees and dactyls. In no one instance has either of these poets presented us with an unmetred line, or with a verse in any other measure than the heroic.

The English heroic verse may generally be considered as consisting of five iambic feet, or of syllables so distributed, that the first portion of the foot shall be unaccented, or, which in effect is the same, short, and the last accented, or long. As two short syllables sometimes occupy the time only of one long, the number of syllables in the verse is less rigorously determined than the station of the accent, which, must invariably fall on the close of every foot, with the exception only of the first. If this rule be not observed, the line ceases to be an English heroic verse, and becomes in fact divested of metre. In the following line of Milton, which evidently is not a verse,

“Búrn’t aſtér thém| tð thě| bðttðm|lěss pít:”|

in the third and fourth places the proper accent is wanting; and, two pyrrhic feet being substituted for two iambic, the result is a line of inharmonious prose. By restoring the long or accented syllables to their proper station we revive the verse:—e. g.

“Búrn’t aſtér thém| tð hěll’s| únſátl|ðm’d gúlf.”|

My readers will probably think that I trifle with them, when I thus affect to communicate knowledge of which they

are already possessed. But, in refuting this dangerous and weak doctrine of the Cowperian school, it was necessary for me to consider the general structure of an English heroic verse, that we might ascertain the bounds within which a variety of cadence can allowably be sought. If a line be deprived of its metre, we affirm that an unlicensed liberty has been taken; and that the result is, not pleasure from the variety but, pain from the discord and resentment in consequence of the transgression. In the pages of Mr. Cowper, and of his pupils, occur numberless instances of these no-verses, which we are commanded to admire as the produce of refined taste, and as justified by the authority of Milton and of some of our other great masters of song. That Milton, with his exquisitely fine ear for poetic harmony, has produced many of these maimed lines, is a fact beyond dispute: but that they were deliberately produced with the sanction of his cool judgment, is a question much more open to debate. His perfect rhythm possesses all the variety that can be required by the ear; and, without any classic authority for the transgression, it is not easily conceivable that he would violate his metre for an object which he could rightfully obtain. Far more probable is it, that these defective lines fell from him in the carelessness of rapid composition; and were subsequently withdrawn from his revision by that calamity which prevented him from reading his own page. In any event, no example, however great, can sanction what is destructive of the very thing in the cause of which the offense is committed. Let the capacities of our rhythm be restricted or spacious, we are certainly prohibited from subverting it for the indulgence of any of our capricious fancies; and, if we cannot accomplish our purposes with it as our engine, we must at once desist from the

use of it. If the man has not those organs which are requisite to grunt, we must not wave over him the wand of Circe and change him into a swine. But our heroic verse will be found susceptible, without any violence offered to its essential vitality, of all the diversified modulation which the ear can require; and, if it ever palls, the fault must be imputed, not to the instrument but, to the artist: for, when we read the best pages of Milton or of Dryden, we must be sensible that thousands of such lines in continuity, unbroken with a single unrhythmical discord, might be read without any satiety or weariness of ear. On all questions, to be decided on established principles, the adduction of personal authority must necessarily be as irrelevant and inadmissible as that of general character against evidence, when a man stands at the bar under the charge of a specific felony. But, since the great name of Milton has more than once been ostentatiously produced by these egregious delinquents against metre, it may not be foreign to our purpose to examine into the fact, and to see how far the pretended sanction of this great master of poetic numbers can justly be pleaded in their defense. The ear of Milton was, unquestionably, of the finest organization; and to him, beyond a doubt, our poetry is most largely indebted for the music with which it delights. But the ear of a nation, as we may observe, or that mental sensibility which perceives the harmony of numbers, is susceptible of progressive improvement; and neither to it, nor to its result in the melodies of rhythm, is it easy to fix the exact point beyond which it cannot advance. Chaucer, as is probable, possessed an ear, for the tunefulness of metre, equally fine with Milton himself. He reformed, accordingly, the barbarous rhythm of his time; and his verses, uncouth as they sound

to our ears, were undoubtedly read by his contemporaries with abundant admiration. Between his days and those of Spenser, some proficiency, though but little, was made in the cultivation of our ear and our numbers: and Spenser discovered the improvement of the former by the considerable excellence to which he carried the latter. From the degree of perfection, which he was enabled to reach, Milton and Dryden (not to notice Waller and Denham) proceeded to higher attainments in rhythmical harmony: and, if we have not advanced beyond where they stand, it cannot hence be inferred that we have yet gained the very summit of the metrical art. By Milton and by Dryden many niceties of rhythm were either unknown or unobserved; and it is far from impossible, that in the lyre of the Muse may yet slumber more exquisite music than has hitherto charmed our ear, and which waits only to be awakened by the touch of some adequate master. In the science, in short, of poetic numbers, it is our business, as in holiness, not to look back at those things which are behind, but to strain after those which are before; and, without any other respect to the failings of our illustrious ancestors than what may be necessary for our caution, to study their beauties that our emulation may be excited to excel them. If poetry, like geometry, were a science of demonstration, its perfection would be readily ascertainable. But, belonging appropriately to genius and taste, it admits of no certain limitation; and we can speak of it as existing only in progression.

These preliminary observations I have judged it proper to make, as introductory to our examination of Milton's deficient metre; which has been alleged by some of our

modern poets, with Mr. Cowper at their head, not in extenuation but, in proud defense of their own. That the example of this great poet has been strained much beyond its actual extent will immediately be evident, when we have glanced through the first book (selected only because it is the first) of his *Paradise Lost*. In the 798 lines, then, of which this book consists, there are but six in which the metre is notoriously broken by the introduction of false quantity, or, which is in effect the same, an erroneous distribution of accent. In l. 273,

“Which but| the Omni|potent| none cōuld| hāve foil’d,”

the harmony is disordered by the long syllables *nōne* and *hāve* (which even the power of accent will not *sufficiently* abbreviate) falling into the place of short ones. Remove these offensive misplacings, and you have an harmonious verse. e. g.

Which bāt| the Almīgh|tȳ nōne| hād pōwer| tō foil.

Or

Which bāt| the Omnip|ōtēnt| nō pōwer| hād foil’d.

The flow of l. 312 is disturbed by a similar error; but not in an equal degree, as the offense is only once committed.

“Abject and lost lay these, cōv’ring the flood.”

For the pyrrhic foot, cōv’ring, substitute an iambic, and the perfect rhythm is obtained—

Abject and lost lay these, ānd strēw’d the flood.

The reader need not be cautioned that, here and elsewhere, the substitution is intended merely to exemplify the fault of

the verse, and not to refer to the expression, which is unconnected with the present question and is generally insusceptible of amendment. A like fault breaks the harmony of l. 509,

“Gōds, yet| confess’d| latēr| than heaven| and earth.”

By changing the trochee, lātēr, for an iamb or a spondee (for spondees are admitted by our heroic measure) and the verse is made whole;—

Gods, yet confess’d mōre lāte than heaven and earth.

In lines 666, 703, and 797, the same cause is productive of a similar effect.

“Far round| illn|mined hell!| highlŷ| they raged|

“With wond|rous art,| fōundēd| the mas|sy ore.

“Frequent| and full| āftēr| short si|lence then.”

By replacing the faulty with a right foot, the metre in each of these instances will be restored;—as the reader may satisfy himself by substituting for the marked words any dissyllables with their finals long, or accented. Of other decided trespasses against metre I can find but one, where a redundant syllable is interposed in the middle of a verse,—l. 202,

“Created hugest that swim the ocean stream,”

and in this breach of rhythm, I am aware that some admirers of Milton discover a peculiar beauty; the redundancy of the line, according to their notions, admirably expressing the bulk of the animal which is described. But how corporeal bulk is to be represented by the structure of a verse, or what connexion there is between the idea of a

monster and an overflow of syllables in a metrical line, is beyond my power to comprehend. If it be, however, as these critics contend, I can really see no reason why the redundancy should be limited to one syllable, and not extended to two or to ten, as the different sizes of an elephant or a whale are respectively to be imitated by the bulkiness of the verse. When such canons of taste are seriously proposed to us, it is almost impossible to be grave: and I can only say that, if these gentlemen will not be satisfied on such an occasion with a verse heavy with spondees, and laboring with open vowels ("the ocean stream") as adequate to their purpose, they must seek the gratification of their fancies from some of the other imitative arts, and not from that of poetry, whose imitation is altogether of a different character, ideal, if I may so express myself, and not mechanical.

To return from this short digression: the harmony in the following verses, though not broken, is slightly injured by a syllable *rather too short*, in despite of accent, or as not very susceptible of its force.

L. 429. "Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure.

438. "Came Ashtoreth whom the Phœnicians call.

786. "Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance."

In l. 446, this defect (according at least to the general mode of accenting *Thammūz*) amounts to an unmetrical discord:

"To idols foul. *Thammūz* came next behind."

In all the other verses of this astonishing display of poetic power, the harmony, though not uniformly sustained, (and who would wish it to be so sustained?) is not destroyed

by any absolute violation of metre. In some of them, the ear feels a deficiency in consequence of 'Heaven' being placed for a dissyllable, which it has not a sufficient distinction of syllables to represent; and in others there is a roughness occasioned by the contraction into monosyllables of such dissyllables, as 'riot,' 'sorrow,' 'spirit,' &c. &c. Milton's almost uniform custom of abscinding the y, in such words as 'only,' 'stately,' &c. before a vowel (though not, as I believe, now very generally followed) is productive, in my opinion, of agreeable variety; and not, consequently, to be ranked with his offenses against metre.

After these breaches of our just epic rhythm, may be noticed some lines, amounting, if I mistake not, to six, which terminate with the dissyllabic excess of our dramatic measure, such as,

- L. 38. "Of rebel Angels; by whose aid aspiring.
- 102. "That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring.
- 174. "Of heaven, received us falling; and the thunder.
- 606. "The fellows of his crime, the followers rather."

Having now seen all the violations of our perfect epic metre of which Milton, in the first book of his wonderful poem, has been guilty, let us ask, whether, with reference to the time in which he lived and the state of our rhythm as it fell into his hands, their proportion be not astonishingly small; and whether, in an age of more rhythmical refinement and with the capacity of deliberately revising his pages, he would not altogether have avoided them? I cannot persuade myself that he ever dreamt of proposing them as beauties for the imitation of future poets;

and certain I feel, that no part of that charm of varied modulation, with which his numbers now gratify our ear, would have been lost in consequence of their non-existence. And yet these are the examples which have been proposed to us as models; and which have been forced into the vindication of lines, without any one attribute whatever of metrical rhythm! Milton is justly to be admired as a mighty master of numbers, and we are to emulate his beauties if we can: but we are not to deify his faults, and to worship them as imaginary excellences. "It is as much commendation as a man can bear," says Dryden, speaking of the author of *Paradise Lost*, "to own him excellent: all beyond it is idolatry." In the present instance, this idolatry would be peculiarly pernicious, as it would sanctify error, suspend the progress of improvement, and make (as we know that it has made) deficiency proud. If the taste of the Augustan poets had been satisfied with the numbers of Ennius or even with those of Lucretius, the world would have lost the inimitable harmonies of the Virgilian Muse.

Having detained my readers thus long upon the subject of English metre, may I hope for their indulgence, if I extend my observations on it to a somewhat greater length?

Accent being acknowledged as the chief instrument in the formation of English verse, they, who have arranged its syllables into feet and given to these feet their classic denominations, have either been accused of impropriety or have been ridiculed for learned affectation. But since long and short, though not ascertainable by the rules of Greek and Roman prosody, must subsist in the syllables

of all languages, and since in ours their definement is abundantly strong, there can be no reason why we should not combine our syllables into feet and designate these feet by their classic names. Why, for instance, should we not call tērrīblē a dactyl, quādrānt a spondee, ālērt an iamb, fāīrlŷ a trochee, ānīmāte an anapæst, or ēvērŷ a tribrachys? In his preface to Terence, the great Bentley has adduced various species of English metre, which, from the prevalence, in each of them respectively, of these several feet, precisely correspond to the ear with certain denominations of classic measure; and he has accordingly arranged them under the titles of iambic, trochaic, bacchiac, and cretic. Dryden also and Gray, when treating on the subject of our rhythm, have availed themselves of the same classic vocabulary; and, by these authorities, I regard myself as justified in using the terms long and short, as more comprehensive than accented or unaccented; and in applying the language of classic prosody to that of my own country. With this apology for my language, which I conceive to be appropriate and intelligible, I will proceed to the immediate topic of my disquisition. A perfect English heroic verse has, generally, been affirmed to consist of five iambic feet, or of ten syllables, every other one of which is strengthened to the ear by its being accented, or, in other words, by its being made effectively long: and this arrangement, as it is said, will admit of no change without injury to the harmony of the verse, unless it be by the admission of a trochee (or a dissyllabic foot accented on the first syllable) in the first place. Of these assertions, the following lines of Dryden may be produced as illustrations:

“ Būt shē| whō fēlt| hēr fāte| āpprōāch|īng nīgh,

“ Seised thē| cōld heārt,| ānd heāv|īng tō| hēr breāst,” &c.

the first of them being a pure iambic verse of ten syllables; and the second differing only in its first foot, which is a trochee. What is thus affirmed of the structure of our heroic verse is true, but is not comprehensive of the whole truth. The lines, with which I have exemplified the position of Dr. Johnson and of other critics, are indeed perfect English heroic verses: but others not precisely of the same fabric are entitled to the same name, as possessing the same rhythm and susceptible of equal harmony. In the second of these examples, we discover a refutation of that canon which excludes all feet but the iamb (with the exception of the initial trochee) from our heroic verse: for here we have a spondee, or a foot of two accented or long syllables, immediately after the trochee; and, in this situation, it seems to be indispensably requisite; the ear after the short demanding the rest of a long syllable:

“Seised thē cōld heārt,” &c.

and we shall find that spondees as well as anapæsts are admissible into other places of the verse: the trochee alone, in any other than the first place, uniformly destroying the metre. But the assertion, that this verse consists necessarily of ten syllables, is as manifestly incorrect as that of its being formed invariably of iambic feet: for two short syllables, especially in the same word where one vowel is followed by another, will be found to stand perfectly in the place of one long, the time of which only they occupy; and thus the extreme length of an harmonious verse (and not an alexandrine) may be extended to thirteen syllables, as in

“The brill|liant rā|diance ōf| ĕmpȳrē|āl dāy.”

In this line each of the syllables is distinctly marked to the ear; and it must consequently be distributed into other than iambic feet, though the iambic rhythm be still preserved: for to talk of crushing two of these syllables into one, for the purpose of the scanning, when the voice discriminates each of them, is certainly not to be admitted. Our heroic numbers, therefore, must be regarded as susceptible of much greater variety than could belong to them, if the established theory, respecting their constituent parts, were accurately just. By the combination of all the feet which they will admit, and by a skilful management of the pauses, they may be so constructed as to gratify the ear with a rich diversity of harmony. If our heroic verse cannot vie in this essential requisite with the classic hexameter, which, including a greater compass of notes, can command the combination of more musical tones, it will be discovered, with its musical termination of rhyme, not to be very greatly inferior in power to that instrument with which Homer and Virgil accomplished their metrical wonders. For the effective construction of our verse, when its general principles are ascertained, the ear alone is to be consulted: but it must be that ear which is exercised and conversant with harmonious rhythm. Principles must be sought for the foundation-stones: but taste and talent must raise the super-structure. As our language is accused of being over-charged with consonants, the best vowelled words must in most instances be selected by the artificer of our numbers. He must studiously avoid all harsh collisions of consonants; and, as a general rule admitting however of exceptions, he ought to abstain from leaving one vowel open, or unabsconded, before another, which always offers some-

thing of violence to the ear. Dryden objected to a verse formed of monosyllables; and conceived that it must necessarily be impeded and inharmonious. He produces, indeed, two examples which directly contradict his theory, one from his own page and one from that of Creech: but the rapid glance of his thought overlooked the truth which was lying at his feet. Polysyllables are, of course, nothing but knots of monosyllables; and the latter, when properly combined with reference to quantity and accent, will perfectly coalesce into all the feet of which our verse is composed. Their rhythmical effect must, consequently, be precisely the same with that of polysyllables; and, as the constituents of a verse, they must therefore be productive of equal harmony. The line, cited from Creech by Dryden on this occasion,

“Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame,”

is unquestionably very beautiful: but the following examples of monosyllabic lines, the first seven of which are taken from Pope and the rest from Dryden, will sufficiently attest, what hundreds of others might easily be brought to attest, that the success of Creech in this instance was not singular, or obtained against the nature of the thing.

An arm as strong may lay thee in the dust.
 The time shall come when free as air or wind.
 And the new world launch forth to meet the old.
 O! stretch thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore.
 The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.
 And thanks his stars, he was not born a fool.
 To read and weep is all they now can do.
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 How much he durst, he knew by what he dared:
 The less he had to lose, the less he cared.

Thus year by year he pass'd, and day by day.
Help was at hand; they rear'd him from the ground.
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart.

That monosyllables in our language are loaded with more than their proportion of consonants, is an objection to their use, which it belongs to the skill of him, who employs them, to foresee and to obviate. With respect to the triplet rhyme and to the alexandrine verse of six iambic times, Dryden, after citing the authority of Spenser and of Cowley for their adoption, observes; "I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry, and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard." That this great poet indulged too frequently in these licenses, is felt, as I believe, by the greater number of his readers, and seems to be a fact very generally admitted: but whether he ought to have indulged in them at all, is a question not so easily to be determined. The great masters of Greek and Roman numbers exhibit no examples of any analogous irregularity, and the Muse, in proportion as she is cultivated, is pleased with symmetry and limitation. She may still, indeed, occasionally roll her wild dithyrambics: but her epic numbers she builds on an uniform system, and, shrinking from disorder, she reconciles variety of modulation with unity of structure. Reverently however as I bow, on subjects of taste, before the throne of classical authority, I cannot make an entire surrender to it of my own judgment and feeling. The frugal use of the triplet and the alexandrine I find it impossible to condemn. In their union they form occasionally the happiest termination of a paragraph; and sometimes, in their de-

tached state, they may be introduced, in other situations, with much felicity of effect. Since our quinarian iambic, (as Bentley has justly called our heroic verse) cannot be so capable of diversified modulation as the sesquipedalian hexameter, it may allowably supply its deficiency with these harmonious anomalies; and its license will not be reprov'd by any poetic ear. I feel therefore as unwilling, as my illustrious master, to resign this Magna Charta of our epic numbers; and my practice will demonstrate that I have availed myself of its privileges. In the structure of the alexandrine, it has been laid down, as a law never to be infringed, that the great pause of the verse is to be upon the last syllable in the third place, dividing, in fact, the line into two verses of three feet each. But this law has occasionally been violated by Dryden, and without an inharmonious result. I have not, however, presumed to follow his example in this instance, any more than I have in the hyperalexandrine, or the line of seven feet, in which he has sometimes expanded himself.

On the subject of imitative harmony, or, as it has been called, representative metre, which has engaged so much critical attention from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and which has been made the theme of so much praise by Vida and by Pope, I am at a loss what to say that may correspond with its attributed importance. It appears to me, in truth, to possess little more than imaginary existence; and in any case to claim a very subordinate portion of the poet's regard. In all languages there are certain words, dictated by Nature at their first formation, that resemble with their sound the simple idea which they communicate: and in the more expressive and copious dialects of Greece

and of Rome, combinations may be formed, productive of these sonorous imitations, or an adaptation in some degree of the sound to the sense. Of the many examples of this last perfection, as it has been termed, of the metrical art, which have been adduced by Dionysius from the verses of the great Grecian bard, some may be allowed to be just: but, whilst in some the correspondence may be supposed to escape us in consequence of our ignorance of the musical intonation of the Greeks, some must be acknowledged to be altogether the creatures of the critic's imagination. In the numbers, also, of Virgil, several of these vocal imitations are obvious to the ear; and, if in the Greek poet they may be considered as the unmeditated effusions of a mind vividly possessed of its object, in the Roman, they must, perhaps, be viewed as the results of artifice and design. Our language, however, and the powers of our shorter iambic metre are less capable of this production of effect; and, after all, its limitation is very narrow and its importance very questionable. Nothing but sound, as is manifest, can perfectly be represented by sound; and beyond this, the resemblance, between the flow of a verse and the idea excited by the words, must be wholly conventional, and not in any degree actual and self-existent. It is, as an able critic has happily remarked, very truly an echo to the sense, which never speaks first, till our acquaintance with the meaning enables us to speak and thus to supply it with a tongue. To examine the very small extent, in which even this imperfect imitation is to be accomplished by metre, would lead us into a discussion, the length of which would not be justified by its consequence: but it may be amusing to see the absurdity into which an ingenious man can be betrayed by the pursuit of this fanciful

beauty. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* the labor of Sisyphus is described in numbers, which may be regarded as the most perfect exemplification of representative metre. The lines, though familiar to every scholar, shall be transcribed :—

Καὶ μὲν Σίσυφον εἰσίδον, κρατὶς' ἀλγί' ἔχοντα,
 Λᾶν βαρύνοντα πηλὸν ἄμφοτέρῃσιν.
 Ἦτοι δ' μὲν, σκηριπτόμενοι χερσὶν τε πόσιν τε,
 Λᾶν ἄνω ἔδισκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μίλλοι
 Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλίειν, τότε ἀποσρέψασκε κραταίῃς
 Λύττι, ἴσκιτα πείδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶς ἀναιδή.

In this passage, the stone evidently toils up the hill in verses roughened with the harshest consonants; and, in one place, made laborious with one omega open before another; and it rebounds to the plain in a line, fluent with vowels and rapid with dactyls. The result of this management is not to be mistaken by any ear; and the effect must be allowed to be happy. This success of the Greek poet has, of course, excited the emulation of his translators; and the attempt of Pope (or rather of Broome, who translated this book of the poem) must be regarded with respect.

"With many a weary step and many a groan,
 Up the high hill hē heāves ā hūge rōund stone,
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
 Thūnders impētuous down, and smokes along the ground."

But here follows Mr. Cowper's unfortunate essay:

"There—Sisyphus I saw,
 Thrusting before him strenuous a vast rock.
 With hands and feet struggling, he shoved the stone
 Up to a hill top: but the steep well nigh
 Vanquish'd, by some great force repulsed, the mass
 Rush'd again obstinate, down to the plain."

On this exhibition of metrical skill, I shall leave the reader to remark; contenting myself with observing, that the last line is not in the iambic, but the cretic rhythm; and that it might possibly be improved by the addition of another cretic foot, which would give a fourth bound to the stone: e. g.

Rûsh'd agâin| ôbstînâte| dôwn tð thê| drêary plâin.]

To be as serious, however, as we can on this occasion: if we are thus ambitious of these vocal imitations, and will not be satisfied with the compass of our own instrument for their achievement, there will be no limit to the idleness and absurdity of our tricks. We shall be mimicking, in our poems, the croakings of ravens and the barking of dogs; and, when we have formed some rugged combinations of the alphabet in defiance of metre, grammar, and sense, we shall applaud ourselves on our inhuman success. If some happy coincidence of the sound of words with the object, the idea of which they excite, should fall into the poet's path, he may allowably stoop to possess it: but if he is to make it the subject of his pursuit, his time and ingenuity may be more profitably expended in attaining the higher and more certain beauties of poetic composition; the power of accommodating his expression to the general character of the sentiment or the specific tone of the passion; that it may be elevated in the great, simple yet elegant in the little, strong and rapid in the vehement, soft and quiet in the pathetic. When the poet has gained this mastery of the mechanism of his art, he may be satisfied without descending to the idlenesses of mimicry, and thus degrading the tripod of the Delphic god into the stage of a mountebank at Bartholomew's fair.

Augustus*, as his biographer records, was particularly offended by the use of obsolete words: and, on questions of literary taste, this imperial authority may be admitted as of considerable weight. But Virgil sometimes borrowed from the vocabulary of Ennius: and, with reference to our own language, many words, "such as wise Bacon and brave Raleigh spoke," of pleasing sound and strong significance, may surely be revived by the poet without blame, in opposition to the capricious operation of time. The archaism of Spenser must be confessed to be too great; and that of Milton has sometimes been subjected to censure. But Dryden has occasionally availed himself of our old phraseology with success; and by his example we may determine, that a sparing and judicious use of it is rather to be applauded than condemned. My licenses of this description are so few, that I may be regarded as speaking in this instance more on the behalf of others than of myself. The artifice of Dryden, in the employing of words in their derivative, and not their popular, sense, has been eminently happy; as he has thus frequently changed the current copper of our language into poetic gold.

Having offered these remarks on our poetic numbers and diction, it may be asked if my practice be illustrative of my theory, and if I have acted, in every instance, in the spirit of the precepts which I have maintained. My answer must be the trite one, that it is much easier to say than to do, and that, in these as in moral cases, the doctrine is far more readily ascertained than the conduct is formed. I can only confidently affirm that I have spared

* Suet. Aug. 86.

no labor on this occasion; and cannot accuse myself of any want of respect for the sovereign tribunal before which I stand. I am, indeed, ashamed to acknowledge the shortness of time in which this translation has been completed: for it was begun in the first week of December, 1813, and (with the exception of the fourth book which had been previously translated in the course of about a month) it was finished on the 18th of May, 1815. When the copious and fluent Dryden apologizes for his not having allotted more than three years to his version of the whole of Virgil, which is scarcely by a third part longer than the *Æneis*, I feel that I ought to blush at the avowed rapidity of my own composition. To be rapid, however, cannot properly constitute the boast of any writer; and, in the execution of my voluntary task, to be rapid was not the necessity of my situation. With this avowal, I solicit no indulgence for any of the faults of negligence which may be discoverable in my page; and I beg that it may be considered as brought to the last perfection to which my powers were capable of advancing it. Unseduced by the examples of Dryden and of Pitt, who have omitted or slurred many passages of their original, I have glanced over nothing; and am not conscious of having shrunk from the translation of a single line, the authenticity of which could be established. My numbers I have labored to the best judgment of my ear; and their defective harmony, whenever it may occur, must be ascribed to my want, not of care but, of that fine mental perception or sensibility, which is requisite for the full attainment of the music of metre. In this respect, as in all others, I see much beyond my reach; and there is a phantasm of perfection, beautiful

and radiant, before me which invites my embrace, but which mocks my possession like a dream.

*Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago:
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.*

Throughout this long poem, of more than 13,000 verses, not many open vowels, as I flatter myself, will be found to give an effort to the voice; and in no single instance can I charge myself with having compromised sense for rhyme: as to my rhyme also, it will generally be discovered, as I hope, to be sufficiently correct to satisfy the requisition even of the modern ear.

The great Gibbon declares that, during the progress of his immortal work, he never submitted one of its pages to the revision of a friend. Specious as may be the reasons which he assigns for his conduct in this instance, they will not exempt us from a feeling of regret that, in his proud confidence in himself, he has thus neglected the means which might have freed his composition from many of its errors. But be the merit and the result of his lofty independence altogether his own. With far less consciousness of power, and with a different view of the effect of mind when communicated with mind, I have always been happy to impart my MSS. to any friend, or even foe, who would indulge them with his remarks. Those whom I have consulted on these occasions have, of course, been unequal among themselves in talents, in attainments, and in taste: but from the least qualified of them have I, in some instances, obtained hints which, by suggesting oversights, have enabled me to give my work in a less imperfect state

to the public inquisition. In consequence of my secluded situation, from the effect of some domestic circumstances, the present translation of the *Æneis* has obtained less of this advantage than I could have wished. The fourth, sixth, and seventh books indeed, having been separately printed, have been submitted to many eyes; but the remaining nine to very few. The two first of these have been benefited by the taste of my accomplished friend, Mr. Wrangham; and all of them have been revised by the reverend Mr. Cary, the well-known translator of Dante; and by a gentleman, whose partiality for a brother can alone bring the acknowledged excellence of his judgment in this single instance into suspicion. Of Mr. Cary I must be permitted to say, what may be painful to his singular modesty to hear, that in the same man it has seldom been my fortune to meet so much deep and accurate erudition, united with so much rectitude of understanding and so much elegance and refinement of taste. From his observations my work has derived essential improvement; and if I had been capable of writing up to the requisition of his judgment, my *Æneis* would not now have much to apprehend from the scrutiny of the public. But I have accomplished what I could; and I can only say in the spirit, though not with the object, of the Athenian orator, *Καὶ εἰ μὲν καλῶς καὶ ἀξίως τῷ ἀδικήματος κατηγορήκα, εἶπον ὡς ἐβούλομην· εἰ δὲ ἐνδιδεστέως, ὡς ἐδυνάμην.* If I have executed my task well and worthily, I have done according to my purpose: if with inferior success, according to my power.

As I have declined the plea of rapid composition, so will I abstain from adducing any circumstance, of merely per-

sonal regard, in extenuation of my defects as the translator of the *Æneis*. Precisely in my situation, Dryden made a reference to his age, either to lessen the wonder on the contingency of failure or to increase it on that of success. With the strictest truth I might affirm, that the age, at which I entered on my present adventure, was as remote from youth as was that of this illustrious man at the period of which he speaks; and I might also say, that what he undertook under the patronage of the public as a great national work, and with the first names of the realm on his subscription-list, I have executed in a state of melancholy insulation; without a patron, without the encouragement of reward, without the cheering influence of a single smile, beyond the narrow limit of my own domestic pale. All this I might advance, and by the few its impression might be felt:—but to the public it would be irrelevant; and to the public, omitting wholly the author, I presume only to offer the work. Where this is to be classed among the English translations of Rome's immortal epic, belongs solely to the public of Britain to determine: and from their award, as I possess not the ability so, I feel not the inclination to appeal. To insist upon the errors of the great Dryden, whom I venerate almost to idolatry, would in me appear to be invidious; and, with reference to general poetic power, to place myself any where but at his feet, would discover such a degree of blind vanity as must expose me to the ridicule of all who are capable of weighing our very unequal magnitudes in a just scale. That, however, with many and splendid beauties scattered over his page, he has not altogether succeeded as the translator of the *Æneis*; that he is often unfaithful to the sense, and frequently nay commonly departs from the character of his original;

that he falls on many occasions where his author rises, and exhibits throughout his work an inequality of composition, unknown to the great Roman, are facts which are now, as I believe, very generally acknowledged. In any event, the public are in possession of his work ; and the only specious claim on their favor, which any new translator can advance, must be his persuasion, at least, of the superior (certainly not of the inferior) value of the production, which he tenders, to that which is already in their hands. In the estimation of my own wares, it is very possible that I may be deceived: but without some favorable presumption, (erroneous or otherwise,) as I will candidly confess, of their relative merit, no motive should induce me to be their public exhibiter. I might write for the idleness of amusement; but never would I publish for the mortification of defeat. In Dryden's translation, which, with all its inequality and unfaithfulness, must be regarded on the whole as a noble and animated composition, the several books are distinguished by their different degrees of merit; and, though the labor of translating grew on him, as he assures us, in its progress, the last three (with the exception perhaps of the fourth) are the most happily executed of the entire poem. From a comparison, with these more felicitous results of his genius, it is now too late for me to shrink. I may tremble as I am thus confronted with my illustrious master: but, placed within the lists, I must even abide their decision; and if it be against me, I shall at least have the consolation offered to the dying hero, *Æneæ magni dextra cadis*. As the avowed competitor of Dryden, I stand certainly in an awful situation: but I entreat not to be cast without the solemnity of a trial; or to be resigned to the overpowering dominion of a mighty name.

On Pitt's translation of the *Æneis* I can look with far less agitating apprehension. In its reference to Dryden's, this production occupies a very subordinate rank; and, even regarded by itself, it cannot be admitted to any high class of merit. Many of its passages are neat, and some of them elegant: but its general character is that of level and uninteresting mediocrity; of a dry and uniform plain, bedecked with a few uncharacteristic parterres, over which it is fatiguing to travel. As a translation, it is not less unfaithful than Dryden's, and as a poem it is far less attractive. It discovers, indeed, in no place energy of expression, or vigor of poetic conception; and, every where throughout it, are we deadened by tameness, wearied with diffusion, and chilled by frigidity. He has succeeded, perhaps, better in the first and in the last two than in either of those books which intervene.

To Dr. Trapp's unrhymed version of the Augustan Epic, which preceded Mr. Pitt's publication, I am disposed to attribute much more praise than it has been its fortune to obtain. Trapp was a scholar and a critic; and, fully possessing the sense of his author, he has communicated it, at all times, in flowing numbers, and, occasionally, in poetic diction. His notes discover accurate learning; and his prefaces contain much erudite and tasteful criticism. To any reader, unversed in the Roman language and desirous of becoming acquainted with Virgil, I would recommend Trapp as his instructor: for in the volumes of the Oxford professor is to be found a greater mass of Virgilian information than can be obtained from any other single work in our language. From my school-days, to those in which I completed my translation, I had never opened his pages;

and I now feel surprised at the general neglect into which he seems to have fallen.

To speak of the translations of my author, antecedent to that by Dryden, can be gratifying only to curiosity: for, in their present sepulchral rest on the shelves of the literary virtuoso, they are consulted only for the purposes of antiquarian research. Without noticing the prose version by Caxton, the printer, of which I know nothing but the name, I refer to the translations of the *Æneis* by Gawen Douglas, the Earl of Surrey, Phaer* and Twyne, Churchyard, Stanyhurst, Sir T. Wroth, Sandys, Waller and Sydney Godolphin, and May†: for those by Vicars, Ogilby, Sir T. Howard, Fanshaw, and the Earl of Lauderdale, may be regarded as of the age of Dryden; though all of them preceded his work, and some by the intervention of several years. Among these more ancient versions of my author, that by Gawen Douglas, the learned and accomplished

* Thomas Phaer was a physician who flourished in the sixteenth century, and passed the greater part of his life at Forest, near Cilgerran Castle, on the banks of the Teivy, an estate which formed a part of my family property. Here he translated the first seven books of the *Æneis*, which were published in London, in 1558. He continued the translation to the third part, as he informs us, of the tenth book; and the entire version, which was completed by Thomas Twyne (who also was a physician) was given to the world by a London press, in 1584. In this work was included the supplementary book by Maphæus. To his translation of the first book Phaer has subjoined a latin memorandum, informing us that it was begun on the 9th and finished on the 25th of May, 1555!! For a part of this information I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Fenton, who has instructed and entertained the Public by his tour through Pembrokehire.

† To these elder translators of Virgil, I must add, on the respectable authority of Mr. Malone, the names of Fleming, Boys, and Harrington, with whose productions I am wholly unacquainted.

Bishop of Dunkeld, is eminently distinguished by its poetic merit. But our unstable language, shifting beneath his feet, has plunged him into darkness, which the vision only of the few is able to penetrate. I speak of him from the small portions of his work which I can understand; and from the report of those, whose studies have made them conversant with the old Scottish dialect; by which his Muse is profoundly veiled, like the son of Venus by the impervious and supernatural cloud thrown over him by his mother.

The translation by Lord Surrey, comprehending only the second and the fourth book, is remarkable for its being the first essay of our poetry in blank verse, or, as it is termed by the noble author, in *strange metre*. It bears, also, honorable testimony to the talents and the erudition of that accomplished nobleman, whose murder forms one of the many sanguinary blots, which contaminate the reign of the second tyrant of the hateful family of Tudor. Of Stanyhurst's translation, which is not carried beyond the sixth book of his author, the striking peculiarity is its hexameter metre. I have not been able to procure the work: but an extract, which I have seen from it and which has been published in one of our literary journals, forms a curious specimen of its whimsical execution, and of the strange taste of its author.

Sir T. Wroth, May *, Sandys, Waller and Sydney Godolphin, Sir Robert Howard, and Fanshaw confined their

* May, the continuator of Lucan, was one of the most determined opposers of despotism in the long Parliament: and Sandys is so generally known as the translator of Ovid, that it is unnecessary to say more of him.

ambition each to the translation of a single book of the *Æneis*. On these I shall only remark, that the version of the fourth by Waller and Sydney Godolphin, very ill corresponds with the praise which has been attributed to it by Dryden, or with the reputation of Waller; and that the version of the same book by Fanshaw exhibits, as far as my knowledge of the subject extends, the first specimen of that liberal style of translation, asserted in its excess by Cowley, and established by the precepts and the example of Dryden. The names alone of Vicars and Ogilby (the latter of whom has equally violated the Muse of Homer and of Virgil) will supersede the necessity of any further notice of their performances: but the work of Lord Lauderdale is of a much higher character, and is entitled to considerable respect. Though finished before Dryden commenced his Virgilian undertaking, its publication was subsequent to that great man's; and did not take place till after the decease of its noble author, when it was offered to his memory by the just regard of his family. Dryden, to whom it was communicated in MS. by Lord Lauderdale, availed himself very largely of its beauties; having transplanted from it not fewer than three hundred and seventy entire verses into his own page, beside more than double that number, which he has made his own at the expense of no very laborious variation. On this particular topic, I may observe that Pitt has acknowledged his obligation to Dryden for sixty of his lines; and that I am not conscious of standing indebted to either of my predecessors for the loan of a single verse. Similar thoughts will sometimes suggest, to different writers in the same language, a similarity or even an identity of expression: but wherever I have detected the property of another in my pages, I have studiously relinquished it, not

from the affectation of originality, but from a wish to offer to the public nothing which was not new, and, as it was professed to be, my own. On the subject of a coincidence of rhymes I shall say nothing, as it is a coincidence which must necessarily occur in almost innumerable instances.

Between the years 1716 and 1726, Doctor N. Brady, the well-known versifier of the Psalms, published a version of the *Æneis* in blank verse, which fell, as I believe, still-born from the press : and in 1764, another unrhymed translation of the same poem was presented to the public, with similar ill-success, by Mr. Hawkins, Professor of poetry in the university of Oxford. After a pause of two years, (in 1766,) a new translator of Virgil, of the name of Robert Andrews, was ushered into the world from the printing office of Baskerville ; of whose production (whether in rhymed or unrhymed verse I cannot tell) I know only a single line ; which, being cited by a wicked Reviewer of the time, impressed itself by its absurdity upon my youthful memory : “ Pears at my pate arch Galea softly throws ; ” the translation, as it may be necessary to inform my readers, of “ *Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella* ”. In the interval between Dr. Brady’s and Mr. Hawkins’s publications, (in 1753,) a gentleman, of the name of Strahan, offered to the world a blank verse translation of the *Æneis* ; and the rear of the English translators of this poem was closed in 1794, by Mr. Beresford, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who published by subscription a version of it, with an equal superiority to the fetters of rhyme. Of this work, and of its immediate predecessor, I can only say, that they were and are not. So numerous has been the host of translators whom the renown of Virgil has encouraged to attempt him ;

and so many of them has his power laid prostrate in the dust!*

Of all these translations of my author's great poem, two only, those by Dryden and by Pitt, can now be regarded as alive; and of these again, the latter, as being little read and opened more from curiosity than for pleasure, must be considered as in a state only of doubtful existence.—And now the fortune of my adventure is to be proved. If I cannot, with prophetic confidence, say to my *Æneis*,

*"Nate !"—te majoribus ire per altum
Auspiciis manifesta fides :*

I may address it, with a wish at least for its success, in the words of Deiphobus to *Æneas*,

I nostrum ! melioribus utere fati !

If these better fates should attend it; and, like *Æneas*, it be destined to survive and to conquer, my friends may rejoice, and the world can have no cause to lament. If, on the contrary, it should be doomed, with Deiphobus, to fulfil its just sentence in darkness, my enemies (if, unoffending as I am, I should have enemies) may indulge in exultation. In either event, I shall neither be elated, nor

* In 1787 a rhymed version of the second and the fourth book of the *Æneis* was published by a very young author of the name of Morison. In the preface he is stated to be only twelve years old; and, with reference to this immaturity of age, his performance is remarkably good.

depressed into the feebleness of complaint. The judgement of the public must eventually, as I am sensible, be right: and I have not, I thank God, lived so long without knowing how small a portion of man's happiness can be affected by the prosperous or the adverse fortune of a few thousands of rhymes.

February 9th, 1816.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

Argument.

THE poem opens with a general proposition of its subject; and its action commences with the sailing of the Trojan fleet from Sicily, in the seventh year after the destruction of Troy. The fleet is dispersed by a tempest, excited by *Æolus* at the request of *Juno*; and is saved from destruction, after the loss of one of its number, by the interposition of *Neptune*; who sees its distress, and tranquillizes the seas. *Æneas*, with seven of his ships, gains a port in Africa, in the vicinity of Carthage. To pacify the alarms of *Venus* for her son and his Trojans, *Jupiter* reveals to her the secret counsels of the Fates, as they respect the subjects of her solicitude; and discloses the future greatness of their descendents—the Julian family, and the Romans. As he wanders, accompanied by *Achates*, to explore the country, *Æneas* is met by his mother, and receives from her the information requisite for his present state. Concealed by her with a cloud from the eyes of the multitude, he enters Carthage, where he finds the leaders of his forces, whom he had imagined to be lost; and has an interview with *Dido* (or *Elissa*) the queen, by whom he and his friends are royally entertained. *Cupid*, at the desire of his mother, assumes the form of *Ascanius*, and inspires the queen with the love of *Æneas*. *Dido* solicits from the chief a relation of the taking of Troy, and of his wanderings subsequent to that disastrous event.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

ARMS, and the man who first, by Fate's command,
From Ilion flying, sought Italia's strand,
And gain'd Lavinium, are my themes of song.
Long toss'd by waves, on land he suffer'd long :
From power supernal, such his doom of woe ; 5
Pursued by vengeful Juno as her foe.
Much too in war he bore, ere Fate assign'd
His walls to rise, or gods to be enshrined
In Latium : whence the Latin offspring came ;
Old Alba's chiefs, and Rome's majestic frame. 10
Speak, Muse ! the causes of effects so great :
What god was wrong'd ? or why, incensed with hate,
Should heaven's high Queen, with toils on toils, confound
The man for piety to heaven renown'd ;
And urge him with a ceaseless tide of ills ? 15
Ah ! can such passions goad celestial wills !

Opposed in site, but far from Tiber's flood,
By Tyrian hands an ancient city stood,
Carthage: in wealth supreme, and martial art;
By Juno cherish'd with a parent's heart; 20
More than her Samos loved: here shone her car;
Here blazed her arms in all their beamy war.
Here too, if Fate would bow beneath her mind,
To rear earth's mighty empire she design'd.
Even now she fondly watch'd the growing power; 25
And breathed her vigor on its nascent hour.
But she had heard—a race of Trojan source,
In years to come, should crush her Tyrian force:
A monarch-people, raised by war, should stand
On Libya's ruins, and the world command. 30
'This she had heard, as Fate's supreme decree;
And, fearing, strove to baffle destiny.
Nor yet unmindful of the wars she bore,
For her dear Greeks, to Troy's contested shore:
With other wrongs, deep settled in her breast, 35
(Wounds that, still rankling, kept her soul from rest,)
The award of Paris, and her slighted charms;
Her Phrygian rival in her consort's arms;
And all the offenses of the hated brood,
To rouse her vengeance, and inflame her blood; 40
She now, as victims of her hate and fear,
Doom'd the sad relics of the Pelian spear:

And fiercely scatter'd Ilion's exiled host,
O'er the broad billows, far from Latium's coast :
And long they wander'd from their destined home. 45
So mighty was the toil to found imperial Rome !

Scarce lost in distance were Sicilia's shores,
As, high in hope, the Trojans plied their oars
Through the plough'd foam ; when Juno thus express'd
The undying pangs, that tore her vengeful breast : 50

" Then baffled must I yield ; too weak my hand
To keep Troy's monarch from the Latian land ;
Controll'd forsooth by Fate ? Could Pallas' ire
Whelm in the deep the Greeks ; their navy fire,
For the sole crime of mad Oïleus' son ; 55

And make the guiltless many die for one ?
Through bursting clouds the flames of Jove she hurl'd ;
Dash'd the rent ships, and shook the watery world.
Him, scath'd and pouring from his shatter'd breast
The fires of heaven, she singled from the rest : 60
Caught in a whirlwind ; and, with stormy force,
Fix'd on a pointed rock his flaming corse.

But I, who walk the queen of gods above ;
Sister, and consort of the thunderer Jove,
Am doom'd for years a puny war to wage : 65
Nor sweep from earth one nation in my rage.
And who will, then, Saturnia's godhead own ?
What altar breathe its incense to her throne ?"

While thus she gave her boiling bosom vent,
Her course the goddess to Æolia bent, 70
Parent of storms; within whose pregnant womb
The whirlwind grows in power, and heaves for room.
The winds, his restless subjects, here with chains,
In a vast cave, king Æolus constrains.
Mad with controll, they shake their prison's bounds; 75
And the high mountain with their howl resounds.
Aloft in state their sceptred lord presides:
Soothes their fierce spirits, and their fury guides.
By him uncheck'd, their lawless force would tear
Earth, seas, and skies, and scatter them in air. 80
Prescient of this, in caverns, deep in night,
The Sire of Nature plunged their dangerous might:
With mountains crush'd, and gave a king to awe;
To hold or loose them with the reins of law.

To him now spake the suppliant queen of heaven: 85
"O Æolus! to whom by Jove is given
The sceptre of the winds, to raise the seas
In mountain-billows, and at will appease:
A hostile race, that has my power withstood,
Now borne audacious on the Tuscan flood, 90
To Latium steers the baffled gods of Troy.
Release the storm; the hated fleet destroy:
Whelm it beneath the deep; or scatter wide,
The sport of tempests, on a distant tide.

Of twice seven nymphs, who near my person shine, 95
The brightest, Deïopeia shall be thine.

Her, for thy merits in my sovereign cause,
My hand shall bind to thee by nuptial laws :
To bless for endless years thy love's embrace ;
And make thee father of a beauteous race." 100

To her the god : " O Queen ! the care be thine
To give the mandate ; to obey be mine.
To thee my state, with regal power increased,
The smile of Jove, the gods' celestial feast,
I owe :—by thee enthroned in high command, 105
I sway the tempests with my potent hand."

Ardent he hurl'd his sceptre as he spoke ;
And pierced the mountain with the forceful stroke.
Through the cleft rock the winds, in close array,
Burst from their dungeon, and alarm'd the day. 110
Earth felt the shock ; then, prone with direful sweep,
They seise the billows, and convulse the deep.
The South, and East, and Afric's stormy wind *
Rush in one mass ; and, with their powers combined,
Stir Ocean's depths and bear him on the land. 115
Loud clamors rise from Troy's astonish'd band.
Their shivering masts resound : clouds drown the light ;
And the storm raves beneath incumbent night.

* Africus, the south-west wind ; thus called, as blowing immediately from Africa upon Rome and Italy.

Loud thunders shake, and lightnings fire the skies;
And death—dire death close presses on their eyes. 120

At once Æneas felt the alarm of Fate:

On all his nerves a chilling horror sate.

With hands upraised to heaven, "Thrice bless'd!" he said,

"Oh! greatly favor'd, who in combat bled!

Whose fathers' eyes beheld them nobly fall, 125

In patriot battle, by the Trojan wall!

Tydides, first of Greeks! beneath thy hand

Why fell I not upon my native strand:

And press'd the soil which great Sarpedon press'd;

Where Hector sleeps in ever-honor'd rest, 130

Slain by Æacides; where shields and helms,

And hero-myriads blood-stain'd Simois whelms?"

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with adverse stroke,
The furious North his shivering canvas broke.

To the fierce waves, unheeding of her guide, 135

With shatter'd oars the vessel yields her side.

Then swells abrupt a precipice of surge:

Some, borne aloft, on its curl'd top emerge.

Some, in the dusky vale, that slopes beneath,

View the bared sands, o'er-canopied by death. 140

Three ships the whirlwind South compell'd to reel

On rocks, the covering waters ill conceal.

(Their huge backs, dimly through the surface shown,

Are by their Latin name of Altars known.)

Three more, the victims of the driving East, 145
On the dread shallows from the main are press'd.
There, wretched sight! on neither sea nor land
They beat, entangled in the gathering sand.
One, with Orontes and his Lycian crew,
Near to the chief and striking on his view, 150
A monstrous sea o'erwhelms; and with its sweep
Bears o'er the stern the master to the deep.
The ship herself, by forceful eddies toss'd,
Circles awhile, and then ingulf'd is lost.
Struggling in vain are seen the floating few; 155
And arms and Trojan wealth the flood bestrew.
And now Ilioneus, Achates brave,
Abas, and old Aletes see the wave
Prevailing on their ships; whose gaping sides,
With many a mouth, imbibe the unfriendly tides. 160
But now the monarch of the sea perceived
His liquid realms with strong commotion heaved;
The depths upturn'd; the waves in heaps constrain'd;
And all the furies of a storm unrein'd.
Moved with unusual wrath and proud disdain, 165
He rear'd his head august above the main:
And straight Troy's scatter'd navy met his eye;
Half crush'd beneath the ruin of the sky.
He saw; and, conscious of his sister's hate,
Her wiles and fury in her war with Fate, 170

Sternly he call'd the winds of East and West,
And thus with injured majesty address'd:

“Lives there such daring in your vassal kind,
To shake our seas, without our power assign'd?
To roll such watery masses in your rage; 175
And heaven and earth in lawless fight engage?
Ye Winds! whom I—but first my hand must still
The waves, thus urged to war against my will.
Hereafter ye may feel and know my might.
Hence to your king! and speedy be your flight! 180
Tell him, not his the sea's sublime command:
Fate placed the trident in our mightier hand.
His is the realm of rocks, your bleak domain:
And there let Æolus unquestion'd reign:
High in his hall of ruin there preside; 185
And o'er the imprison'd winds exert his pride.”

He spoke; and, swifter than his words, his deed
Allay'd the waves; heaven's shrouded splendor freed,
And open'd all the day. The sea-god train
Lift from the rocks the vessels to the main. 190
The monarch's trident, of supreme controul,
Dashes the quicksand and removes the shoal.
Then, mounted on his car in sovereign pride,
His wheels roll smoothly o'er the level tide.
As when Sedition, from her lofty stand, 195
O'er some proud city shakes her flaming hand,

And fires the crowd : the ignoble vulgar swarm ;
Intent on outrage, and for mischief warm.

Now stones and brands in thick disorder fly ;

The readiest arms that fury can supply.

200

If then they haply see some man, endear'd

By patriot worth, for sanctity revered ;

At once their clamors die ; attent they stand :

He soothes their breasts, and bends them to command.

So, calm'd by Neptune's eye the billows sleep :

205

When the great father, glancing o'er the deep,

Shakes his loose reins ; and, under smiling skies,

His steeds rush swiftly, and his chariot flies.

The nearest region with their weary oars

The Trojans seek, and gain the Libyan shores.

210

There, in the bosom of the land recess'd,

Screen'd by a fronting island's rocky breast,

Which breaks the surges rolling from the main,

Spreads a deep haven in a glassy plain.

Cliffs threat on either side ; and o'er them rise

215

Two giant summits, that invade the skies.

Mute at their feet the subject waves repose ;

And woods, sun-crown'd, wave sparkling on their brows.

Gloomy beneath, the shades collected throw

A sable horror on the flood below.

220

Where the barr'd waters meet the closing land,

A grot is arch'd by Nature's curious hand.

Within the fretted dome fresh fountains play ;
And seats of spar reflect a living ray ;
Haunt of the nymphs. In this environ'd sea 225
The wave-worn vessels float at liberty :
Safe, though by no retaining cables bound ;
Nor held with biting anchors to the ground.
Here, relics of his fleet, Æneas finds
Seven ships alone recover'd from the winds. 230
The Trojans now, rapacious of the land,
Spring with a lover's transport on the sand ;
And dry their briny limbs. Achates first
With arid leaves the flint-born sparkle nursed,
And rear'd it into flame : the men for use 235
Their Ceres, tainted by the wave, produce.
With fire they parch, with stones they break the grain ;
And, tired of Fortune's enmity, complain.
The chief, meanwhile, ascends a rocky height ;
And thence o'er ocean hurls his rapid sight : 240
If Antheus, tempest-tost, he there may view ;
Or Phrygia's navy with its hardy crew ;
Or Capys : or Caïcus' arms discern,
Yet proudly planted on his lofty stern.
The sea was desert : on the land beneath 245
Three stags he sees, that wander'd o'er the heath.
To them the herd, a numerous train, succeed :
Bound o'er the copse ; or in the valley sced.

He stands ; and takes the bow and feather'd store
Of shafts, his arms which good Achates bore : 250
And first the leaders feel the mortal wound ;
Their branching heads extended on the ground.
Then, turn'd against the herd, his deaths pursue
The flight, through thickets, of the ignobler crew :
Nor from the work of blood his shafts abstain, 255
Till seven, the number of his ships, lie slain.
Then, to the harbour tracing back his way,
Among his comrades he divides the prey.
The generous wines, Acestes lately gave
To his friend, launching on Sicilia's wave, 260
And stored in casks, the hero next imparts ;
And with the words of comfort cheers their hearts :
 " O Friends ! not now acquainted first with woes :
Worse have ye known, and these the gods will close.
Have ye not braved fell Scylla's howling den ? 265
And rocks by Cyclops dash'd with shatter'd men ?
Collect your souls ! Be bold ! even toils like these,
Recall'd by memory, will haply please.
Through various labors, through a storm of fate,
We struggle onward to our Latian state. 270
There peace awaits us ; there, reviving Troy.—
Endure ! and keep yourselves for coming joy."
 He spake ; and on his cheek hope lightly play'd,
To hide the cares that on his bosom prey'd.

And now the men prepare their future feast: 275
Flay, and expose the bowels of the beast.
Some cut, and fix the trembling flesh on spits:
One fills the caldron; one the fire submits.
Then, on the grassy couch reclined, they share
The needful banquet, and their strength repair. 280
Old Bacchus, with the flesh of deer, supplies
Health to their hearts, and vigor to their eyes.
When hunger ceased, their anxious talk dilates
On the dark subject of their comrades' fates.
In doubt, 'twixt hope they fluctuate and despair, 285
If yet their friends may breathe the vital air:
Or if o'erwhelm'd, beneath the stormy deep,
No more to hear their fellows' voice, they sleep.
Absorb'd beyond the rest, Æneas hung
On the sad theme, by stronger sorrow wrung. 290
For Lycus now, now Amycus he grieved;
Now the deep sigh for lost Orontes heaved:
Now fondly claim'd, with anguish, from the grave
Gyas the valiant, and Cloanthus brave.
At length 'twas o'er: when Jove, enthroned in light,
Bent on the subject universe his sight: 296
From the high citadel of heaven survey'd
Earth, in her spacious lineaments display'd;
Her sail-white seas, her realms, her human brood:
And then his beaming eye o'er Libya stood. 300

Him, as he there imperial cares revolved,
With cheeks grief-stain'd and eyes in tears dissolved,
Venus approach'd, and spake; "O Thou! whose hand
Holds, with the thunder, heaven's and earth's command:
Eternal Monarch! say, what crimes unknown 305
Must my loved Trojans and my son atone?
Victims of Fate, with Latium still denied,
They wander outcasts of the world beside.
And yet from them, and Teucer's blood restored,
Thou said'st should spring mankind's majestic lord, 310
Great Rome; who, in a distant age, should hold
The land and seas, beneath her power controll'd.
This thou didst promise, Sire! ah! what has wrought
A change of counsel in the Eternal's thought?
This was my solace on the tomb of Troy: 315
One was my fate of woe, and one of joy.
But the same fortune, cruel now as then,
That razed the city still pursues the men.
Ah! when will Jove allow them to repose?
Antenor, circled by his Grecian foes, 320
Escaped; and, piercing through the Illyrian waves,
Pass'd the nine sources whence Timavus raves:
Bursts in a sea the roaring mountain's side;
And whelms the region with a billowy tide.
Safely he pass'd; and there Patavium stands, 325
Through time the proud memorial of his hands.

There to a state, sequester'd from alarms,
He gave the name, there fix'd the Trojan arms :
And there, his perils and his labors past,
Finds a calm haven for his age at last. 330
But we, thy race, to whom thy nod has given
A bright reversion in the courts of heaven ;
Wreck'd far from Latium, harass'd and undone,
Are falsely yielded to the wrath of one.
Is this the crown thou givest to pious worth ? 335
This our proud sceptre of the conquer'd earth ?"
On her, the Sire of men, and gods above,
Effused the radiance of almighty love :
The smile, by which the tempest stands controll'd ;
And heav'n is clothed in more etherial gold : 340
Then touch'd his daughter's lip, and mildly said ;
" Cythera's Queen ! dismiss thy causeless dread.
Still shalt thou see (unmoved thy fates remain)
Lavinium's walls, and thy predestined reign.
Æneas here, a god by gods confess'd, 345
Shall prove the eternal purpose of my breast.
He, (for I now, if any mist of care,
Still hovering o'er thy mind, should sicken there,
Drawn from their mystic darkness will display
The Fates, and bring unborn events to day,) 350
He with victorious war shall sway the field ;
And make Italia's martial nations yield.

Then, great in peace, shall rear the city's frame;
And a wild race with laws and morals tame:
And thrice the seasons in their orb shall roll, 355
While conquer'd Latium feels his mild controll.
But young Ascanius, as Iulus known,
(Ilus he was whilst Ilion had a throne,)
For thrice ten years shall reign, and shall translate
To his own Alba the Lavinian state. 360
In Alba, rear'd by him with warlike pride,
Three centuries entire shall Troy preside:
Till Ilia, priestess-queen, the ravish'd fair,
To Mars her double progeny shall bear.
Thence, nourish'd by the wolf, in Fate's great hour, 365
Shall Romulus assert the nation's power:
Raise to his parent god the eternal wall;
And Romans from his name the people call.
To them no bounding limits I decree:
An endless empire is their grant from me. 370
Juno herself, whose now infuriate soul
Shakes with her storm earth, ocean, and the pole;
Shall change her counsels then, her rage resign;
And, softly yielding, blend her will with mine:
With us shall love the race of Trojan birth; 375
The nation of the gown, the Roman lords of earth.
'Tis thus decreed: the day, as time shall flow,
Will come when Argos to thy Troy shall bow:

When Ilus, in his progeny, shall chain
Phthia ; and victor o'er Mycenæ reign. 380

From Teucrian blood shall mighty Cæsar rise,
(Whose realm the main shall bound, whose fame the skies,)
Named from Iulus. Fraught with trophies, won
On lands first gleaming with the rising sun,
Thy Julius thou shalt crown in triumph here ; 385
While prostrate nations feel his holy fear.

Then, heavenly influence calming human rage,
Sweet Peace shall brood upon the lucid age :
Vesta and hoary Faith maintain the laws ;
And Rome's twin founders re-assert her cause. 390
The gates of war with bars of steel secured,
Within shall impious Fury rave immured :
And stretch'd on shatter'd arms, and foaming gore,
Compress'd with hundred-folded brass, shall roar."

He spoke ; and gave to Hermes his behest, 395
To open Carthage for her Trojan guest.
Lest Dido, stranger to the will of Fate,
Might haply drive the wanderer from her gate.
The herald Power quick shot through air profound ;
And instant closed his wings on Libyan ground. 400
There the soothed Tyrians own the god's controul ;
And yield their stern barbarity of soul.
The queen above the rest, by heaven inclined,
Gives to the Trojans all her pitying mind.

But, with his thought revolving through the night, 405
The pious chieftain longs for dawning light :
With its first rays intent to leave the shore ;
Pierce the new region and its scenes explore :
See on what realms the storm had thrown his fleet ;
Of beasts the desert, or of men the seat ; 410
For all was waste that lay within his ken :
Then, fraught with tidings, seek his friends again.
First under rocks, embower'd in forests, laid,
His ships he hides beneath the veiling shade.
Then, with Achates, climbs the steepy land ; 415
Two radiant javelins quivering in his hand.
Now had he gain'd the centre of a wood,
When in his path his heavenly mother stood ;
In form and habit like a Spartan maid :
So was the goddess arm'd, and so array'd. 420
Or like Harpalyce, the pride of Thrace ;
When, taming her fierce steed, with flying pace
She leaves swift Hebrus laggard in the race.
A bow the mimic huntress slung behind ;
And gave her locks to dally with the wind : 425
Bare to the knee : her mantle's swelling pride,
A simple knot beneath the bosom tied.

“ Ho ! Youths ! ” she first accosts them, “ have ye seen
One of my sisters, wandering o'er the green ?
Or driving with her shafts the foamy boar ? 430
A spotted lynx supplied the cloak she wore.”

So Venus spake, and thus her son replies :
“ No sister, Nymph ! of thine has met our eyes.
Nymph shall I call thee ? No ! thy higher race
Speaks on thy tongue, and kindles in thy face : 435
Or Dian’s self, or Dian’s goddess-friend.
O Power ! propitious to our woes attend !
Tell us to what strange region are we led :
What clime is this, and whose the soil we tread ?
For here we roam, unknowing and unknown ; 440
On a new world by stormy ocean thrown.
O aid us, and inform ! and I will lead
The frequent victim at thy shrine to bleed.”
“ Give not to me,” fair Venus makes reply,
“ The honors due to natives of the sky. 445
Like me, in chase the Tyrian virgins wear
The purple buskin, and the quiver bear.
The realm you see is Punic : but around
Libya’s fierce nations press the hostile ground.
Agenor’s race, the Tyrians, here command : 450
Theirs is yon city and the subject land.
The sceptre Dido holds : from Tyre in dread,
Elusive of her brother’s rage, she fled.
Dire was his crime, and deep the inflicted wrong :
The eventful tale is intricate and long : 455
Its heads I will disclose. Above the rest,
From Sidon sprung, of lands and gold possess’d,

Sychæus was her lord : on him her mind
Had fondly doted, ere their hands were join'd.
Her youthful choice her kingly sire approved ; 460
And early nuptials gave her him she loved.
But soon, in wickedness supremely great,
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, ruled the state.
To fire his breast th' demon fury came ;
And cruel Avarice more incensed the flame. 465
Gold-mad, and reckless of his sister's heart,
In the safe hour, from every eye apart,
Even at the holy altars as they stood,
His impious weapon shed Sychæus' blood.
Then, conversant with fraud, he tries his wiles ; 470
And long his sister's anxious love beguiles.
But, pale to horror, at the noon of night,
Her husband's spectre glared upon her sight :
Bared his pierced bosom, show'd the secret guilt,
And the sad altars where his blood was spilt : 475
Then urged her, with precipitated speed
To fly the land, polluted with the deed :
And, to support her flight, the vault disclosed,
Where heaps of countless wealth had long reposed.
Warn'd, and aghast, she summon'd all her friends : 480
Explain'd the danger, and reveal'd her ends.
All, who felt pressing fear or deadly hate
Of the dire tyrant, cluster'd round her state.

Ships ready arm'd, which in the harbour lay,
They seise, they load with gold; and, borne away, 485
The greedy murderer's treasure rides the wave:
A woman leader of an act so brave.

Here, then, they came, where, rising on the sight,
Yon walls declare the Carthaginian might;
And here, what with a hide they could surround, 490
(Hence Byrsa's name) they bought of Libyan ground.
But now your lineage speak, your native home:
What your designs, and whither do ye roam?"

To this, his bosom torn by struggling sighs,
With faltering accents thus the chief replies: 495
"O Goddess! should I from their birth relate
My woes, still growing in the wilds of Fate;
And you could hear; the day-star, from the main
Rising, would circle to the deep again.

From ancient Troy, (if Troy's unhappy name 500
Has hither floated on the breath of Fame,)
From sea to sea on adverse billows cast,
Wreck'd by the storm, we reach'd these shores at last.

Æneas I; my fleet my gods conveys;
Snatch'd from the foe and Troy's funereal blaze. 505
Renown'd for piety; from Jove my source;
To my own Italy I steer my course.
Studious the fates assign'd me to obey;
My goddess-mother pointing still my way;

In twice ten ships I launch'd from Phrygia's strand : 510
Scarce seven, surviving, now have gain'd the land.
Myself, from Europe and from Asia chased,
Roam a sad exile o'er the Libyan waste."

But Venus (for her mother's mind sustain'd
No more to listen while her son complain'd) 515
Here interposing spake : "The care of Jove
Surely you live, and guarded by his love,
Whoe'er you are, who, thus redeem'd from harms,
May rest within the Tyrian city's arms.

Go only on your way, and seek the queen : 520
Hush'd be your fears, and all your mind serene.
For, if my parents taught me not in vain
The augurial science, from the stormy main
Safe shall you see your friends and ships again.

Lo! yon twelve swans, who lately, in a flock 525
Rejoicing, felt the imperial eagle's shock,
And scattering fled; reform'd into a troop,
Now stoop to earth, or meditate to stoop.

As they, returning, play upon the wing
In airy rounds, and while they circle sing ; 530
So now your ships and men, with glad resort,
Meet on the land, or sail into the port.

Proceed but onward, as your path directs."

She said ; and, as she turn'd, her neck reflects

A rosy lustre : her ambrosial hair 535
Breathes heavenly fragrance, as it plays in air.
Full mantling o'er her feet, her robe flows down ;
And as she moves the ethereal Power is shown.

He, when his mother manifest he views,
With fond reproaches thus her flight pursues : 540
“ And canst thou too be cruel to thy son ;
His love so oft in borrow'd forms to shun ?
Why may I not embrace ? ah ! why not join
Dear converse with thee in thy shape divine ? ”

Thus he upbraids her ; and then bends his way, 545
To where, not far remote, the city lay.
But Venus, as they pass, their persons shrouds
In a thick mantle of involving clouds :
That, veil'd from every curious eye's regard,
No tongue might question them, or hand retard. 550
She to her Paphos, borne through air sublime,
Inhales the perfumes of her favor'd clime :
Where, crown'd with wreaths, her hundred altars rise ;
And sweets, from flowers and incense, mount the skies.

Meanwhile along their guiding path they went 555
With eager pace, and climb'd the hill's ascent :
Which, swelling o'er the ramparts, from its brow
Sees towers, and fanes, and palaces below.
Where late were cots, Æneas with surprise
Views in its stately pride a city rise : 560

Amazed, its circuit, ports, and streets surveys;
And the glad tumult of its crowded ways.
The Tyrians urge their labors: some emboss
The wall with battlements; some sink the fosse:
Some straining heave the stone upon the mound; 565
Some choose their site, and with a trench surround.
Here numbers hollow the capacious dock:
Here, hew vast columns from the parent rock,
To grace the future scene: while numbers there
Found the proud theatre to mount in air. 570
When the young summer strews the lawn with flowers,
So toil the bees in noon-tide's glowing hours:
As from their waxen nurseries they lead
Their youth, scarce fledged, to taste the balmy mead:
Or honey from a thousand florets' bells 575
Condense, and with rich nectar swell their cells:
Or the tired laborers, returning home,
Ease of their loads; or from the invaded comb,
Form'd in a band, the drone devourers drive.
All stirs; and thymy fragrance fills the hive. 580
Struck with the bulwarks' height, Æneas cries,
"O! happy they whose walls already rise!"
Then, entering, passes in the impervious cloud,
Wondrous to tell! unseen among the crowd.
A grove, within the city's middle space, 585
Cast a soft twilight o'er the hallow'd place,

The wave-worn Tyrians, digging here the ground,
The sign, foreshown by regal Juno, found,
A courser's head; a portent, that proclaim'd
A race for war and wealth through ages famed. 590
Here to the guardian goddess Dido raised
A gorgeous fane, that rich with offerings blazed:
While the felt presence of the Power divine
Struck holy horror from the living shrine.
To the high threshold steps of brass ascend: 595
On joints of brass the massy beams depend:
On brazen hinges turning, sounds the gate;
And all is rare, and beautiful, and great.
Here first, from objects that surprise his view,
Æneas dared to cherish hope anew: 600
Here first with rapture, in his fortune's night,
Hail'd the pale gleaming of reviving light.
For, as his eye, while waiting for the queen,
Explored the wonders of the encircling scene;
The nation's wealth, the workman's toils, admired; 605
Where several arts to deck the fane conspired;
He sees, in order, Ilion's wars portray'd;
By Fame to earth's remotest realms convey'd:
Sees Atreus' son, and Priam's hoary head;
And fierce Achilles, either monarch's dread. 610
Forced into tears, "Ah! where, my Friend!" he cries,
"Are realms unconscious of our miseries?"

Our sorrows fill the world. Lo Priam here!
Here worth finds praise; affliction Pity's tear:
Here human hearts are touch'd with human grief. 615
Fear not! our Troy will bring us here relief."

He spake; and, feeding on the pictured woe,
Groans heave his breast, and tears his cheek o'erflow.
For he beholds as, on the Phrygian plain,
Here fled the Greeks, and Troy pursued amain: 620
There trembled Troy: high-crested on his car,
The dread Achilles gored their routed war.
Not far removed, with streaming eyes he knows
The tents of Rhesus, white as Thracian snows:
Which, in her first embrace by Sleep betray'd, 625
Tydides ravaged with his midnight blade:
And led away the fiery steeds, before
Xanthus they drank, or tasted Trojan store.
With scatter'd arms, amid the warring throng
Here wounded Troilus is dragg'd along: 630
Unhappy boy! who, with unequal might,
Dared to confront Achilles in the fight.
Prone from his car, but grasping still the rein,
His neck and tresses sweep the gory plain.
The sand is furrow'd with the inverted spear: 635
Guideless the horses fly, and wild with fear.
To Pallas there, too partial to the foe,
In mournful pomp the Trojan matrons go:

With hair dishevell'd, spread the sacred cloak :
Beat their sad bosoms ; and the Power invoke. 640
In vain ! averse and, heedless of their cries,
Gloomy on earth the goddess bends her eyes.
Here Hector's body, stain'd with dust and gore,
Which thrice round Troy the vengeful coursers tore,
Achilles, soften'd by the imploring sire, 645
For gold surrenders to the funeral fire.
When thus the well-knowp spoils and, stretch'd along,
His friend's pale corse, defaced with many a wrong ;
And reverend Priam on his suppliant knees,
Raising his feeble hands, the hero sees ; 650
A bursting groan betrays his inward pangs ;
And o'er the scene, indulging pain, he hangs.
There too, engaged with Grecia's chiefs in fight,
Himself he views ; and swarthy Memnon, bright
In blazing arms, amid his Eastern host. 655
There, raging where the conflict storms the most,
Penthesilea, with her moony shield,
Leads on her Amazons, and scours the field.
A golden zone her naked breast beneath,
She blends with heroes in the ranks of death. 660
While fetter'd thus with interest and surprise,
His soul absorb'd and centred in his eyes,
Æneas stands ; with all her regal train,
Dido, in beauty's pride, ascends the fane,

Like great Diana, when she walks the meads 665
Laved by Eurotas; or on Cynthus leads
Her virgin choirs: in dance around their queen,
A thousand mountain goddesses are seen.
She wears her quiver with diviner grace;
More awful beauties lighten from her face; 670
And, as she towers illustrious o'er the rest,
With conscious pride exults Latona's breast.
Such Dido was: with such imperial gait
She moved to council for her growing state.
And now beneath the temple's middle roof, 675
Circled by guards, to keep the crowd aloof,
She mounts her lofty throne, and there august,
Sits in proud duty to the sovereign trust:
Distributes laws; on private rights decides;
Inquires into the works, the workmen guides; 680
Assigns their labors, or by lot divides.

But now, in concourse bursting on his view,
A band advanced, whom well Æneas knew.
For there through crowds, the sovereign to invoke,
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus, broke; 685
With other leaders, whom the stormy heaven,
O'er the wild waves, to distant lands had driven.
Amazed the chief, amazed Achates stands:
Both long to rush, and press the friendly hands.
Strong joy impels them; but by fears retain'd, 690
While yet the darkling tale is unexplain'd,

Within the hollow cloud they pause conceal'd :
Till, each mysterious circumstance reveal'd,
Is known where lies their fleet ; or why they came,
From all the ships the men of chosen name : 695
Why thus with clamor to the throne they press ;
To sue for favor, or to claim redress.

When now the Trojan delegates had gain'd
The royal presence ; thus, with leave obtain'd,
Ilioneus, the first in years, express'd, 700
With placid mien, the dictates of his breast ;
“ O Queen ! beneath whose just and potent sway,
New cities grow, and ample realms obey ;
As sovereign Jove ordains : see ! wretched Troy,
Whom winds and seas confederate to destroy, 705
Bends suppliant at thy throne. Oh ! check the flames,
That threat our ships ; and weigh our righteous claims :
Ah spare the pious race ! We came not here
To waste your Libya, or to scatter fear.
No pirates we, that drive the coasts for prey ; 710
And bear their bleeding robberies away.
Not such our force ; not thus the vanquish'd feel :
We plead with prayer ; not arrogate with steel.
A land there is, by Greeks Hesperia named ;
Peopled of old ; for arms and affluence famed : 715
Ænotria once ; but as Italia known
By later races, from a chief's renown.

Thither we steer'd : when, rising in his force,
Orion shook the seas, and dash'd our course.
On shoals and rocks our ships his fury hurl'd ; 720
Or drove them vagrant o'er the billowy world.
We, feeble relics of our ruin'd host,
With weary struggles gain'd at length your coast.
But what barbarian nations here command ?
What savage manners stain this Libyan land ? 725
They bar us from the shore : in arms dispute
The sand's bare treading with the shipwreck'd foot.
If men you slight, yet fear avenging Jove :
The oppress'd have still their advocates above.
Æneas was our king, renown'd afar, 730
O'er all, for justice, piety, and war.
If, Fate's high care, he sleep not yet in night ;
But breathes our heaven, and drinks the golden light ;
Fearless, the first in amity contend :
The great Æneas can requite his friend. 735
Troy yet has power : in Sicily's domains
Her cities rise, and her Acestes reigns.
Give us your woods our vessels to restore ;
Adapt the beam, and slope the tapering oar :
That thus Italia (if the Fates decree 740
Italia with our king we e'er should see)
We yet may gain : but if our orphan'd host
Must thee, our father, thee, our nation's boast,

Deplore, entomb'd within the Libyan main ;
And young Iûlus' lofty hopes be vain ; 745
That then, we may our former course retrace ;
And rest in friendly Sicily's embrace."

He ceased : the assenting Trojans gave applause ;
And hail'd the pleader of the general cause.

Her female softness tempering regal pride, 750
The queen with modest dignity replied :

" Fear nothing, Trojans ! all your care resign :
Suspicion hangs on sceptres new as mine.
My tender state, encompass'd with alarms,
Exacts the circling jealousy of arms. 755

Who knows not Troy and all her hero-birth ?
Her blaze of fate has lighten'd over earth.

Our Tyrian breasts are not so dead to fame :
Nor shoots our sun so virtueless a flame.

Whether your way to Italy you hold ; 760

Hesperian climes, where Saturn reign'd in gold :

Or seek with shorten'd toil your nearer rest,

With good Acestes, in Sicilia's breast ;

Safe shall ye sail, with stores and wealth supplied.

Or would ye in these realms with me abide ? 765

My city shall be yours : unrig your fleet :

Troy shall with Tyre my equal favor meet.

Would that your king Æneas, also press'd

By the fierce south, were now my princely guest.

Straight will I send to search our Libyan land : 770

Its peopled regions, and its desert strand.

If haply, guideless, and unknown the way,

To some far town, or o'er the wilds he stray."

Cheer'd by her words, Æneas and his friend

Already burn their veil of cloud to rend. 775

Achates first the Goddess-born address'd :

" Say what are now the counsels of thy breast ?

Lo ! all is safe ; our fleet, our friends restored :

One loss alone remains to be deplored :

The ship that, sinking, perish'd in our view. 780

In all beside thy mother's word was true."

Scarce had he said, when, melting into day,

The covering cloud resolved itself away.

Illustrious in full light Æneas trod :

In form, in face, in gesture, like a god. 785

For his celestial mother, breathing there,

Swell'd the bright volumes of his floating hair :

Waked laughing glories in his eye ; and threw

Youth's light around him, of purpureal hue.

As ivory, labor'd by the workman's pains, 790

Till its last grace the polish'd beauty gains :

As beaming silver, or the Parian stone

Shot with the rays of circling gold, he shone ;

When, bursting sudden from the etherial cloud,

He flash'd in brilliance on the gazing crowd ; 795

And thus bespoke the queen : " Behold in me,
The man you seek, redeem'd from Libya's sea ;
Dardan Æneas. O imperial Fair !

Alone who make afflicted Troy your care :

Who us, poor gleanings of the sword of Greece, 800

By war exhausted, not refresh'd with peace ;

Whom want and toil on lands and seas o'erwhelm,

Cheer with your wealth, associate in your realm,

Give, in your walls, a home of rest and joy :

O ! 'tis not mine, nor in the power of Troy, 805

Where'er, dispersed, she still survives on earth,

To offer praises equal to your worth.

No ! Dido ! no ! the gods alone, if they

Respect the pious, must your deeds repay.

From Heaven, from virtue's large and sweet regard, 810

And your own conscious breast, expect reward.

O happy age, on which your childhood smiled !

Thrice happy parents, bless'd with such a child !

While still the river to the main shall flow ;

While shade shall circle round the mountain's brow ; 815

Whilst ether shall the starry fires sustain ;

Your name, your praise, your honor shall remain

Living and ever bright ; however Fate

May urge my wanderings, or may shape my state."

He spoke ; and instantly, with either hand, 820

Gave eager welcome to his friendly band.

Ilioneus, Serestus first he press'd :

Gyas, Cloanthus then, and then the rest.

The queen gazed, wondering, at the glorious man ;
Then with his fortunes touch'd, she thus began : 825

“ What Power, O Goddess-born ! your virtue's foe,
Pursues you thus o'er length'ning tracks of woe ?
What fate has wreck'd you on a savage coast ?
And art thou he ? that chief ? Fame's loudest boast ?
The great Æneas, whom, on Simois' shore, 830
Celestial Venus to Anchises bore ?

The banish'd Teucer, when he came to sue
For other realms, at Sidon's court I knew.
(My father Belus then by arms had gain'd
The wealthy Cyprus, and with power retain'd.) 835

Thence with the fates of Troy familiar grown,
I learn'd your fame, and all your foes' renown.
Teucer himself, though hostile to your state,
Praised Trojan valor, and confess'd it great :
And oft would he delight, with pride, to trace 840
His ancient lineage from the Teucrian race.

Come, Trojans ! then, within my walls repose.
Like yours, my fortune has been versed in woes :
Like yours, my race through storms and toils has run ;
Till here from Heaven a place of rest I won. 845

By woe's experience taught, I pity woe ;
And pleased, that aid, I wanted once, bestow.”

She said ; and to her dome the prince conveys :
And bids with incense all her altars blaze.

Then she directs her bounty to the fleet : 850

A hundred lambs that by their mothers bleat :

A hundred bristly hogs, and twenty kine ;

With Bacchus, laughing in full skins of wine.

Meanwhile the interior palace stands display'd,

In all its lustre for the feast array'd. 855

Bright purple strews the floors ; and o'er the walls,

The needle's labor, rich embroidery falls.

The tables, spread in all the pomp of state,

Float with the radiance of imperial plate :

Whose fretted surface, in historic gold, 860

Shows all the nation's mighty deeds of old :

Her heroes ; and her monarchs, son and sire, .

From the first infant days of hoary Tyre.

Æneas now, not able yet to rest,

Paternal fondness working in his breast, 865

Sends swift Achates to the hope of Troy,

Ascanius, all his father's care and joy :

To him the fortunes of the day to bear ;

And lead him in the joyous scene to share :

To bring, beside, for Tyre's imperial dame, 870

Some presents, saved when Ilion sank in flame :

A cloak, with figures wrought, and stiff with gold ;

A robe, round which the bright acanthus roll'd ;

The dress that Helen from Mycenæ bore,
When the fair mischief, to the Phrygian shore, 875
Pass'd for unhallow'd love the Ægean wave:
The wondrous gift her mother Leda gave.
With these the sceptre, once, in proud command,
Held by Ilione's majestic hand, 879
Priam's first-born daughter; and, with pearls enchased,
The costly circle that her neck embraced;
With the tiara-crown, which round her brow
Threw, from its gems and gold, a flamy glow.
Commission'd thus, and eager to obey,
Achates to the vessels speeds his way. 885

But Cytherea in her careful heart
Revolves new wiles, and plans of deeper art:
That Cupid should supply Ascanius' place,
To the sweet boy transform'd in shape and face;
And, when the queen the gifts of Troy admires, 890
Should seise, and wrap her inmost soul in fires.
For still the goddess fears, with doubting mind,
Tyre double-tongued, and Dido's faithless kind.
Fierce Juno on her startled thought recurs;
And all the mother in her bosom stirs. 895
Thus she addresses then the Power of love;
"My Son! my Pride! of all the gods above,
Alone who canst defy the bolts of Jove;



My Son! thou energy, with which I sway!
To thee I fly, and to thy godhead pray. 900
The storms that shake thy mortal brother's state,
Hurl'd by the hand of Juno in her hate,
Which drives him still an exile o'er the sea,
Full well thou know'st, and oft hast mourn'd with me.
Him now Phœnician Dido entertains 905
With soothing blandishments, and costly pains.
Her port is friendly, yet I feel not ease;
Still must I dread Junonian courtesies.
Our foe's exertions will not now relent,
When Fate hangs trembling on the nice event. 910
Then with thy flames I purpose to subdue
The queen, and keep her by her passion true:
With me to great Æneas bound in love,
Beyond the power of any god to move.
Now mark the means, efficient of our end. 915
Glad on his father's summons to attend,
The royal boy, great object of my cares,
To bring Troy's presents to the queen prepares.
Him will I lift in sleep's ambrosial rest;
And lull upon Idalia's rosy breast: 920
Or hide in high Cythera's holy shrine,
Lest, obvious, he should baffle our design.
For one short night usurp his vacant room:
A boy thyself, the boy's disguise assume.

That when, her soul from every care released, 925

The queen unfolds in pleasure at the feast :

When she shall hold thee to her breast, and press

Thy soft child's lip with many a sweet caress ;

Then thou may'st wound her in the vital part ;

And breathe thy subtle fires through all her heart." 930

Love hears his mother's wish, and straight obeys ;
Drops his light wings, and veils his heavenly rays.

As young Iulus now the god is seen ;

And walks exulting in his borrow'd mien.

But o'er Ascanius Cytherea strews 935

Sleep's soft oblivion, in nectareous dew's :

Then, cherish'd in her lap, the boy conveys

To where Idalia's breezy foliage plays.

There, in a wilderness of fragrance laid,

He draws sweet spirit from the breathing shade. 940

Cupid, meanwhile, officious to fulfil

The wily dictates of his mother's will,

Walks by Achates' side with joyous port ;

And bears the presents to the 'Tyrian court.

There, when he came, upon a couch of gold, 945

Whose shining frame embroider'd vests infold,

The queen, reclining with majestic grace,

Expects her guests, and holds the middle place.

The guests convene : the Trojans, with their lord,

Repose on purple at the regal board. 950

'Then water, for their hands, the menial train
Present, with napkins of the softest grain;
And bread, in glittering canisters heap'd high,
The gift of Ceres, for the feast supply.
Within, the viands to prepare, a band 955
Of fifty damsels, ranged in order, stand;
Whose tending cares with sacred fires provide
The genial powers, that o'er the hearth preside.
A hundred youths, a hundred maidens more
The goblets place, and spread the costly store. 960
To the glad board the invited Tyrians throng;
And rest on painted beds the hall along.
The Æneïan gifts the assembled guests admire;
The cloak and robe, the Spartan queen's attire:
And gaze on young Iûlus with surprise; 965
As the god breaks in lightning from his eyes.
But hapless Dido, rapt beyond the rest,
By Fate predestined to the fiery pest,
With restless pleasure looks and looks again;
Till the hot venom works in every vein. 970
Now here, now there, her shifting eyes enjoy
The royal presents, and the royal boy.
He, in the embrace of his fictitious sire,
First gave the love a father's claims require;
Then sought the queen: she pores upon his charms; 975
With joy delirious holds him in her arms:

Nor conscious of the mighty god she press'd,
Strains him with fatal fondness to her breast.
He, not regardless of his mother's care,
Moulds the soft bosom of the victim fair; 980
Steals from its grasp the memory of the dead;
And plants a living passion in its stead:
By soft degrees bids new sensations move;
And rouses every energy of love.

Now hunger ceased: the meats resign their place 985
To pleasure, sparkling in the wine-crown'd vase.
Mirth glows; and through the hall's re-echoing bounds,
From numerous tongues, the cheerful din resounds.
The gilded roofs dependent lights display;
And shower on vanquish'd night the shafts of day. 990
Now the rich chalice of capacious mold,
Where starry gems emblaze the massy gold,
By Belus used and all of Belus' line,
The queen demands, and fills with rosy wine.
Then, as the hall attends with reverend ear, 995
"Great Jove!" she says, "thou friend of strangers, hear!
Guardian of hospitality, be kind!
Respect this meeting with propitious mind!
Grant that the day may smile on Tyre and Troy;
From sire to son remember'd still with joy. 1000
Let Bacchus here be present with delight:
And our own Juno bless the social rite.

Ye too, O Tyrians! friends to my design,
Blend at this board of peace with hearts like mine."

She spoke; and from the brilliant nectar pours 1005
The due libation, and the gods adores:

Then, touching with her lip the chalice first,
Gives it to Bitias, and exhorts his thirst.

He drains the draught with rapture uncontroll'd;
And floats his spirit with the brimming gold. 1010

The pledge flows round: Iöpas on his lyre
(His hair flow'd loosely o'er the bard's attire)
Strikes the high lay from Mauritania brought;
Which Atlas, once supreme in science, taught.

The vagrant moon; the sun's obstructed ray; 1015
Whence beasts and men first issued into day;

Whence rain distils; what gives the lightning power:
Of bright Arcturus in his golden tower;

The showery Hyads, and the northern wain:
What hurries wintry suns into the main; 1020

And what delays the lazy night's career;
He sings: and wonder sits on every ear.

With loud applause the Tyrians cheer his lays;
And the pleased Trojans swell the peal of praise.

With various converse the devoted queen 1025
Protracts the night, and feeds the death unseen

With copious love: her eager lips inquire
Of Hector much, and much of Hector's sire:

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Grant that the day may smile on Tyre and Troy;
From sire to son remember'd still with joy. 1000

Let Bacchus here be present with delight:

And our own Juno bless the social rite.

Ye too, O Tyrians! friends to my design,
Blend at this board of peace with hearts like mine."

She spoke; and from the brilliant nectar pours 1005
The due libation, and the gods adores:
Then, touching with her lip the chalice first,
Gives it to Bitias, and exhorts his thirst.

He drains the draught with rapture uncontroll'd;
And floats his spirit with the brimming gold. 1010

The pledge flows round: Iöpas on his lyre
(His hair flow'd loosely o'er the bard's attire)
Strikes the high lay from Mauritania brought;
Which Atlas, once supreme in science, taught.

The vagrant moon; the sun's obstructed ray; 1015
Whence beasts and men first issued into day;

Whence rain distils; what gives the lightning power:
Of bright Arcturus in his golden tower;

The showery Hyads, and the northern wain:
What hurries wintry suns into the main; 1020

And what delays the lazy night's career;
He sings: and wonder sits on every ear.

With loud applause the Tyrians cheer his lays;
And the pleased Trojans swell the peal of praise.

With various converse the devoted queen 1025
Protracts the night, and feeds the death unseen
With copious love: her eager lips inquire
Of Hector much, and much of Hector's sire:

Now ask what arms Aurora's* offspring wore ;
And now, what steeds Tydides' chariot bore : 1030
Now, with what might Achilles shook the field ;
How tower'd his helmet, and how blazed his shield.
" But come, my Guest !" she says, " at full relate
The wiles of Greece, and Troy's disastrous fate,
With all your wanderings : for the radiant sun 1035
Seven times the circuit of the year has run ;
And seen you, by your fortune's stern decree,
A wanderer still on every land and sea. 1038

* Memnon.

END OF BOOK I.

THE
ÆNEIS.



BOOK II.

Argument.

Æneas, complying with the queen's request, proceeds to relate the circumstances of the taking of Troy, by the stratagem of the wooden horse; the success of which is promoted by the artful tale of Sinon, and the monstrous death of Laocoon. Warned by Hector in a dream, **Æneas** starts from sleep; and, on finding the city in possession of the enemy, assembles his friends, and exerts himself, ineffectually, for its rescue. The palace is stormed, and Priam slain by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. When he is left the sole survivor of all the forces which he had collected, **Æneas** is convinced by his mother (who appears to him in her heavenly form) of the inefficacy of any further resistance. By her, his vision is enabled to discern the hostile deities, arrayed in their terrors for the subversion of the city; and by her he is conducted in safety to his palace. Here his father, Anchises, who at first resolves to die amid the ruins of his country, is diverted by a prodigy from his purpose, and induced to accompany his son into exile. With his father, whom he bears on his shoulders, his wife, Creüsa, who follows him, and his child, Iulus, whom he leads in his hand, **Æneas** hastens through the city to a place without the walls, where he has appointed his domestics to meet him. In the confusion of his flight, Creüsa is lost; and, on his returning again to the city with the hope of recovering her, her spectre appears to him; and, consoling him for their separation, foretells the result of his wanderings in his final establishment in Italy. Returning to his father and his followers, he finds a large concourse of his countrymen, prepared, under his guidance, to cross the seas in quest of some new habitation. With them, and his family, he retires on the approach of day to the fastnesses of Ida.

THE
ÆNEIS.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK II.

THROUGH all the assembly mute attention ran;
When from his lofty couch the Chief began :

“Hard is the task, O Queen! that you impose,
To tear my bosom with reviving woes:

To say how Troy, the great and the deplored,
Sunk, the sad victim of the Grecian sword ;

And speak of horrors that have fiercely glared
On these pain'd eyes, and which I largely shared.

As the dire story falter'd on his tongue,
Our sternest foe would feel his bosom wrung: 10

Ulysses' iron soldier heave with sighs ;

And the tear gush from Myrmidonian eyes.

Now too night hurries down the ethereal steep ;

And setting stars persuade to kindly sleep.

But, since so strong your wish to hear me tell 15

Of the last groans of Ilion when she fell ;

Though all my soul, with recollected pain,
Will shrink to wander o'er the scene again;
I will begin. In wasting conflict held,
Their force impair'd, and by our fates repell'd, 20
The Grecian chiefs, by Pallas taught, devise,
Ribb'd with strong fir, a horse of mountain size.
This they pretend a votive gift to please
The gods, to speed them homeward o'er the seas.
Such the report they spread throughout the land: 25
But in the frame they hide a chosen band:
Fill the dire monster's womb with arms and death;
And crowded warriors pant within for breath.
Not far from Troy, and obvious to her eyes,
The coasts of sea-girt Tenedos arise: 30
Rich once and famed, while Priam's empire stood:
Now a poor refuge from the stormy flood.
Thither the Grecians ply their fraudulent oars;
And screen their ships behind the steepy shores.
Fondly we deem them on their course for Greece; 35
And Troy luxuriates in the joy of peace.
Her gates unfold; and, issuing on the plain,
Her long imprison'd crowds respire again:
Trace with keen pleasure, on the vacant coast, 39
Where ranged the fleet; where camp'd the Dorian host:
Here the Dolopians pitch'd: here proudly spread
The Pelian tent; and here the battle bled.

Some on the deathful gift of Pallas gaze;
And scan its vast proportions with amaze.
And first Thymœtes, whether treason taught 45
His tongue, or Troy's ill fates inspired the thought,
Counsels the horse within our walls to heave,
And in our opening citadel receive.

But Capys, and the better sons of Troy
Urge the suspicious present to destroy: 50
The gift, or fraud of Greece, with equal doom,
To plunge into the waves, with flames consume;
Or search its bowels with the piercing steel.
With veering minds the giddy vulgar reel.

While thus they doubt, Laocoon, with a crowd, 55
Came rushing from the walls, and cried aloud;

“What frantic fancies, Citizens! are these?
Dream ye the foe is pass'd beyond the seas?
Think ye that Greece can fraudless gifts bestow?

And is it thus Ulysses' arts ye know? 60

Or in this wood included warriors lie:

Or the dire engine thus invades the sky,
To rise above our walls, and, looking down
On subject Troy, to burst upon the town:
Or some more subtile mischief it intends. 65

O! trust not to the horse, my Trojan Friends!
Whate'er it means, it means but to deceive.
I dread the Grecians even when they give.”

He said ; and hurl'd his spear with mighty force.
At the plank'd body of the enormous horse. 70
Deep in the wood the trembling weapon stuck :
The groaning caverns echoed as it struck.
And then, if Fate had not decreed us blind,
And Heaven in dreadful slumber plunged our mind,
The great example had inform'd our hand 75
To burst the lodgment of the lurking band :
And thou, my Troy ! had'st stood, and Priam's power
Still sway'd the nations from his regal tower.
Lo ! shouting, now the Dardan shepherds bring,
With arms securely pinion'd, to their king 80
A youth, who, bold and ardent to betray,
Solicitous of bonds, had cross'd their way :
To open Troy to Greece, his purposed deed :
Resolved to triumph, or prepared to bleed.
Pressing from every side, the Trojans seek 85
To view the captive, and insult the Greek.
Now mark the Grecian wiles, and learn to trace
From one perfidious all the guileful race.
For trembling and defenseless mid his foes,
Wildly around his haggard eyes he throws ; 90
And deeply groaning, " Ah ! what land or sea
Will now," he cries, " receive a wretch like me ;
Who must not breathe in Greece, and who in Troy
Must find a foe, impatient to destroy ?"

Touch'd by his groans our hostile passions cease ; 95
And the changed temper of our minds is peace.
With soothing words we cheer him to declare
His race, his views, his hopes of mercy there.
Recovering by degrees from abject dread,
"All, all, O King! I will disclose," he said: 100
"And first my Grecian birth I will confess:
For Fortune, howsoe'er she may oppress
The wretched Sinon, has not power to wrest
His tongue to falsehood, or pervert his breast.
Haply the sound of Palamedes' name 105
Hath reach'd your ears, as blazon'd far by fame:
Whom, falsely charged with treason, blinded Greece
Condemn'd to death, because he counsell'd peace:
And now too late laments her hasty doom,
In idle sorrows o'er the warrior's tomb. 110
To him my sire, by blood (not wealth) allied,
Sent me, a boy, to combat by his side:
And, while his fortunes stood, while yet was great
His voice to sway the counsels of the state,
I too had power, nor was my name unknown. 115
But when, by false Ulysses' guile o'erthrown,
He fell (I speak of facts by fame divulged)
For my lost friend in anguish I indulged:
Shrunk from the day; nor madly spared to vent
My pain in menaces of fierce intent: 120

To promise, if I saw my home again,
To take due vengeance for the mighty slain.
Thus I awoke the fell Ulysses' hate;
And hence the taint that gangrened to my fate.
Hence were my fears by charge on charge renew'd: 125
Hence dark suspicions through the camp he strew'd;
And, conscious, all his arms of fraud essay'd.
Nor ceased the assassin, till by Calchas' aid—
But wherefore should I dwell so long in vain
On the sad theme? or why prolong my pain? 130
If every son of Greece you hold alike,
You know me for a Greek, and therefore strike!
'Twill make the heart of Ithacus to glow;
And Atreus' sons would buy with gold the blow."
But, not aware how deep was Grecian art, 135
We press him now for all he can impart;
And burn the sequel of his fate to hear.
With breast of fraud and well dissembled fear,
Thus he proceeds: "Fatigued, and sore of fight,
The harass'd Greeks oft meditated flight; 140
And oh! that they had gone! but stormy gales,
With boisterous seas, still awed their spreading sails:
But chiefly when this horse of wood was raised,
Deep thunders roll'd, and ruddy lightnings blazed.
In holy doubt, we sent to Phœbus' shrine 145
Eurypylus, to learn the will divine.

From the dread god this sad reply he brought :
“ When first, O Greeks ! the shores of Troy ye sought,
The winds and waves propitiated with blood,
A victim-virgin bore you o’er the flood. 150
By blood ye must return : a Grecian slain
Must waft once more your navy o’er the main.”
When the dire answer through the camp was spread,
The people’s mind was plunged in gloomy dread.
From breast to breast a chilling horror ran : 155
Each fear’d himself the god-demanded man.
And now Ulysses, with tumultuous zeal,
Draws forth old Calchas for the general weal :
Urges the seer the god’s decree to read ;
And point the victim who for all must bleed : 160
And many then foresaw the black design ;
Aware the death was destined to be mine.
Mute for ten days the accomplice prophet stood ;
Pain’d, as it seemed, to give the award of blood.
Compell’d by Ithacus, at length he broke 165
His awful silence, and instructed spoke ;
Dooming my bosom to the atoning stroke.
The hosts assent ; and each beholds his dread,
Well-pleased, determined to another’s head.
Now the dire day in pomp of horror rose : 170
The sacred bands my victim brow inclose :

At the crown'd shrine the priests of slaughter wait :—

I burst my bonds, I own, and broke from fate.

Hid in a rushy pool, all night I lay ;

If any wind might waft my foes away. 175

Now life's best hopes are lost to wretched me :

Doom'd never more my ancient home to see ;

To clasp my aged sire ; or feel the bliss

Of my sweet children, climbing for a kiss.

Ah ! haply these, my children and my sire, 180

May now to satiate Grecian rage expire :

My fatal love of life their blood atone ;

Condemn'd to fall for guilt, by them unknown.

But thee, O King ! by all the powers divine,

Who conscious own and honor truth like mine ; 185

By all the holy faith yet found on earth,

My prayers adjure to feel for suffering worth ;

And, pitying deep and undeserved distress,

To raise the captive and with mercy bless."

Moved by his tears, our pardon we concede : 190

Priam himself commands him to be freed ;

And cheers with friendly words : " Whoe'er thou art,

Chase cruel Greece for ever from thy heart.

Ours thou shalt be : but list to my desire ;

And give with truth the knowledge I require. 195

This monstrous horse who built ? and what its aim ?

Rear'd to religion ? or for war the frame ?"

He spoke : the smooth practitioner of lies
Raised his free hands devoutly to the skies ;
And, " O ye everlasting fires," he said, 200
" Whose certain vengeance strikes the perjured head !
Ye holy rites, prepared for human gore !
The steel I fled ! the fillets that I wore !
You I attest, that here, with righteous cause,
All Greece I hate : abjure her hostile laws ; 205
And, loosed from every tie of birth, may lay
Her secret counsels open to the day.
Thou only, Troy ! to thy engagements true,
Give what for safety is its author's due.
When for the war her hosts were first array'd, 210
The hopes of Greece were all in Pallas' aid.
But from the time Tydides the profane,
And Ithacus with crime-prolific brain,
Conspiring from its shrine to bear away
Her fatal image, and her guards to slay, 215
Seised on the sacred form with gory hands ;
And dared with blood pollute her virgin bands ;
Left by the Power, at once, and fortune's tide,
Greece saw her strength decay, her hopes subside.
Nor was Tritonia's wrath obscurely shown : 220
Prodigious portents made its fierceness known.
When to the Grecian camp her image came,
Its eyes erected burn'd with living flame.

On every limb a briny moisture hung ;
And thrice (most strange !) from earth the goddess sprung :
Shook her long lance in air ; and shot alarm 226
From the bright buckler, gleaming on her arm.
Then, instant Calchas warns the Greeks to sail
In speedy flight ; nor hope they can prevail,
Till their own Argos they again shall view ; 230
And, thence, with auguries obtain'd anew,
Retracing ocean's billows, shall restore
The hallow'd image, which to Greece they bore
And now they seek Mycenæ, to prepare
Their arms, and troops, and gods with better care ; 235
To spring with sudden war on Troy again.
Thus Calchas' lips the will of Heaven explain.
For your Palladium this huge frame they built ;
Vow'd to the goddess to atone their guilt :
And, taught by Calchas, they construct its size, 240
Thus with vast timbers towering to the skies,
Lest, through your gates received, it might restore
The fated safety Troy possess'd before.
For should your steel the holy gift profane,
(Such the sure tenor of the prophet's strain,) 245
Vast ruin, (which on him the gods pour down !)
Would fall on Priam's realm, and crush your town.
But should, ascending by the people's hand,
The sacred fabric in your city stand ;

Then Phrygia's war would Pelops' land o'erflow : 250
And to great Asia's fates our children's children bow."

Thus veil'd and gloss'd by perjured Sinon's art,
The specious lie finds entrance in our heart :
And we, who had sustain'd the shock of fight
With great Tydides, and the Pelian might ; 255
A ten years' conflict, and a thousand ships,
Fall now by villain tears, and guileful lips.

And here, to shake us more and more mislead,
Dire woes, strange terrors in the scene succeed.
By lot Laocoon chosen Neptune's priest, 260
At the god's altar slew the victim beast.

When lo ! from Tenedos (my heart-streams freeze
Even as I speak it) o'er the tranquil seas,
Right for our shore, arranged in equal course,
Two mighty serpents steer with sinuous force. 265

Their sanguine crowns and breasts surmount the tide :
Wallowing beneath, their monstrous volumes glide.
The foamy surge resounds ; and now they land ;
Rise on their spires, and glare with fierce command.

Their blood-stain'd eyes emit a fiery gleam ; 270

And, playing round their jaws, their tongues with venom
Pale at the hideous sight, we fly ; but they [stream.
Straight to Laocoon urge their destined way.

First his two sons they clasp in rigid folds ;
And his weak victim either serpent holds : 275

Crashes the quivering limbs, the life-blood draws;
Feasts with grim joy, and licks his ropy jaws.
Next, bringing aid and arms with frantic pace,
The father's self the assailing snakes embrace.
Twice round his loins the knots of death they tie; 280
Twice round his neck; then, rising proudly high,
Ride o'er his head, and shake their crests in air.
With hands convulsed he vainly strives to tear
The fatal cinctures: on his writhing brows,
The sacred crown with gore and poison flows. 285
To his dread outcries heaven's high vault replies;
Loud as the bull's that from the altar flies;
And, bellowing with his anguish, shakes the ground,
When his gored neck has felt the glancing wound.
But now the serpents, conscious of their deed, 290
To Pallas' fane on rolling volumes speed.
Crouch'd at her feet their gather'd orbs are laid;
And safely rest beneath her buckler's shade.
Then a new horror spreads from what we saw;
And every bosom pants with holy awe. 295
All judge Laocoon justly paid with blood
His dire infringement of the hallow'd wood.
All loudly cry, that prayer must intercede
With angry Pallas for the injurious deed;
And that the gift, she thus proclaims divine, 300
Be brought with honor to her hallow'd shrine.

'Thus by acclaim the public sentence known;
The walls we sever, and unfold the town.
All labor: some the encircling cordage tie;
Some the wheel's motion to the feet supply. 305
The fatal engine, as the people leads,
Slow with its iron pregnancy proceeds;
And climbs our walls. Around, a blooming throng
Of youths and virgins raise the choral song;
And joy to touch the ropes that draw the steed along. 310
Threatening he enters, and with stately pace
Attains in pomp the city's middle space.
O my loved country! Ilion's dear abodes!
Great nurse of heroes, and the house of gods!
Four times the monster in its entrance hung; 315
Four times within the clang of armour rung.
But phrensy-struck, no warning fears we feel:
Uncheck'd our purpose and undamp'd our zeal,
Up to the sacred citadel we strain;
And place the fatal portent in the fane. 320
Then too Cassandra, ne'er to be believed,
(So will'd the god) with inspiration heaved,
Broke into ravings on our coming woes.
We fondly dress the shrines with festal boughs;
And pass the day, ordain'd the last of Troy, 325
In holy revelry, and deathful joy.

Meanwhile the heavens revolved, and darkness stole,
From ocean's breast, o'er earth and o'er the pole;

And veil'd the Grecian wiles. From cares at ease,
The Trojans scatter as their fancies please. 330
With hearts composed and limbs by toil oppress'd,
Through the mute town in balmy sleep they rest.

And now from Tenedos, in just array,
The Grecian forces take their fatal way.
On the king's mast the flaming ensign stood, 335
Their sign to weigh, their guide across the flood.
To the known shores the furtive navy steals,
And their mute course the silent moon conceals.
Then Sinon, saved by hostile Fate's decree,
Unbars the horse, and sets the Grecians free. 340

The monster's depths refund their warrior charge;
And the glad chiefs emerge to breathe at large.
Down by a rope, descending from the side,
Thessander, Sthenelus, Ulysses glide:
Thoas, and Acamas of warlike brood; 345
Young Neoptolemus, athirst for blood;
Machaon, Menelaus rush abroad,
With cursed Epeos, builder of the fraud;
And, eager all to urge their dire design,
Fall on the city, drown'd in sleep and wine: 350
Slay the weak guards; and with prevailing hands
Unfold the gates, and join their kindred bands.

'Twas now the time when Heaven on labor throws
Sleep's dearest blessing in the first repose:

When in a dream, behold! before my eyes 355

Hector in gushing sorrow seem'd to rise.

Such he appear'd as when, in battle slain,

The victor's chariot rapt him o'er the plain.

Black bloody dust his lineaments defaced;

And through his wounded feet the cords were braced. 360

Ah me! the Hector then that met my sight,

How changed from him who, glorious in the fight,

Blazed in Achilles' spoils; or, arm'd with brands,

Hurl'd flaming ruin on the Grecian bands!

His beard and hair were stiff with clotted gore; 365

And red the wounds his patriot bosom bore.

While streaming tears my anguish'd heart confess'd,

I thus the melancholy shade address'd:

"O light! O hope of Troy! her surest stay!

Where hast thou linger'd? why this long delay? 370

When Fate has here been busy to destroy,

What has withheld our Hector from his Troy?

And whence, so many toils and slaughters past,

Comes he to cheer his longing friends at last?

But, ah!—why thus?—say whence the wounds I trace?

What outrage this that blots thy noble face?" 376

To these vain questions deigning no replies,

With deep-drawn groans the vision'd Sorrow cries:

"Fly, Goddess-born! O fly! and haste to save

Thy better fates from Ilion's fiery grave. 380

The foe has gain'd the walls : and, stooping low,
Troy humbles in the dust her towery brow.
Enough is done : thy patriot work is o'er :
Priam and Troy can ask of thee no more.
If Ilion by a mortal's force could stand, 385
Still had she stood by this protecting hand.
To thee she now her country gods commends :
Then, as companions of thine exile, sends.
With them range seas, and, all thy toils fulfill'd,
Found the great walls which Heaven by thee will build."
He said ; and brought its holies from the shrine : 391
The eternal fire, and Vesta's form divine.

Meanwhile the city groans with mingled woes ;
And, though retired my father's mansion rose,
Bosom'd in trees that buried it in shade, 395
Its deep recess the storming sounds invade.
Strong, and more strong, the dire alarms prevail ;
And growing horror rides upon the gale.
Bursting from sleep, I gain with swift ascent
The mansion's roof, and stand with ears attent. 400
As when the flame o'er fields of crackling corn,
In ruddy triumph, by the winds is borne :
Or the fierce torrent, swell'd by mountain rains,
Headlong precipitates, and drowns the plains :
Baffles at once the labors of the steer : 405
Quells all the laughing plenty of the year ;

And, strengthening as its fury is withstood,
Bears from their roots the giants of the wood :
On some high steep aghast the shepherd stands ;
And listens to the roar that shakes the lands. 410

Now the dire truth I see ; and know too late
The frauds of Grecians in our ruin'd state.

Now sinks Deïphobus' superb abode :

Now feels Ucalegon the fiery god.

Victorious Vulcan mounts on wreathing spires ; 415

And the Sigeon wave is bright with fires.

Straight the fierce trumpet's shrill alarm I hear ;

And shouts of men rush pealing on my ear.

Frantic I seise my arms : yet scarcely know

In arms my purpose 'mid the torrent woe : 420

But my soul burns to gather war, and bring

My banded friends in succour to the king.

With rage and with revenge my bosom glows ;

And, pleased, I seek the death that smiles on slaughter'd foes.

But, lo ! just 'scaped the sanguinary fray, 425

The son of Othryas, Panthus, stopp'd my way :

Apollo's priest, and Troy's religious head,

In wildering terror to my gate he fled.

One hand his god, now baffled and expell'd ;

And one his little grand-child fondly held. 430

“ What is our state ? and whither must we tend ?
Is there yet, Panthus ! aught we can defend ? ”

I spoke : with groans he answer'd, " No ! 'tis done.
Fate's hour is come : our vital race is run.
Trojans have been ! great Ilion was a town ! 435
The pride of Phrygia lives but in renown !
All, all is Greece, so cruel Jove ordains :
And in our flaming city now she reigns.
High in the citadel, the fatal horse
Pours from its dark recesses murderous force ; 440
And Sinon, triumphing, with savage joy
Spreads the broad fires, and feeds them to destroy.
Through the wide gates new myriads crowd, and more
Than e'er Mycenæ wafted to our shore.
The narrower ways besieging legions bar ; 445
And death threats every where in iron war.
Surprised and weak, the guardians of the wall
Scarce fight, and in the blind encounter fall."

Stung with his words, and swell'd by Heaven with force,
Mid arms and flames I bear my vengeful course : 450
Rush where the fury of the combat cries ;
And the fierce clamor mounts and shakes the skies.
Rhipeus, and Epytus of martial fame,
Join in the war, and kindle with my flame.
Then, by the moon's ascending ray descried, 455
Dymas and Hypanis enforce my side,
With young Coræbus, Mygdon's warlike boy :
Who, in those days of fate, had march'd to Troy.

Mad with Cassandra's love, his potent aid
He brought to Priam for the promised maid. 460
Unhappy! whom her warnings fail'd to move;
Attentive only to her voice of love.

When now my troop I saw with numbers swell'd;
And their nerved arms with daring souls impell'd;
Thus I address'd them: "Youths, sublimely brave! 465
Strong to revenge, though haply late to save!
If ye will dare with me the extremes of fate:
(Ye see the fortunes of our ruin'd state:
How, false to Troy, each tutelary Power
Has fled his shrine in this disastrous hour:) 470
If ye will yet with noble arms essay
To rob the flaming ravage of its prey;
Hence let us rush, a glorious death to share.
The vanquish'd find their safety in despair."

These words add fury to each warrior's breast. 475
Thence like marauding wolves, by famine press'd,
Who range the stormy night, and howling roam;
While with parch'd jaws their offspring thirst at home;
We march'd, secure of death: and held our way,
Where the mid city more expanded lay; 480
While hovering darkness from his raven plume
Distill'd upon the scene funereal gloom.
To paint that night, or satisfy its woe,
Words want the power, and tears would vainly flow.

A city, long the queen of nations crown'd, 485
Down rushes from her state, and strews the ground.
Her streets, her houses, and her holy fanes,
Wild indiscriminating slaughter stains.

Nor bleed her sons alone; awaking worth
Oft strings their arms to lay the foe on earth. 490
Anguish is all around, and Fright aghast;
And Death, with Horror, multiform and vast.

First of the Greeks, attended by his hosts,
Androgeus meets us, and as friends accosts.
“Hasten, ye loiterers! whence this dull delay? 495
Ere now your fellows seise and share the prey,
Snatch'd from the flames: and could ye thus be slow
To leave your ships, when Pergamus lies low?”

But straight, by our obscure replies dismay'd,
He found himself amid his foes betray'd. 500
His voice and step at once he check'd, and stood
Like him, who, passing through the tangled wood,
'Treads on a snake; and, chill'd with fright, retires,
As the fierce reptile rises on his spires;
Threats all his war; erects his sanguine crest; 505
And swells the fury of his azure breast.

Androgeus thus withdrew in quick alarms:
Fierce we rush'd on, and compass'd him with arms.
Surprised, bewilder'd, struck with panic fears,
He and his followers sank beneath our spears. 510

Thus Fortune on our first adventure smiled :
And high in soul, with specious hopes beguiled,
" On ! " cried Coræbus, " Let us follow, Friends !
Where Fortune leads, and take the boon she sends.
Let us exchange our arms, as war allows, 515
And fit the Grecian helmets on our brows.
Fraud is as just as force against a foe :
Theirselves shall arm us for the deadlier blow."

He spoke ; and, seising with a victor's pride
Androgeus' falchion, slung it by his side : 520
O'er his wide breast Androgeus' shield was spread ;
Androgeus' plumage floated o'er his head.
Then Rhipeus, Dymas next, then all the train
Of youth assume their armour from the slain :
And with the unconscious enemy we blend ; 525
Elate in mind, but not with Heaven our friend.

Innumerable battles through the night we wage ;
And hosts of Grecians bleed beneath our rage.
Some from the fatal town with flying feet
Gain the safe shore, and tremble in their fleet. 530
Some, in base terror, climb the horse's side ;
And, plunged within its well-known caverns, hide.
All the felt prowess of our arms confess.
But, ah ! without the gods 'tis vain to hope success.

See, from the shrine itself of Pallas torn, 535
With streaming hair, the sad Cassandra borne !

Her eyes, upraised in fire, to heaven complain'd :
Her eyes, for chains her tender hands retain'd,
The dreadful sight o'erpower'd Coræbus' soul :
Mad, and his blood unable to controul, 540
He dash'd amid the foes in scorn of Fate :
Resolved, we follow to the dire debate.
Here first our heads, disguised in Grecian helms,
From the fane's roof an iron shower o'erwhelms.
Mistaken by our friends, who man the wall, 545
In hapless doom by Trojan deaths we fall.
Then too, resentful of the rescued maid,
The gather'd Greeks, with groaning rage, invade.
Ajax, infuriate for his ravish'd prey ;
And Atreus' sons breathe terror in the fray ; 550
With all the Epirot host : the conflict raves.
As when a storm has burst the Æolian caves,
Fierce to decide the mastery of the sky,
The clashing winds from every quarter fly ;
The West, and South, and East superbly borne 555
By coursers, glowing from the fields of morn.
Loud crash the woods ; and, as the tempest sweeps,
The mace of foamy Nereus shakes the deeps.
And now the foes, whom under covering night
Our wiles had baffled, and dispersed in flight, 560
Rally ; and soon our armour's fraud is known ;
Our borrow'd shields, and tongues of alien tone.

At once we sink beneath the rushing tide.
By fierce Peneleus' arm Corœbus died;
And stain'd Minerva's altar with his blood. 565

Then Rhipcus falls, pre-eminently good;
For deeds of justice loved by all his kind:
But Heaven determined not with human mind.
Next Hypanis and Dymas yield their breath:
Their friends' unconscious weapons give the death. 570

Nor could thy piety preserve thee now;
Nor Phœbus' crown, that bound thy holy brow,
O Panthus! turn aside the fatal blow.
Ye ashes of my Troy! thou mighty pyre,
On which I saw my country wrapt in fire! 575

Ye Manes of my friends, who nobly bled!
Witness, if then in fear of Greece I fled:
If then my hand, had Fate indulged the doom,
Earn'd not my portion of your glorious tomb.
Thence am I hurried by the o'erpowering throng; 580
With Iphitus and Pelias swept along:

Pelias, who halted from the Ulyssean spear;
And Iphitus, made slow with many a cumbrous year.

To Priam's palace now our course we bend,
Call'd by the clamors that to heaven ascend 585
And, here so fiercely burn'd the combat's flame,
The war beside seem'd impotent and tame.

It look'd as peace were every where around ;
And death stood idle on remoter ground :
Such here the rage of Mars ; as, danger-proof, 590
The Greeks rush'd on beneath their tortoise roof
To gain the wall : while some their ladders plant,
Fenced by their lifted shields ; and climb, and pant,
And grasp the battlements : the Trojans there
Fight with the soul and weapons of despair. 595
Beneath the cope of death, their hands employ
Whatever chance affords them to destroy.
Gilt beams, their father's pride, they hurl in showers
On the crush'd foes, with fragments of the towers.
Below, well arm'd, a numerous host awaits 600
To guard the fatal issue of the gates.
New spirit instantly informs my heart ;
And prompts my succour to the conquer'd part :
Bids me to aid the palace, thus distress'd ;
And pour fresh vigor in the fainting breast. 605

Through Ilion's royal mansion, loosely spread,
From dome to dome a gallery was led :
Which, issuing at a door recess'd and blind,
Unfolded darkling in the wall behind.
Through this, while Fate upheld the throne of Troy, 610
Andromache was wont to lead her boy,
Astyanax, in unattended grace,
To mingle in his grandsire's fond embrace.

Through this we rush'd ; and thence the summit gain'd,
Where Ilion yet her feeble war maintain'd. 615

A tower, that threatening stood, beneath whose brow,
High raised to heaven, lay all the town below,
(Whence late the vision, stretching to the main,
Reach'd the Greek navy o'er the tented plain,)
We labor to disjoint, and force to reel 620

Where the discover'd beams admit the steel.
Then with the mass we struggle till it bends ;
And the vast ruin from its height descends :
Loud crashing rushes on the foe beneath ;
And spreads o'er hosts at once its ample death. 625
But hosts supply their place : the assault returns ;
And the fresh conflict in its fury burns.

Close by the gate itself fierce Pyrrhus glows
In arms, and round a brazen splendor throws.
Like the fell snake who from his winter bed, 630
Repair'd by sleep, with earth's green poisons fed,
Springs into light ; and, having cast his age,
Shines in new youth, and feels replenish'd rage ;
Shoots through the grass his radiant length unroll'd ;
Or, rear'd against the sun on many a fold, 635
Threats with his triple tongue, and eyes of living gold.
Automedon, who ruled Pelides' car ;
And Periphas, with all the Scyrian war,
The furies of their youthful lord attend ;
And brands aloft in flaming volleys send. 640

In front of all his host, he seised an axe
Of double edge, and plied his fierce attacks.
The brass-arm'd gate beneath the weapon's sway
Shook on its hinges, and the bolts gave way :
Till, hewn and conquer'd by the unwearied stroke, 645
The planks divide, and yawns the solid oak.
In its long range, the interior dome displays
Priam's rich state, the wealth of ancient days.
All is exposed to lure the invader's eyes ;
With those, who yet in arms defend the prize. 650
 Meanwhile the palace, in its deep recess,
Re-echoes cries of impotent distress.
Shrill shrieks of female anguish pierce the sky :
From room to room the frantic matrons fly :
Cling to the doors with mad embrace, and press 655
The insensate pillars with a last caress.
Pyrrhus bears on with all his father's force :
Nor bars, nor guards suffice to check his course.
Shock'd by the frequent ram, the portals bound
From the strong hinge, and shiver'd strew the ground. 660
Force breaks its way : and now, the passage freed,
The Greeks burst in, and all who meet them bleed.
Through the wide palace sweeps the rush of foes.
Not with so fierce a sway the torrent flows ;
When the swollen river, victor of its mounds, 665
Rolls in a mountain on the subject grounds :

Commands the champaign ; and, supremely strong,
Whelms herds and houses as it foams along.

These eyes within the regal threshold view'd
Dire Neoptolemus in gore embrued, 670

With Atreus' sons : beheld (heart-rending scene !)
Troy's royal daughters trembling round their queen :

Saw the hoar king polluting, as he bled,
Those holy fires, his hand had lately fed.

His fifty nuptial chambers, proudly fraught 675

With spoils barbaric, and with gold inwrought,

Prone on the dust, dishonor'd ruins, lie ;

And mock their hopes of lasting progeny.

O'er all one common desolation lowers ;

And what the Greeks possess not fire devours. 680

Haply, you now may ask the monarch's fate.

When he beheld his captured city's state,

And his own palace storm'd ; with arms, disused

For many a year, his age-worn limbs he bruised.

Then, with an idle falchion girt, the sire 685

Went feebly, not to combat but expire.

Where the mid dome unfolded to the sky, .

A spacious altar rear'd its sanctity.

O'er it, and o'er the gods that held the place,

An ancient laurel threw its wide embrace. 690

Here Hecuba, in vain imploring aid,

Sate with her daughters in the hallow'd shade.

Like doves collected in a flock, when driven
By a black storm that rides the clouds of heaven,
They cower'd around the shrine ; and fondly press'd 695
The gods' cold statues to the beating breast.
But when the wretched queen beheld her lord,
Like a young warrior, arm'd with spear and sword :
" Ah ! what dire impulse this ?" she cried, " Ah ! why
These arms ? and whither haste you thus to die ? 700
No ! my lost Consort ! this disastrous hour
Asks other arms, and more availing power.
Even my own Hector, were my Hector here,
Vainly would now exert his deathful spear.
Then hither come : this shrine will guard us all : 705
Here be our safety one ; or one our fall."

She spoke ; and gently, as her words entreat,
Placed the lorn senior on the hallow'd seat.
But, lo ! escaped from Pyrrhus' slaughtering arm,
Polites, Priam's son, in wild alarm 710
Flies, wounded, through the storm of darts and foes ;
Through the wide halls, and galleries' long rows.
Him Pyrrhus follows with his lifted death,
Ardent to strike, and fans him with his breath.
Now, now the spear just touches on its prey : 715
When, forcing to his sire his bleeding way,
The hapless boy, extended on the floor,
Pours out his spirit in a flood of gore.

Then, though within the pale of death he stood,
Priam restrain'd not his impatient blood. 720

"Wretch!" he exclaim'd, "the gods for this offense,
If gods be just, will give the recompense.

Yes! they will strike the hand that thus could stain
A father's vision with his offspring slain.

Achilles, slander'd by thy filial claim, 725
Respected in his foe a father's name.

He, to the rights of pleading nature true,
Felt what to suppliant wretchedness was due:

Gave the son's body to the funeral fire;
And safely to his throne dismiss'd the sire." 730

'Thus spake the reverend king; then feebly threw
His lance, which fluttering and unwounding flew.

Faintly upon the impassive brass it rung;

Nor on the surface of the buckler hung.

To him thus Pyrrhus:—"Then thyself shalt go, 735

And bear these tidings to my sire below.

Tell him what Neoptolemus has done;

And wound his ear with his degenerate son.

Now die!" Thus speaking, to the shrine he tore

The father, faltering through the son's warm gore. 740

By the white locks of age his left hand held

The panting victim, while his right impell'd

His flaming blade, that with the force impress'd

Plunged, and was lost within the monarch's breast.

Such was the close of Priam's fateful days : 745
His eyes first blasted with his Ilion's blaze.
Such was his end by Destiny's decree,
To whom proud nations once had bent the knee.
He, who erewhile, upon a throne adored,
Was hail'd by Asia as her sceptred lord ; 750
Now welters on the sands, a headless frame ;
A wretched carcass, vile without a name.

Then first chill horror through my bosom ran,
And froze within me all the spring of man,
As I beheld a prince of equal age 755
Thus pour his life beneath barbarian rage,
My much-loved father to my mind arose ;
My son, my dear Creüsa left to foes ;
With all my house, now haply plunged in woes.
I gaze around to see what force was left : 760
With toil exhausted, and of hope bereft,
All had abandon'd me ; and, anguish-driven,
Had dash'd their limbs on earth, or to the flames had given.
Thus my whole army I, as thence I stray,
Led by the flames that glared a dreadful day, 765
My eyes, that glanced around with keen regard,
In Vesta's fane, within its holiest ward,
Discovered Tyndaris* in close retreat,
Whose conscious crimes had sought that guardian seat.

* Helen, the daughter of Tyndarus, king of Sparta.

Of Trojans, for their state to flames betray'd; 770
Of Grecian justice and her lord afraid,
This common fiend of Greece and Troy had fled;
And here beside the shrine conceal'd her head.
I saw, and burn'd, as fury overcame,
To' avenge my country on the guilty dame. 775

“And shall she then be safe? live? triumph? reign?
And see her Sparta as a queen again?
Her consort, kindred, friends, and home enjoy,
Attended by the captive fair of Troy?
Has Priam bled? Is flaming Troy no more? 780
Have Phrygia's plains so often flow'd with gore?
And shall she?—no! though small is glory's gain
From the cheap exploit of a woman slain;
Yet to have quell'd the pest, and justly shed
The blood of guilt for innocence that bled, 785
Will merit praise: this vengeance from my hand
My friends' warm ashes, and my wrongs demand.”

As thus my mind revolved in furious mood;
Full in my view my goddess-mother stood.
More brilliant than she yet had met my sight, 790
Her heavenly person stream'd effusive light;
And shot an arrowy radiance through the night.
Such she appeared as when, with gods above,
She glows, the authentic progeny of Jove.
My hand she held; and, studious to compose, 795
Her words breathed fragrance o'er her lip of rose:

“ Son! why to phrensy thus resign thy mind;
Of me forgetful, and to duty blind?
Should'st thou not rather think what dangers wait
Thy time-exhausted sire's abandon'd state? 800
If yet Creüsa and thy child survive,
Round whom the storms of hostile fury drive;
And who, but for the guard my cares afford,
Had sunk in flames, or bled beneath the sword?
'Tis not the crime of Helen's hated face; 805
Or Paris, branded for his ruin'd race:
The gods, my Son! the cruel gods o'erthrow
Troy's hapless state, and lay her summits low.
See! for I now will chase the mists that shroud
Thy mortal vision in obstructing cloud; 810
That thou, still facile to thy mother's sway,
May'st, as she bids thee, fearlessly obey:
There, where from masses rent yon masses fall,
And dust and smoke in billows drown the wall;
With his vast trident, ponderous to destroy, 815
Lo! Neptune dashes and uproots our Troy.
There, raging Juno, at the Scaean gate,
The first fierce minister of adverse Fate,
In her celestial panoply complete,
Calls her confederate Argives from their fleet. 820
High on the citadel's aërial tower,
See Pallas throned in all her pomp of power!

Through the black storm that mantles her with night,
Lo! her dire gorgon flashes sanguine light.

The Sire of gods himself new force imparts, 825
For Dardan ruin, to the Dorian hearts.

Then cease, my Son! thy fruitless war forbear:
Fly hence; and lean on my protecting care.

My guardian power, still active at thy side,
Thy steps in safety to thy home shall guide." 830

She said; and plunged in darkness from my eyes.
Where'er I turn terrific forms arise.

The mighty gods, the foes of Troy, appear,
Extending ravage, and dispensing fear.

Then I beheld, from her foundations toss'd, 835
The prey of flames, my Ilion wholly lost:

Fallen like some hoary ash, that long had spread
In regal grandeur on the mountain's head:

Which numerous swains, with emulative toil,
Contend to sever from its native soil. 840

Struck by the incessant axe, with nodding brows
It threatens awhile, and shivers through its boughs.

Till, overcome at length by wound on wound,
It groans its last, and rushing rends the ground.

Descending thence through flames and foes I press; 845
And flames and foes the leading Power confess.

Safely beneath the heavenly shield I go:

The flames slope backward, and recedes the foe.

But when at last I gain my native home ;
And pause from toils in my paternal dome : 850
My sire, the first fond object of my care,
Whom first to Ida's height I fain would bear,
Refuses to survive his country's fate ;
Life's lingering victim in an exile's state.

“O You !” he cried, “whose strength entire remains, 855
Whose sprightly blood yet glows within your veins,
Yours be the care of flight ! Had Heaven thought good
I still should live, my Troy would yet have stood.
Enough and more, that, destined once to see
My city's fall, I yet could bear to be. 860

O ! laid—thus laid, as they who die require,
Hail my yet breathing corse, and then retire.
Some hand will bring the death that I invoke :
My spoils will lure, or mercy give the stroke.
The loss of sepulture is void of pain. 865
Long have I linger'd on this earth in vain,
Useless to men, and by the gods abhorr'd ;
Since he, of gods and men the sovereign lord,
Scath'd me with blasting airs and heavenly flame,
That shot in withering influence through my frame.” 870

Persisting thus, his soul to death adheres :
While we and all his house dissolve in tears.
Creüsa urges him with suppliant cries :
His infant blandishments Ascanius tries :

All pray him not to make more fatal fate;
And whelm with him in ruin all our state.
In vain our prayers, in vain our tears entreat:
Firmly he holds his purpose, and his seat.
Then, bent on death, again to arms I fly:
For then no choice was left me but to die. 880

“ Ah! could so dire a fancy taint thy mind
That I could live, and leave my sire behind?
If Troy must perish all, and Heaven ordain
That of her glorious race not one remain;
If with the gods thy fix'd resolve combine 885
To crush at once thyself, and all thy line;
Near is the gate of death, and yawning wide:
Pyrrhus is nigh, in Priam's life-blood dyed:
Who kills the son beneath the father's gaze;
And then upon the shrine the father slays. 890
Was it for this that thou, my heavenly guide,
Did'st turn the javelin and the flame aside?
For this? that I might see my mansion storm'd?
Its inmost rooms with massacre deform'd?
Might see at once my consort, son, and sire, 895
Confounded in each other's gore, expire?
Haste! bring my arms! I hear, and I obey
The certain summons of my latest day.
Restore me to the foe! We shall not all
Die unrevenge'd amid our country's fall.” 900

Accoutred then for fight, my spear I wield;
Fit to my arm once more the massy shield,
And break away : but, on the threshold placed,
Creüsa held me, and my feet embraced.
Then, lifting to my lips my infant son, 905
“ If to inevitable death you run,
Ah! take us with you : if a hope survive
In combat yet, here—here for safety strive.
Guard first this house. Ah! think whom you desert;
Your sire, your child, and her who had your heart.” 910
As thus she press’d, and fill’d the dome with cries,
A wondrous prodigy amazed our eyes.
For, in his weeping parent’s fond embrace,
A mantling light suffused Iulus’ face.
The innocuous flame, soft welling from his head, 915
Play’d on his brows, and round his temples fed.
Confused we try, with palpitating care,
To crush the sacred fire, or quench the hair.
But with delight Anchises views the blaze;
And thus, with eyes and hands uplifted, prays : 920
“ Almighty Jove! if prayers can touch thy mind;
And aught our piety deserve, be kind!
Respect us, Father! and with power divine
O! aid us now, and ratify thy sign.”
The sire had scarcely ceased, when, with quick stroke, 925
Full on his left the crashing thunder broke;

And from heaven's vault a star, intensely bright,
With streamy lustre shot along the night.
Straight o'er our roof we trace it as it flies ;
Till Ida's forests hide it from our eyes. 930

The sever'd air, tenacious of the ray,
Glow'd in a path behind the meteor's way ;
And breathed of sulphur. As the sight he view'd,
My father own'd himself at last subdued.

Addressing Heaven, he bow'd the adoring head ; 935
And cried, " I now will follow as you lead.

Gods of our country ! O ! preserve our state ;
And guard its fortunes in my grandchild's fate !
Yours is this augury ; and, safe with you,
Troy from her ashes shall be great anew. 940

I yield, my Son ! nor longer will delay
To fly,—the associate of thy fateful way."

He spoke ; and now the storm of fire we hear
More loud, and see the flaming billows near.

" Come then, dear Father ! to my neck commit 945
Thy precious weight, and there securely sit.
Myself will bear you ; nor, beneath my sire,
Will my step falter, or my sinews tire.

Whate'er our fortune, it shall still be one :
Alike successful, or alike undone. 950

The child Iulus shall attend my side :
My wife at distance follow as I guide.

And you, my Servants ! mark your lord's command :
Beyond the walls a mound and temple stand,
To Ceres raised ; unhonor'd now and lone : 955
And there a cypress towers, for ages known
As guarded by our fathers' holy awe :
Thither by various courses let us draw.
Our household gods, and what is else divine,
To bear with spotless hands, my Sire ! be thine. . 960
My touch will stain them, till the living flood
Shall cleanse me, reeking with the combat's blood."

Thus speaking, o'er my neck and shoulders wide
I throw the mantle of a lion's hide ;
And take my burthen : in my right hand led, 965
My child quick paces with a shorter tread :
My consort walks behind. Where darkness lay
On the dumb road we press our anxious way :
And I, who lately braved the Greeks in fight,
Firm 'gainst the shock of their collected might, 970
Now shrink from every noise with coward mind ;
And tremble at the whisper of the wind :
Timid for objects of my dearest care ;
For her who follows me, and him I bear.
The gates we now approach'd ; and, safely past 975
The ways of danger, seem'd secure at last :
When suddenly the sound of frequent feet
Wafts to our ear, and makes our bosoms beat ;

And, throwing through the shade a timorous eye,
"Haste, Son!" my father cries, "the foes are nigh! 980
I see the flashing of the shield and spear."

Some envious god then plunged my soul in fear,
And dash'd my sense: for as, confused and blind,
From the known path through devious tracks I wind,
Ah! my Creüsa, torn from my delight, 985

Was lost in that disorder'd moment's flight;
Uncertain, whether wilder'd on the way
She sank, or fell to Fate or toil a prey:
But never more she bless'd my longing eyes.

Nor did I turn, or e'er my loss surmise, 990
Till, at the mound and Ceres' hallow'd seat,
By diverse tracks my scatter'd party meet.

Then summing all our numbers as we stand,
She, only she, was wanting of the band:
Her consort's, son's, companions' love had left 995
Of wife, of mother, and of friend bereft.

Wounded at heart, and frantic with my pain,
Whom did I not of men and gods arraign?
Nor felt I, in my Troy's concluding scene,
A woe that pierced me with a pang so keen. 1000

My father, child, and household gods I hide
In a deep vale, and to my friends confide.
Myself in arms the city then explore:
Resolved to traverse it, and plunge once more
In all the dangers I had stemm'd before. 1005

First to the walls and gates, with shade o'ercast,
I bend my course, where lately I had pass'd :
Retrace with care my footsteps through the night ;
And search, inquisitive, with anxious sight.
Silence, that chill'd my soul, was all around ; 1010
And horror brooded on the torpid ground.
Then to my house I go if, chance, despair
(Ah feeble hope !) had brought my wanderer there.
The Greeks had broken in, and all possess'd ;
And fire now wrapp'd it in a ruddy vest. 1015
High o'er the roof the surging flames are driven ;
And rage, and mount, voluminous, to heaven.
Next I proceed along the ascending street,
'To the high citadel and Priam's seat.
There, in the porticoes and Juno's fane, 1020
A chosen band of Greeks the guard maintain ;
With Phoenix and Ulysses at their head :
For there the wealth of pillaged Troy was spread.
Torn from the flaming shrines, I there behold
Tables and vases piled of massy gold ; 1025
And, near the insensate, see the living prey ;
Children and weeping dames in long array.
Nor yet content, I madly dare to fling
My voice through night, and make the darkness ring.
My loss with frequent outcries I proclaim ; 1030
And Troy re-echoes with Creüsa's name.

As thus I press'd my fruitless search around ;
And raved with anguish that disdain'd a bound ;
Before my eyes, in sudden light display'd,
Stood the pale sadness of Creüsa's shade ; 1035
Dimension'd larger than the living fair.
Chain'd was my tongue, and upright rose my hair.
But from her lips, to calm my raging woe,
These soothing words with healing influence flow ;
 " Why thus, my dearest Spouse ! indulge thy grief, 1040
And vainly seek in phrensy for relief ?
These things befall us from the gods' high will ;
Shaped someway to their heavenly purpose still.
For thee to bear thy loved Creüsa hence,
Was not allow'd by Jove's omnipotence. 1045
A length of exile Fate decrees to thee ;
Ordain'd to plough a weary tract of sea.
Then shall thy fleet Hesperia's land attain ;
Where Lydian Tiber laves the wealthy plain.
There Fortune waits thee with her richest charms : 1050
There, empire in a royal consort's arms.
Then for thy loved Creüsa dry the tear :
Her doom, no cause of sorrow or of fear.
With all my claims of more than regal pride ;
From kings descended, and to gods allied ; 1055
I shall not visit Greece beneath the chain ;
Or crouch a menial in her matrons' train.

But me, the subject of her honor'd sway,
The gods' great Mother here appoints to stay.
And now, farewell! Oh! let our offspring prove 1060
His mother living in thy constant love."

She spoke; and, as I heaved with much to say,
And largely wept, she died in air away.
Fondly I thrice essay'd her neck to clasp;
And thrice the included phantom mock'd my grasp; 1065
Impalpable as ether's viewless stream;
Or the light substance of a flickering dream.

Thus having wasted night, with weary feet
I turn at length, and seek my friends' retreat.
There a new host of comrades met my eyes; 1070
Whose gather'd numbers struck me with surprise.
Thither of dames and men a hapless crowd,
Vigorous for exile, had together flow'd:
With hearts and hands and wealth prepared to roam,
Beneath my sway, to any distant home. 1075
And now the morn on Ida's glimmering head
Advancing blush'd, by golden Phosphor led.
The Greeks, above assault, the gates maintain'd:
No hopes of rescue, or revenge remain'd.
I bow to Fate; and, loaded with my sire, 1080
To the hill's shaggy fastnesses retire.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

Argument.

IN pursuance of his narrative, Æneas relates that, after the destruction of Troy, he built a fleet of twenty ships at Antandros beneath Ida; and, with his household gods his family and his followers, sailed, early in the succeeding year, in quest of the new settlement, appointed for him by the Fates. Landing first on the adjacent coast of Thrace, he there founds a city: but, on being apprized by a prodigy of the murder of Polydorus (one of the sons of Priam) by the king of that country, he relinquishes it; and repairs for instruction to the oracle at Delos. By the oracle he is directed to return to the land whence his ancestors had originally proceeded; and, misguided by his father who mistakes the object of the god's response, he steers his course to Crete, the birth-place of the ancient Teucer. Here the establishment of the Trojans is prevented by an epidemic disease, with which they are attacked; and Æneas is informed in a vision by his household gods, that Italy is the country intended by Apollo, and predestined to be the seat of his empire. Departing, in consequence, from Crete, he is driven by a storm upon the Strophades, where he is infested by the Harpyies. In his subsequent course, he touches at Buthrotus, a maritime city of Epirus, where he finds Helenus, the son of Priam, in possession of Chaonia, a part of the kingdom of Pyrrhus; and married to Andromache. By these friends he is hospitably entertained; and from the prophetic Helenus, he obtains information respecting his future fortunes and conduct. Continuing his voyage along the eastern coast of Italy, he is borne to the shores of Sicily, contiguous to Ætna, and in the occupation of the Cyclops. Being warned of the danger of his situation by Achemenides, (one of the followers of Ulysses,) who had been deserted on that inhospitable land by his comrades in the confusion of their flight, he pursues his coasting voyage, and arrives at Drepanum, on the western side of the island; where Anchises dies. Sailing thence in the following spring for Italy, the Trojan fleet is forced by a tempest into the ports of Africa; and Æneas is thus brought to the city and the court of the Carthaginian queen.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

WHEN Asia's power, and Priam's guiltless realm
It pleased the Immortals in their wrath to overwhelm :
When lofty Ilion grovell'd on the ground,
And heaven-built Troy was left a smoking mound :
By auguries, which spoke the gods' commands, 5
Urged to explore in exile distant lands ;
Beneath Antandros, at the mountain's feet,
We shape the woods of Ida to a fleet ;
And gather troops : uncertain where to tend ;
Where Fate may lead us, or our wanderings end. 10
Scarce breathed the new-born summer's tepid gales,
When to the guiding Fates we gave our sails :
So bade my sire. With tears and anguish'd heart,
From the dear fields, which late were Troy, I part ;
And, with my gods, my son, and comrade train, 15
Launch, a sad exile, on the trackless main.

There spreads a region peopled wide and far,
By Thracians held beneath the god of war :
A realm of old, where fierce Lycurgus reign'd ;
To Troy still friendly while her power remain'd. 20
Bound by religious and by social ties,
The kings were guests, the people were allies.
Thither, ill-starr'd, I bore ; and there my hand
Its first proud trophy of a city plann'd.
The town I found ; and, as I trace its wall, 25
From my own name, Æneadæ I call.
Then, for their favor on the new abodes,
I offer prayer and incense to the gods :
Adore my parent-goddess; Queen of love ;
And immolate a bull to sovereign Jove. 30
A mound stood near : thick cornels shagg'd its head ;
And there, with tall straight shoots, a myrtle spread.
This I approach'd and to unroot essay'd,
To bear its verdure for our altar's shade :
When a dread prodigy appall'd my sight ; 35
Wondrous to tell, and big with strange affright.
For the first fibre, sever'd by my toil,
Distils black drops of gore, and stains the soil.
Cold horror shakes me, and suspends my blood ;
And my heart falters in an icy flood. 40
Resolved the latent wonder to explore,
I force another root ; and, as before,
The wounded fibres gush with sable gore.

My mind convulsed with tumult, humbly low
To the wood nymphs and Thracian Mars I bow : 45
Implore them to relieve the dire portent ;
And turn its omen to a good event.

But when a third time, struggling with the root,
Propt on my knee I strain to lift a shoot,
(Shall I proceed or pause ?) a groan of death 50
Heaved deep and hollow from the mound beneath ;
And a voice spoke, " Ah ! why, Æneas, tear
My wretched body ? ah ! the buried spare.

Here let me rest, exempt at least from pain :
Spare me ; and spare thy pious hands a stain. 55
From Troy I sprang, not alien from thy line :
The blood that issues is akin to thine.

Haste ! from this gore-polluted land begone !
Here Avarice with Murder holds the throne :
For I am Polydore : this living wood 60
Grew from the spears here quicken'd with my blood."

Then was my mind aghast, and overwhelm'd in dread :
Fear stammer'd on my tongue, and bristled on my head.
When hapless Priam, doubtful of the Fates,
Saw the fierce war now pressing on his gates ; 65
He sent his Polydore with copious wealth
To Thracia's court, from leaguer'd Troy, by stealth ;
To bloom beneath a kindred monarch's sway.
But when that monarch saw Troy's power decay ;

Faithless, and rushing to the victor's cause, 70
He broke at once divine and human laws :
Gave to the sword his unprotected guest ;
And with the hand of force his gold possess'd.
Dire lust of gold ! how mighty thy controul
To bend to crime man's impotence of soul ! 75
When my shock'd bosom felt again repose,
All to my sire and chieftains I disclose ;
And ask their voices : theirs with mine unite,
Straight from the land of guilt to urge our flight :
And court the winds to waft us from the shore, 80
Stain'd by the slaughter'd guest with hallow'd gore.
For Polydorus then, with pious care,
Our hands the rites of sepulture prepare.
A mount of structured earth ascends on high ;
Through time to witness where his ashes lie. 85
An altar sacred to his Manes stands ;
Gloomy with cypress, and funereal bands.
Round it, in their accustom'd pomp of woe,
With scatter'd hair the Trojan matrons go.
Large bowls that flow with tepid milk we bring ; 90
And on the tomb, with blood of victims, fling :
Give in sepulchral rest the soul to dwell ;
And then with loud acclaim pronounce the last farewell !
Soon as the sail could trust the faith of seas,
Their surface placid with the southern breeze ; 95

Down to the shore their ships my thronging crew
Hale from the docks, and give to waves anew.
With favoring winds from port we swiftly fly;
And soon our prospect is but sea and sky.

To Neptune, Doris, and the Nereid train 100
Most dear, an island gems the central main :
Which, wandering once and borne from land to land,
The bowyer god constrain'd with pious hand.
To Gyaros and Myconus he bound
The vagrant fields, and made them stable ground, 105
Firm 'mid the shock of elements around.
Here we arrive; and on its waveless breast
The haven takes our sea-beat ships to rest.
We land, and straight our due devotions pay
To the bless'd city of the god of day; 110
Where Anius meets us : Anius, who possess'd
The throne and altar, king at once and priest.
Apollo's minister, the laurel bough,
His god's loved ensign, glitter'd on his brow.
He in Anchises owns his ancient friend : 115
Our hands we join, and as his guests attend.
Then in his fane, with time's religion hoar,
I seek the god in prayer, and aid implore :
" Give us, O Phœbus ! for our own, a place,
Where we may build a home, and plant a race. 120
The wearied sue for rest. O Power adored!
Save the sad relics of the Grecian sword!

Guard thy new Troy! Who now must be our guide;
And whither should we roam, and where abide?
Speak, Father! from thy shrine thy will impart; 125
And flow thyself into thy suppliant's heart."

Ere well I finish'd, all things round us prove
The rushing influence, and are seen to move.
The laurel shakes; the hallow'd structures nod;
And all the trembling mountain owns the god. 130
The unfolded shrine emits a bellowing sound.
Prostrate in holy awe, we kiss the ground;
And hear a voice, "The country that of yore,
Ye race of Dardanus! your fathers bore,
Invites you to return; and, pleased to give 135
Her fostering bosom, will with joy receive.
Revisit her from whom ye drew your birth:
Thence shall the Æneïan house preside o'er earth:
There in successive glories shall ye reign;
And sons of sons the lordly line sustain." 140

Thus Phœbus; and the words divine impress'd
Tumultuous joy on every Trojan breast.
Yet doubts restrain us; where our promised walls;
And which the land that thus her sons recalls.
Then, with his mind long laboring to retrace 145
The hoary records of the Dardan race,
My father spoke: "Ye Peers of Troy! attend;
And learn your hopes, and where your toils will end.

Crete, loved by Jove as his peculiar land,
Towers o'er the circling waves in proud command. 150
There rises Ida: there our race was bred:
O'er the rich realm a hundred cities spread.
Thence, if belief be due to ancient fame,
Teucer, our first great sire, to Phrygia came;
And chose Rhœteum's region for his reign; 155
Ere high-brow'd Pergamus o'erlook'd the plain,
Or Ilion was a town: the valleys then
Gave their wild shelter to the untutor'd men.
From Crete the mighty Mother sought our heights;
And the shrill brass resounded at her rites: 160
Thence silence guarded Ida's mystic grove;
And lions in her yoke the goddess drove.
Rise then! and let us as the gods think meet,
The winds propitiate, and repair to Crete.
In Gnossian ports, if Jove shall be our friend, 165
The third glad morn will see our voyage end."

Thus having said, he slew at Neptune's shrine
A bull: a bull, bright Phœbus! bled at thine.
Then die two lambs, a sable and a white,
To soothe the Storms, and Zephyr to invite. 170

Fame spreads that, hurl'd from his imperial seat,
Idomeneus had fled his native Crete:
That the freed isle, no more by foes possess'd,
Unfolded to our wish her friendly breast.

Then from Ortygia's port o'er seas we fly, . 175
Till green Donyssa fades upon the eye :
Pass Naxos' steeps, by howling Bacchants trod ;
(The favor'd island of the frantic god :)
Olearos, and Paros' snowy sides ;
And the thick Cyclades, that star the tides. 180
The seamen cheer, and in the cry combine,
" Let us in Crete our ancient race rejoin."
The springing gale pursues the vessel's helm ;
And wafts us swiftly to the Cretan realm.
There with an eager mind I mark the place 185
For my wish'd city, and its circuit trace ;
And call it Pergamus : the people joy
In the dear name, and hail their rising Troy.
Each I encourage for his home to feel ;
And all to labor for the public weal : 190
To found the house, and rear the lofty tower ;
For social pleasure, and for regal power.
And now our ships are drawn upon the land :
Their loves, their fields engage our youthful band.
My laws assign their lots, and mould the state : 195
When, lo ! from Heaven is breathed the blast of fate.
On all that lives descends the deathful year ;
On the tall forest, and the waving ear.
Man in the pride of lusty life expires ;
Or drags his limbs, unnerved by morbid fires. 200

The raging dog-star withers all the plains ;
And the scath'd harvest mocks the reaper's pains.

My father counsels us to bend once more

Our course to Delos, and the god implore :

Wearied, to supplicate the Power for peace ; 205

To ask for aid, and where our toils should cease.

'Twas night, and Sleep lull'd Nature to repose :
But anxious cares forbade my eyes to close.

When, as I lay, those gods I bore through fires,

The gods adored by Phrygia and my sires, 210

(Their holy forms in silvery light array'd

By the broad moon, that through the lattice play'd,)

Stood by my bed ; and to my ear address'd

These words of peace to calm my troubled breast :

“ Apollo here unfolds his will divine ; 215

And speaks by us, as from his Delian shrine.

By him to thee commission'd thus we come ;

We, who with thee in willing exile roam ;

Attend thy arms, and desert oceans trace ;

We, who shall raise to heaven thy glorious race ; 220

And give thy city an imperial fate.

Build thou great walls for those who shall be great :

Nor shrink from toils ; and, weary of the way,

Refuse the purchase of immortal sway.

Hence thou must go : not here thy promised seat : 225

Apollo counsell'd not thy course to Crete.

A realm there is, by Greeks Hesperia named ;
From times remote for war and affluence famed :
The CEnotri held it once ; a chief's renown
Now bids it with Italia's name be known. 230
There is thy destined reign : Iäsius there,
And Dardanus first drew the vital air ;
The founders of thy house. With joy relate
To thy old sire the certain will of Fate.
Seek Corythus : Ausonia's realm demand :— 235
Great Jove denies thee his Dictæan land."

Warn'd, and amazed at what I heard and saw,
The wondrous vision passing Nature's law,
(For not abused by Sleep's fantastic lies,
Waking I view'd the present deities : 240
Mark'd their veil'd hair, their looks celestial knew ;
And all my limbs were bathed in chilly dew,)
I sprang from bed, and, urged by pious care,
My hands and voice uplift to Heaven in prayer :
With its due honors lustrate every shrine ; 245
And pour on each the sacrificial wine.
These rites performed, with holy joy I glow,
And all the vision to Anchises show.
Convinced he stands : allows himself misled
By our ambiguous line, and twofold head ; 250
And says ; " My Son, in Ilion's fortunes versed !
This fate Cassandra has alone rehearsed.

She, for I now retrace it in my mind,
Has oft foretold our realm by Heaven design'd :
Oft of Hesperia would she speak with joy : 255
Oft hail the glories of Italia's Troy.

But who could then surmise that Troy should roam
To far Hesperia for her destined home ?
Or who regarded then the raving maid ?
Let us then sail ; and, with celestial aid, 260
Pursue our better lot. Apollo be obey'd !"

He spoke ; and we, with hearts of joy, comply ;
Quit our new seat, and other fortunes try.
Our sails we spread : and, leaving some behind,
Brave the vast deep, and run before the wind. 265
Now when our ships had reach'd the middle main ;
And the stretch'd eye inquired for land in vain ;
A black cloud stood above my head in gloom,
With night and tempest swelling in its womb.
Horror with darkness settled on the deep ; 270
And soon the winds convulse it with their sweep.
On the raised surge our scatter'd vessels roll :
Clouds quench'd the sun, and night usurps the pole ;
While, bursting through the dark, red lightnings play.
Borne from our course, o'er waves unknown we stray : 275
Even Palinurus owns that day and night
Gloom, undistinguish'd, on his baffled sight ;

And ploughs with random keel the pathless foam.
Three sunless days, three starless nights we roam.
Bright the fourth morning dawn'd; and, as it broke, 280
Disclosed blue hills and wreaths of spiry smoke.
Our sails we drop; and, rising to our oars,
Dash the vex'd brine, and rush upon the shores.
 Saved from the billows with my weary host,
The Strophades receive me on their coast. 285
This name two islands from the Greeks obtain,
In the broad bosom of the Ionian main:
Where, since the board of Phineus was denied,
Celæno and her Harpy flock reside.
Monsters than these more fierce, deform'd, and fell, 290
Ne'er rose in vengeance from the night of hell.
Their face is virgin, bird the parts below:
Hook'd are their hands, and foul their bellies' flow;
And deathless famine writhes upon their brow.
Driven here and lodg'd within the port, we see 295
Large herds and flocks that range securely free.
By man unguarded, on the flowery mead,
Joyous in Nature's luxury, they feed.
We rush upon the prey with keen delight;
And to the feast the gods and Jove invite. 300
Then on the breezy shore we raise our seats;
And satiate hunger with delicious meats.

When lo! descending on horrific wing,
From their high haunts the fury Harpyies spring :
With sounding pinions raise a storm in air ; 305
Pounce on our food, pollute and shriek and tear.
Abhorr'd their ravage, thrilling are their screams :
Our sullied banquet fumes with noisome steams.
Again, within a vaulted rock's alcove,
Its mouth defended by a tangled grove, 310
We spread our board and sacred fires renew :
Again, shrill shrieking, rush the loathsome crew :
Fierce from another point of heaven descend,
Pollute our meats and with their talons rend.
I bid my people now their arms assume ; 315
And fight the nation of the direful plume.
They act as I command, and in the grass
Conceal their swords and bucklers' polish'd brass.
Then, when the clanging pinion rings from far,
Station'd on high to mark the approaching war, 320
Misenus blows a charge : to arms we fly ;
And with hell's monsters novel conflict try.
In vain ; the inviolable plumes are found
To baffle steel, and mock the attempted wound.
Repulsed, they wing aloft the aërial way ; 325
And leave their tainted tracks and mangled prey.
Alone Celæno on a rock remains,
Augur of ill, to vent her boding strains :

“ And would ye thus, Laomedon's fell brood!
First slay the beasts, then shed their owners' blood? 330
And will ye thus with impious battle strive,
The guiltless Harpyies from their realm to drive?
Then listen to my words, and let them find
A deep reception in your inmost mind:
What first to Phœbus heaven's Almighty told, 335
Me Phœbus taught, and I to you unfold,—
I the great Furies' queen! You steer your course,
To seek in Italy your fathers' source;
And Italy shall see your fated sails,
Borne to her ports by prayer-entreated gales. 340
But, ere you found your city, 'tis your doom
With famine's jaws your tables to consume;
And thus atone our slaughter'd cattle's blood.”

She spoke, and fled into a neighb'ring wood.
But sudden fright my people's heart appalls: 345
Chill'd is their blood, and all their courage falls.
“ Arms now” they cry, “ are vain; and prayers we need,
With the dread Powers for peace to intercede:
Whate'er they be, or gods, or birds of woe,
Obscene and dire, that angry fates foreknow.” 350

To the great gods Anchises straight commands
The holy rites, and prays with lifted hands:
“ Make vain the threat, ye Gods! the curse avert:
And give your peace to piety's desert.”

Then he directs us from the land to fly ; 355
Release our cables, and the sails untie.
The south wind blows : we cut the foamy tides,
As the gale drives us, and our pilot guides.
And now Zacynthos lifts her crown of trees :
Dulichium, Samè rise above the seas ; 360
And Neritos in steepy grandeur soars.
From rocky Ithaca's Laërtian shores
We steer aloof, and curse the fatal earth,
That gave Ulysses his detested birth.
Then Leucas opens with its storm-capp'd head ; 365
Where lofty Phœbus stands, the seaman's dread.
The little town we seek, and, weary, land :
Moor'd on the coast, our anchor'd vessels stand.
As here, preserved beyond our hope, we lie,
Our grateful shrines breathe incense to the sky. 370
To Jove our vows we pay ; and then with joy,
At Actium celebrate the games of Troy.
Our youth, their naked limbs bedew'd with oil,
Contest the prizes of palestric toil.
Thus to have baffled Greece, and held our flight 375
In safety through her states, inspires delight.
Meanwhile the sun absolves his annual race ;
And hoary winter wrinkles ocean's face.
With those bright arms, which, Abas ! once were thine,
I hang a column near Apollo's shine ; 380

And proudly grave upon the trophied stone,
"These from the victor Greeks Æneas won."

Then to depart I give my hosts command :
They brush the wave, and vanish from the land :
And, as along the Epirot shores we glide, 385
Soon in blue haze Phæacia's towers subside.
Straight to Chaonia's port we cleave the main ;
And the high city of Buthrotus gain.

Here Fame reports, to startle our belief,
That Grecian realms obey a Trojan chief: 390
That Priam's Helenus, by fortune led,
Sway'd Pyrrhus' sceptre, and enjoy'd his bed ;
And sad Andromache's connubial vows,
Once more, were plighted to a kindred spouse.
By wonder rapt, with strong desire I burn 395
To hail my friend, and all his fates to learn.
Then from my vessels and the port I speed ;
And eager to the royal seat proceed.
Before the city, in a hallow'd grove,
Where a feign'd Simois cheats the patriot love, 400
That morn Andromache libations made
At Hector's tomb, and there invoked his shade.
The cenotaph her pious hands had raised
Of living turf ; and, near, two altars blazed
To drink the tears they drew : when rising first, 405
With Troy's known ensigns, on her eyes I burst ;

Struck with the wondrous sight, her spirit fled :
Through all her veins congealing terror spread.
She falls ; and, tardily reviving, cries ;

“ Is it the living man that meets my eyes ? 410
Breathest thou ? or, rising from the shades below,
Say, where is Hector ? ” Then, all lost in woe,
She fills the grove with plaints : confused I try
To calm her, and thus falter in reply :

“ I breathe indeed, though crush’d by fortune’s weight,
Fear not ! thou seest the living wreck of Fate. 416
Ah ! say, what humbling fortunes hast thou known,
Since from the height of nuptial glory thrown ?
And whence the worthier lot that waits thee now ?
Could’st thou be Hector’s, and to Pyrrhus bow ? ” 420
With downcast eyes and lowly voice she said :

“ O ! happy she ! the * Priæneian maid !
Who, at the hostile tomb condemn’d to fall,
Bled, a pure victim, under Ilion’s wall :
Not doom’d to follow as the lots decide ; 425
And mount the victor’s couch, a vassal bride.
We, from our country’s smoking ashes torn,
O’er distant seas in servitude were borne ;
The scorn of proud Achilles’ son to prove ;
Disgraced, and fruitful from compulsive love. 430

* Polyxena.

The haughty youth then, fired with alien charms,
Open'd to bright Hermione his arms.

Pleased with his Spartan nuptials, me he gave
To Helenus, and bound us slave to slave.

But him Orestes, whom hell's fiends pursue, 435
Mad for his plighted fair, in vengeance slew :
Even at his altars slew him unprepared.

Then Helenus the vacant kingdom shared :
Who call'd his realm, intent on Phrygian fame,
Chaonia, from the Trojan Chaon's name ; 440
And yon steep precipice's brow renown'd,
As with another Ilion's tower he crown'd.

But say what course you hold ? what fates sustain ?
What god has hither led you o'er the main ?

Lives yet Ascanius ? draws he vital air, 445
Who, when Troy flamed, became your orphan'd care ?
Say, if his mother's loss his heart retains ?
If his great fathers quicken in his veins ?
Ardent their glorious race of fame to run,
As Hector's nephew and Æneas' son ?" 450

Weeping she spake ; and long her sorrows flow
In the sad luxury of fruitless woe :

When Helenus, with all his train of state,
Issues to meet us from the city's gate :
Delighted, to his palace leads his friends ; 455
And the soft tear with fond inquiry blends.

I see a little Troy her head erect ;
And a small Pergamus the great affect :
Cross Xanthus in a brook whose channels gasp ;
And a new Scæan gate with rapture clasp. 460

My Trojans too an equal welcome greets ;
Them in wide porticoes the monarch treats.
We in the regal hall our banquet hold :
Our meats are served, and Bacchus flames in gold.

Now closed the second day in genial rites ; 465
And our swell'd sails the southern breeze invites ;
When thus the royal prophet I address'd :

“ Great son of 'Troy, the friend of gods confess'd !
Interpreter of Heaven ! to whom is known
The power that flows from Phœbus' laurel crown ; 470
Who read'st the stars ; and, as the vagrants fly,
Canst draw from birds the secrets of the sky :
O ! tell me (for I steer by Heaven's command
To find in Italy my destined land ;
And every oracle assures my way : 475

Alone Cælæno vents a boding lay ;
Threats dreadful vengeance, and the dire event
Of Harpy wrath in ghastly famine sent)
What means will aid me to fulfil my course ;
To shun its dangers, or surmount their force.” 480

He, when the victim steers had duly bled,
Unbound the fillets from his sacred head :

Implored the gods for peace on his design,
And led me, Phœbus! awe-struck to thy shrine.

Then, full of deity, the holy priest 485

Thus pour'd the dictates of his heaven-fraught breast:

“O! Goddess-born! I see the power is great,
That o'er the deep to empire guides your state:
That thus the fates the King of gods evolves;
Thus orders fortune and your lot resolves. 490

Some things I will disclose, to waft you o'er
With lessen'd danger to the Ausonian shore.

The rest in awful night the Fates conceal;

Or Juno's power forbids me to reveal.

First then, the realm which, haply deeming nigh, 495

You rush to grasp in neighb'ring Italy,

Lies far remote, by spacious lands disjoin'd:

And ere Heaven's promised Italy you find,

Your bending oar must stem Trinacria's tide:

Ausonian billows must your keel divide: 500

Your eyes must view Ææan Circe's grove;

And the dark lakes of subterranean Jove.

That, where you build, you build by Fate's decree,

Now learn the sign, the unerring sign, from me;

And hold it in your mind: when care-oppress'd 505

On a sequester'd river's bank you rest;

And, where a spreading oak o'ershades the ground,

Shall see a swine whom thirty young surround,

The dam and offspring all of snowy white ;
That spot is destined for your city's site : 510
There shall your labors end ; nor dread the threat,
That, hunger-forced, your tables you shall eat.
The Fates will lead you through the menaced ill ;
And Phœbus, when you call, be present still.
But those Italian shores, opposed to ours, 515
Fly, for there Greece has fix'd her hostile powers.
There the fierce Locrian in Narycium reigns :
There Cretan Idomen his sway maintains,
And Sallentinum with his arms defends :
And there Petilia with her towers ascends ; 520
Her circuit small, but ample her command ;
Raised by Thessalian Philoctetes' hand.
But when upon that coast shall rest your prows ;
And to the gods arise your grateful vows ;
At the raised altar as your hands are spread, 525
Beneath a purple veil conceal your head :
Lest any foe be near, and with his sight
Disturb your omens and profane the rite.
This holy custom you and yours observe :
Nor from it let your pious offspring swerve. 530
When wafted thence you see Sicilia rise ;
(Pelorus' straits contracting on your eyes ;)
Hold the left course and, circling through the main,
Avoid the right and still the left retain.

Mind not the expended time ; protract your stay,
Till from the prophetess you learn your way.
Approach her, and with suppliant voice beseech
To pour her oracles of truth in speech : 590
And she will then your future fates relate :
Italia's wars, her people, and her state :
Will teach you how your glory's race to run :
What labors bear, and what by prudence shun.
This is the sum of all I must proclaim. 595
Go ! and exalt to heaven the Trojan name !"

Thus spoke my friend ; and order'd to be brought
Large gifts, of gold and ivory inwrought :
Stored in my vessels a resplendent mass
Of silver, and Dodona's hallow'd brass : 600
Then gave a three-fold mail with gold o'erlaid,
Whose flexile frame of jointed rings was made ;
And the proud helmet with a towering crest,
Which, Neoptolemus ! thy brows had press'd.
My sire experienced too his princely hand : 605
Horses he added, and a pilot band :
And, for our wars and voyage to provide,
Our troops with arms, our banks with oars supplied.

Meanwhile Anchises bade the men prepare
Their sails to welcome the first favoring air. 610
To him respectful thus the prophet said,
" Anchises ! honor'd with a goddess' bed :

Peculiar care of tutelary Heaven!

Twice saved, when Troy has twice to foes been given!

There is Ausonia : seek its neighb'ring shore : 615

But sweep it with your sails nor think of more.

The realm, Apollo opens to your view,

Lies sunder'd far ; let that your hope pursue.

Go ! with your pious son to bless your way !

Why should I fondly more the willing gales delay ?" 620

Nor with less grief Andromache attends

The last sad parting of her kindred friends.

Rich vests embroider'd on a ground of gold,

A Phrygian cloak, and many a precious fold

Of stuffs, with curious artifice emboss'd, 625

The shuttle's labor, and of princely cost,

She gives Ascanius ; and in bounty's pride,

Refuses by her lord to be outvied.

"Take these, dear Boy !" she says, "and let them prove

Memorials of Andromache's fond love. 630

Take her last gifts ! it is a mother gives,

Whose loved Astyanax in thee yet lives.

Such was his glance, his hand, his mien, his brow ;

And thus, like thine, his prime had blossom'd now."

Sorrowing I left them, and with tears address'd : 635

"Live happy ye, whose fortune smiles in rest,

Weary we labor still from fate to fate :

While calm your lot, and anchor'd is your state:

Not forced through billowy tracts to guide the helm ;
And seek Ausonia's ever-flying realm. 640

You see your Xanthus here, and here enjoy
Your hand's creation in another Troy :
Raised, as I trust, in Fate's benigner hour ;
And less affronted to the Grecian power.
If e'er I reach to Tiber's distant plain : 645

And there my rising walls assure my reign :
Then, when my course of labor shall be run,
Ah ! let our cities, as our hearts, be one ;
Epirus Italy in love embrace ;
The same their founders both in fates and race ; 650
Here, there, one Troy the kindred people blend ;
And the same soul through all the line descend."

We sail, till near us the Ceraunia rise ;
Whence o'er the narrowest main Italia lies.
And now the sun in mellowing glory fades ; 655
And all the mountains solemn twilight shades.
The watch we fix by lot ; then, landing, rest.
Stretch'd at our ease on earth's delicious breast.
There, as diffused we lie, sleep's genial dews
Bathe our tired nerves, and healing power infuse. 660
Night by the hours, her sable handmaids, driven,
Had scarcely gain'd the steepy brow of heaven ;
When from his slumbers Palinurus sprung ;
And on the breeze with ear attentive hung :

Then view'd the stars that gemm'd the etherial plain, 665
The showery Hyads, and the northern wain :
Mark'd as, unstain'd with mists, Arcturus roll'd ;
And great Orion flamed in arms of gold.
Then, when he saw the heavens undimm'd with cloud,
He gave the signal from his ship aloud. 670 .
Our camp we move, and to the sea repair ;
Spread our wide sails, and catch the speeding air.
Aurora's blushes purple now the skies ;
And every star before her radiance flies :
When, stretch'd in shady perspective, we see 675
The hills and prostrate shores of Italy.
"Italia !" first Achates' shouts proclaim :
And all our ships resound Italia's name.
My sire then, studious of the Powers divine,
Crowns a large vase and fills with ruddy wine. 680
On the high deck, invoking Heaven, he stands ;
"Ye Gods ! whose sway controlls the seas and lands ;
Who yoke the tempest or release its bands ;
Breathe the propitious gale, and speed our course !"
The wished for breezes quicken in their force. 685
'The approaching land unfolds ; and, on a steep,
Minerva's temple beetles o'er the deep.
My comrades furl their sails, and to the shores
Impel their vessels with their sweeping oars.

From the rough eastern surge the port declined, 690
Curves in a bow within and leaves the wind.
One on each side, two towery cliffs project;
Baffle the billows, and the port protect.
'Their fronts, precipitous, the sea command;
Their arms slope inward far and wall the land: 695
And from the shore's recess the temple flies;
Which seem'd at distance from the shore to rise.
Here on the fields four coursers, snowy white,
Are the first omens that salute my sight.
"War," cries my father, "war yon steeds presage; 700
For steeds are arm'd to swell the battle's rage.
But since they feel the guidance of the bit;
Wear the strong yoke and to the car submit,
Peace smiles on hope." Then humbly we adore
The maid armipotent who guards the shore; 705
And first received us, as at length we stand,
Elate in triumph, on Italia's straud.
Before her shrine, the Phrygian veil we spread,
With holy caution, o'er the adoring head.
And, taught by Helenus, our offerings rise 710
To Grecian Juno, empress of the skies.
Straight, when accomplish'd all the sacred rites,
We bend our sail-yards as the breeze invites:
Rush from the land, and, with a leading wind,
Leave the suspected realms of Greece behind. 715

Thence coasting to Tarentum's bay we came,
(Tarentum glorying in Herculean fame,)
And view'd before us, rising from the main,
The roofs resplendent of Lacinia's fane ;
And Caulon's towers ; and Scylaceum's coasts, 720
Rock-fenced, and infamous for shipwreck'd hosts.
Then, in long prospect, o'er the seas aspire
Trinacrian Ætna's summits wrapt in fire :
And the deep groans of ocean from afar
Roll on our ears, with all the sounding war 725
Of waves and rocks, and the tumultuous roar
Of billows heaved and bursting on the shore.
The lowest deeps are shaken ; and, unfix'd,
Their ooze is with the troubled surface mix'd.

“ This, this is that Charybdis, these her shocks 730
Whom Helenus forewarn'd, and these the rocks :”
Anchises cried ; “ now struggle with the oar,
And save us, Comrades ! from the deathful shore.”

They hear and they obey : with forceful sweep
First Palinurus sought the left-hand deep. 735
Then all the ships, with oars and sails applied,
Work their changed course and gain the leftward tide.
Heaven-high we mount upon the billow's head ;
Then, falling, view the mansions of the dead.
Thrice mid the rocks we heard the howling caves : 740
Thrice saw the stars rain dews of shiver'd waves.

Meanwhile the wind, subsiding with the day,
Leaves us toil-spent and wilder'd on our way.
Our vessels drift on lands untrod by men ;
Where the fell Cyclops bars his savage den. 745
Deep within cliffs the port itself immured
Sleeps, from the invasion of the winds secured.
But thundering near, in dreadful ruin toss'd,
Ætna's dire force convulses all the coast ;
And, fitfully, heaven's radiant visage shrouds 750
With murky whirlwinds and cinereous clouds :
Or rushes on the pole with massy fires :
Or his torn bowels at his jaws expires :
Exploded rocks in flaming showers projects ;
And floods of molten minerals erects : 755
While, bellowing in the abyss, his caverns boil ;
And earth's deep centre groans beneath its toil.
Enceladus, 'tis said, with blasted frame
Here fell, subdued by Jove's almighty flame ;
And here, in adamantine chains compress'd, 760
He lies with ponderous Ætna on his breast :
In dire combustion rolling, from beneath
Through the rent mountain hurls his fiery breath :
Blots the high heaven ; and, struggling with his place,
Makes all 'Trinacria groan and totter on her base. 765
Here arching forests screen our weary sails :
But a strange horror through the night prevails.

Dread sounds we hear, nor can the cause divine :
While not one starry fire consents to shine.

Darkness involved the pole, and jealous Night 770
Held in a cave of storm the lunar light.

At length pale morn the glimmering orient streaks ;
And through the dewy shades Aurora breaks :
When sudden from the woods, wan, wild, forlorn,
Burst a strange form of man by famine worn. 775

Straight for the shore he made in suppliant guise :
Turning we gazed on him with wondering eyes.
Dire was his filth, his beard neglected flow'd ;
And on his limbs his garb with thorns was sewed.
Yet e'en his rags the dress of Greece betray'd ; 780
And spoke the foe on Phrygian plains array'd.

He, when afar the Trojan arms he saw,
Check'd his quick pace, and stood awhile in awe.
Then with prone impulse rushing on the shore,
His tears stream largely, and his words implore ; 785

“ By all the gods, and by this breath of day,
Bear me hence, Trojans ! where ye will convey !
'Tis the sole boon I ask : full well I know,
Grecian I am, and once was Ilion's foe ;
And, if the crime must be atoned with blood, 790
Tear me, and strew my fragments on the flood !
If I must perish, I will fall resign'd :
To die by human hands will soothe my mind.”

He spake; and prostrate, with a strict embrace
Clung to our knees: we ask'd his name and race; 795
Then with mild words encouraged him to tell,
What and from whence the fortunes which befell:
And good Anchises paused not long to give
The hand of peace, and bid the suppliant live.

His fears at length appeased, he thus began: 800

"Led by Ulysses, that much-suffering man,
From Ithaca, my native land, I came
Unbless'd, and Achemenides my name.

From Adamastus, my poor sire, I went

(Oh! had I rested with his lot content!) 805

To war at Troy, and here, in wild alarm
My comrades flying from the Cyclops' arm,
With every thought intent themselves to save,
Left me unheeded in the monster's cave.

Deep, dark, immense, the cavern drops with gore; 810
And savage offals strew the horrid floor.

His stature rises to the starry plain:

Words cannot speak him, or the sight sustain.

(Ye Gods! avert from earth so dire a pest!)

On blood he feasts and entrails of his guest. 815

Myself beheld, as with enormous hand

He seised two victim wretches of our band;

And, stretch'd upon his back, their shatter'd limbs

Dash'd on the rock, that with warm life-blood swims.

Then, as the trembling flesh the monster chew'd, 820
The black gore guttering from his jaws I view'd.
But not unpunish'd was the accursed deed;
Nor slept Ulysses in this hour of need.
For as, o'ergorged with blood and drown'd in wine,
Spread through his den the giant snored supine 825
With neck reclined, and heaving from his breast
The gory meal his powers could ill digest,
Marshall'd around him, we the gods implore,
And with a brand his ball of vision bore;
Which, singly as beneath his brow it gleam'd, 830
Large as a Grecian shield, or the sun's circle seem'd.
Thus, pleased, we pour our vengeance on his head;
And soothe the Manes of our slaughter'd dead.
But fly, O wretched men! this instant fly!
Break from the shore, and all your powers apply! 835
For vast and fierce as Polypheme is seen,
When, stalking with his herds, he shakes the green,
Or presses from their dugs their milky stores,
Or, as he folds them, bars their rocky doors;
A hundred other Cyclop-shepherds roam 840
The winding coast, and make the cliffs their home.
Now the third moon has fill'd her horn with light,
Since, tenant of the woods, with beasts of night
I have sustain'd to live; have seen aghast,
From a far rock, the Cyclops as they pass'd: 845

With listening horror caught their voices' sound ;
And heard their footsteps thundering on the ground.
My wretched food has been the herbaceous field ;
Or the hard berries which the forests yield.
As o'er the main I threw my anxious glance, 850
I saw your vessels to the port advance.
Reckless of whose they were, to them I ran ;
O'erjoy'd from monsters to escape to man.
Rather than leave me here, the Cyclops' prey :
O tear me by whatever death from day !" 855
Scarcely he ceased, when, to the clouds uprear'd,
The giant shepherd, Polypheme, appear'd.
We saw him stalking on a mountain's height,
A hideous horror, vast, and rest of sight.
The well-known shore he sought, and, as he went 860
Darkling and dubious, on a pine he leant.
His fleecy vassals wait upon their lord ;
These the sole solace that his ills afford.
When to the deep he came, awhile he stood ;
And from his eyeless socket wash'd the blood. 865
Groaning he gnash'd his teeth with rage and pain ;
Then strode with sides unbathed into the middle main.
Alarm'd we stir ourselves for instant flight :
Admit our suppliant in his merit's right ;
And then our cables silently divide ; 870
And sweep with fear-wing'd oars the foamy tide.

He heard, and rush'd directed by the sound:
But when the prey beyond his arm he found;
Nor further durst the rising waters brave,
His height unequal to the Ionian wave; 875
He shouted with an energy so vast
That earth and ocean trembled at the blast:
Italia's shores resulted with the shock;
And Ætna bellow'd in his depths of rock.
Roused from their forest lairs and craggy posts, 880
The one-eyed nation, gathering, fill'd the coasts.
There fiercely eminent the Ætnæan brood
We saw, as, glaring idle rage, they stood;
A dire convention! the proud oaks of Jove,
Or spiry cypresses, pale Dian's grove, 885
Thus lift their heads to heaven: our fears prevail
To drive from shore with any passing gale.
Yet press'd to shun, by Helenus' command,
The straits where death sits guarding either land,
Back we had turn'd; when from Pelorus' brow, 890
Sent by the gods, the northern breezes flow.
Then by Pantagias' mouth we make our way;
Where sparry rocks reflect the living day:
Cleave Megara's calm gulf and, coasting nigh,
See Thapsus level with the waters lie. 895
This course, which once Ulysses' keel had plough'd,
Retracing, Achemenides now show'd.

Close in Sicania's bay an isle is spread,
Opposed to rough Plemmyrium's stormy head :
Ortygia from remoter times its name. 900
Thither Alpheiüs (such the voice of Fame)
His secret way beneath the deep explores ;
And leaves his Elis for Sicilia's shores :
Springs here to light; and, ravish'd with thy charms,
Melts, Arethusa ! in thy silver arms. 905
Here, as Anchises bids, our vows we pay
To the great gods, whose power the realms obey.
Thence, where through golden meads Helorus creeps,
We pass, and graze Pachynus' beetling steeps.
Then Camarina, fix'd by Fate's decree ; 910
And the Geloan fields afar we see,
With Gela's towery pride : then o'er the coasts
Great Acragas her structured summits boasts :
Famed for her courser's breed, of soul for war,
Or rapid as the whirlwind in the car. 915
And now, with sails direct before the wind,
We leave Selinus' palmy plains behind :
Round Lilybeum stem the broken tide ;
Where ill their stony bed the waters hide:
And thence, with inauspicious course resort 920
To Drepanum's drear melancholy port.
Here, on so many seas by tempests toss'd,
My dear Anchises, worn with years, I lost :

He heard, and rush'd directed by the sound :
But when the prey beyond his arm he found ;
Nor further durst the rising waters brave,
His height unequal to the Ionian wave ; 875
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Here, on so many seas by tempests toss'd,
My dear Anchises, worn with years, I lost :

My toil's sole comfort he. Yes! best of sires!
Here, saved in vain from Ilion's fatal fires, 925
Didst thou desert thy son; now doom'd alone
Beneath his fortune's weary load to groan.
When many ills his prescient lips foretold,
Not this, the worst, did Helenus unfold.
Not this did dire Celæno's self foreshow; 930
Though fraught with rage and resonant of woe.
This was my travel's goal: for hence by Heaven
My fleet to your benignant shore was driven.
Thus, while attention sate on every ear,
And each rapt mind was still erect to hear; 935
Æneas traced the mournful scenes of Fate,
In his Troy's ruin and his wandering state:
And, having led his labors to their close,
Here ceased his speech at length, and sought repose. 939

THE
ÆNEIS.



BOOK IV.

Argument.

DIDO, now deeply in love with Æneas, discloses her passion to her sister, Anna, by whom she is encouraged in its indulgence. Its progress and effects are described; until, by the management of Juno, it is consummated in an irregular, and doubtful marriage. The conduct of the queen, divulged to the world by Fame (who is here nobly personified) exasperates Iarbas, (a king of Libya and one of her rejected suitors,) and, moved by his prayer, Jupiter sends Mercury to order Æneas from Carthage. Obedient to the mandate, he prepares secretly for his departure: but, his design being discovered by the queen, an interview ensues between them; when, in consequence of his avowing and adhering to his purpose, she is overpowered by her feelings, and borne fainting to her chamber. The preparations for his voyage being continued, she again, by the agency of her sister, endeavours to divert him from his project: but, finding him inflexible and being terrified also by many prodigies, she finally resolves upon death. To deceive her sister, she pretends to have recourse to magic rites; and directs a pile to be constructed, on which the nuptial couch and every memorial of Æneas are to be consumed. During the deep repose of the night, she gives vent to the agonies of her mind in a speech of mingled passion, and of much self-condemnation. Æneas, in the meanwhile, as he is asleep on board his vessel, is roused by Mercury, and immediately proceeds to sea. Observing in the morning that he had departed, the queen breaks into passionate ravings; and devotes her faithless lover with the most fearful imprecations. In the absence of her sister, she mounts the pile and stabs herself with a sword, given to her by Æneas. To shorten her dying agonies, Iris, commissioned by Juno, severs the fatal lock, which is consecrated to Proserpine, and thus dismisses her to death.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

BUT now the wounded queen in every vein
Feels the soft fire, and thrills with secret pain.
The chief's high valor and high race from Jove
Press on her thought with power that wakens love.
His looks, his words live settled in her breast ;
And throbbing cares withhold her limbs from rest.

3

When now the morn, in orient light array'd,
Had chased the dewy night's incumbent shade :
Scarce knowing what she said, the royal fair
Thus to her much-loved sister breathed her care :
"Anna! my sister! ah! what dreams affright
My trembling spirits, and disturb the night?
What wondrous man is this—our stranger guest!
In form a hero, with a hero's breast!
Sprung from the gods, Fame truly speaks his birth :
For fear still taints the common sons of earth.

10

15

What wars' exhausted rage his lips relate!
How nobly has he fought with hostile fate!
If the fix'd purpose of my soul could move;
If now my thought could bend to wedded love; 20
If, its first passion wrong'd by death's divorce,
My heart could feel desire's recurring force,
Not sick and shrinking from the nuptial bed,—
To this one fault its weakness might be led.
For, Anna! I will own, since Heaven decreed 25
Sychæus by his brother's steel should bleed,
This man alone could urge my faltering will;
And wake my former flame to warm me still.
But earth ingulf me, or the hand of Jove
Strike me with thunder from the realms above, 30
Deep—deep in darkness with the shades to lie,
Ere I will break thy laws, fair Chastity!
He who first had my love, shall ever have
That faithful love, the solace of his grave.”

She spoke; and on her sister's bosom shed 35
The bursting tear, whilst Anna fondly said:
“O dear to me beyond the light of heaven!
Shall all thy youth to fruitless grief be given?
Denied to taste the sweets that love bestows;
And feel the joys a mother only knows? 40
Think'st thou that deeds of ours can touch the dead?
Or jealous cares infest the buried head?

What though the sons of Libya, or of Tyre
Have fail'd to wake thy sense to fond desire :
What though Iärbas justly met thy scorn ; 45
And the dark chiefs in martial Afric born :
Wilt thou to love more grateful not relent ;
Blind to the state, that presses thy consent ?
Ah ! think thee where thine infant city stands :
Gætulia here arrays her warlike bands ; 50
And here the unrein'd Numidian scours the lands :
While, from a lifeless region scorch'd and bare,
Barcæan fury spreads in terror there.
Why should I name thy brother's threatening rage ;
All Tyre in arms, and ready to engage ? 55
Sure to our ports the fleet of Troy was driven
By favoring Juno with the breath of heaven.
From spousals bless'd as these, to glad thine eyes,
How proudly would thy state in grandeur rise !
Enforced with Trojan arms, our Punic power 60
In glory o'er the subject earth would tower.
Propitiate then the gods ; implore their leave ;
Spread the gay banquet, and the hours deceive.
Pretend delays : now winter's rage deforms
Old Ocean's face ; and now, involved in storms, 65
Orion hovers o'er the inclement air ;
And now the shatter'd navy claims repair."

With words like these she fed her sister's flame;
Resolved her doubts, and chased her lingering shame.

First, they frequent the fanes, and peace implore 70
From the bless'd gods, with prayer and holy gore.

To Ceres, Phœbus, and the god of wine,
They slay the chosen sheep with rites divine.

But chiefly Juno, that imperial power
Who holds her influence o'er the nuptial bower, 75

Their vows address: to her, the beauteous queen,
With lifted eyes and supplicating mien,

As her fair hands the sacred goblet hold,
On the white heifer's forehead drains the gold.

Before the gods with copious slaughter fed, 80
And the crown'd shrines, she walks with solemn tread:

Restores the day with victims, and inquires
In the quick entrails ere the beast expires.

Ah, blind to fate the seers! can shrines or prayers
Relieve her phrensied mind, or calm her cares? 85

An eating flame through all her vitals steals;
And, deep within, the living wound she feels.

She burns,—and through the city's crowded ways,
Wrapp'd in lone thought, with wildering step she strays.

Like the struck deer, in Cretan forests found, 90
Who feels the unconscious shepherd's flying wound.—

She scours the plain; she struggles through the wood;
But the fix'd arrow still exhausts her blood.

Now Dido leads Æneas to behold
Her streets, and walls, and stores of Tyrian gold; 95
And oft her tender purpose tries to speak :
But on her faltering lips the imperfect accents break.
Again the feast she seeks, as day retires ;
Again the hero's storied deeds requires :
Hangs on his speech again with breathless joy ; 100
And drinks with raptured ears the woes of Troy.
When all depart ; and now the dimmer moon,
And westering stars have pass'd night's heavy noon,
And urge to slumber—sorrowing and alone
She treads the desert floors, and heaves the groan. 105
Flung on the vacant couch he lately press'd,
Absent she sees and hears her absent guest :
Or in the son, to cheat her love-sick pains,
The father's image to her bosom strains.
Dead are her public cares : her youth repose, 110
Untrain'd to arms : the tower no longer grows :
The ports lie open ; walls forget to rise : [skies.
Check'd are the bulwark's threats, and cease to climb the
When thus submitted to the raging pest,
With fame and duty humbled in her breast, 115
The regal fair she saw, the wife of Jove
Approach'd, and thus address'd the Queen of love :
“ Proud is the boast of Venus and her son !
Rare praise, rich trophies has your prowess won !

Worthy of hands divine the glorious feat, 120
One woman conquer'd by two gods' deceit!
Your ends I know: ye fear'd my rising state;
And envied Carthage her imperial fate.
But, Goddess! shall our warfare never cease?
May not these nuptials seal our lasting peace? 125
Yours is the palm: fulfill'd your whole desire,
Dido consumes a victim in your fire.
Here let us then preside with equal sway:
Let the fond queen her Phrygian lord obey;
And, while with me the sceptre you enjoy, 130
Dower with her Tyrian realms your sons of Troy."
To her (for she perceived the deep intent,
Italia's fate of empire to prevent,
And plant the glorious throne on Libya's land)
Venus replied: "Twere madness to withstand 135
Your proffer'd grace, and idly to prefer
With heaven's high queen an everlasting war:
If Fortune haply smile upon our deed—
But lost I wander as the Fates may lead;
And wrapp'd in night their counsel. If the Sire 140
Of gods permit that Troy should blend with Tyre,
'The people grow incorporate and one;—
If such the will of Jove—that will be done.
His consort thou, 'tis thine to move his mind:
Proceed! my aid shall wait submiss behind." 145

“That care,” said regal Juno, “shall be mine.
Now learn the means to compass our design.
Soon as to-morrow’s sun shall wake the dawn,
And light the sparkle of the dew-dropp’d lawn,
Æneas and the enamour’d queen prepare 150
Their train to storm the shaggy silvan’s lair.
Then, as the encircled copse their toils confine,
And the red plumage trembles on the line,
With mingled tempest, o’er their heads my power
Shall roll the thunder and hurl down the shower: 155
And, when their comrades fly, one cave shall hide
The Trojan leader and his Tyrian bride.
I will be there; and, of your aid secure,
Will join the pair and make their union sure:
Their nuptial this.” Assenting Venus smiled, 160
Well-pleased to see the fraudulent Power beguiled.

Aurora now rose blushing from the main:
With the first beam, the youth’s assembled train
Rush from the city; and in order stand
With nets and hunting spears, a chosen band. 165
Massylian horsemen pour in troops around;
And dogs, fine-nosed, that trace the tainted ground.
The Punic princes, at the palace gate,
Their sovereign, lingering in her chamber, wait:
Whilst her fierce steed, in gold and purple gay, 170
Foams on the bit and chafes at the delay.

At length she issues with majestic mien ;
And a rich menial crowd surround their queen.
A cloak of Tyrian dye, whose border shone
With pictured flowers, was o'er her shoulders thrown. 175
Check'd by a golden knot her tresses swell'd :
A golden clasp her robe of purple held :
Her quiver flames with gold. Iulus leads
The youth of Troy, and to the field succeeds.
Then great Æneas joins the train, confess'd 180
In manly beauty bright above the rest :
Like Phœbus, when the god in heavenly pride
Leaves wintry Lycia and cold Xanthus' side,
To cheer his Delos with revived delights ;
The song, and dance, and pomp of holy rites. 185
In choral symphonies, around his shrine,
Thessalians, Cretes, and painted Scythians join.
He walks on Cynthus, and his shafts resound :
With gold and bays his radiant locks are bound.
Æneas moved in equal pride of grace : 190
Such was his godlike port, and such his beaming face.

When to the mountains' lofty tract they came,
Rugged and wild, the nurse of savage game ;
Here, roused and trembling, from his rocky lair
The wild goat rushes down the steep ; and there 195
From the high hills, precipitate with fear,
Bound o'er the dusty plains the herded deer.

The boy Ascanius, on a fiery steed,
Now these now those surpasses in his speed;
And hopes, descending as a nobler prey, 200
The lion or the boar may cross his way.

Meanwhile with vollied storm the heavens are rent;
And hail and rain rush down with fierce descent:
The mountains stream. The youth of Tyre and Troy
Seek diverse refuge, with the princely boy. 205
One cave receives, beneath its rocky screen,
The Trojan leader and the Tyrian queen.
Earth first and conscious Juno gave the sign:
Through the dun gloom disastrous flashes shine:
Groans the struck air, as prescient of the event; 210
And on their howling hills the Nymphs lament.
Parent of ill, that day was doom'd by Fate;
And death and anguish on its issues wait.
Now pride and matron honor feeble prove
To check the queen, who glories in her love: 215
Calls it a spousal; and with wedlock's name
Hallows the pleasure, and adorns the shame.

But Fame, alarm'd, o'er Libya's cities flies:
Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies:
Who gathers speed from every passing hour; 220
Grows as she moves, and travels into power.
Timid and small at first, at length she shrouds,
While treading on the ground, her forehead in the clouds.

Offended at the gods, great parent Earth,
'Tis said, in vengeance gave the monster birth, 225
Of all her giant family the last;
A swift-wing'd portent, foul, deform'd, and vast.
Beneath each numerous plume, that lifts her flight,
An active eye extends her scope of sight.
As many ears, and mouths, and tongues she moves, 230
To catch and spread the rumors as she roves.
Midway 'twixt heaven and earth, through night she flies
Clanging, nor bathes in dewy sleep her eyes.
By day she keeps on watch, and takes her stand
On some high roof or tower of wide command; 235
And thence, alike for truth or falsehood loud,
She shakes the city and distracts the crowd.
Now, pleased with ill, of things not done or done,
Her eager whispers through the nations run:
Spread, that, from Troy derived, Æneas shares 240
The beauteous Dido's bed and regal cares:
That the fond lovers, plunged in loose delights,
Prolong with luxury the winter nights;
Careless of honor or the public weal.
These tales she scatters; and the people feel. 245
Straight to Iarbas she directs her course;
Fires his proud mind, and gives his fury force.
A ravish'd nymph, of Garamantian race,
Produced this son from Ammon's strong embrace.

He, through his spacious regions, to his sire 250
A hundred altars heap'd with deathless fire :
Eternal vigils to the gods ordain'd :
Their hallow'd fanes with ceaseless victims stain'd :
Still fed with holy blood the fatten'd ground ;
And the rich shrines with flowery chaplets crown'd. 255
Now impotent of mind, to madness driven,
Prostrate before the Majesty of heaven,
He pour'd, with hands supine and suppliant air,
The fiery torrent of his soul in prayer :
" Almighty Jove ! for whom, with zeal divine, 260
We spread the sacred feast and spill the wine ;
Behold'st thou this ? or do we vainly fear,
When thunders roll, thine angry godhead near ?
Is it by senseless fires o'erawed we stand ?
And feels the tempest no superior hand ? 265
A wave-toss'd woman, with an exiled host,
Built a small city on our purchased coast.
We gave the law,—the soil, she till'd for bread :—
She scorns us now, and spurns our proffer'd bed :
Takes, as her lord, Æners to her arms ; 270
And the gay spoiler triumphs in her charms.
This essenced Paris with his demi-men,
His Phrygian mitre tied to prop his chin,
Enjoys our rights :—while we with idle flame
Incense thy fane, and worship but a name." 275

Him, as he thus his fervent prayer preferr'd,
And grasp'd the holy shrine, the Almighty heard.
Then, as he turn'd to Carthage and survey'd
The regal pair by love's deceits betray'd,
With each high thought extinguish'd in the breast, 280
He gave to Mercury his dread behest :
" Go! fly, my Son! invoke the winds to bear
Thy fleetest pinion through the deeps of air.
Add all thy soul, and shoot upon the wing
To speed our mandate to the Dardan king : 285
Who now, regardless of his mighty fates,
In Tyrian Carthage indolently waits.
Not this the promise of his mother's word,
When twice she snatch'd him from the Grecian sword.
Her promise was a chief, whose awful sway 290
Italia, big with empire, should obey ;
A hero, worthy of his lofty birth,
Whose laws should triumph o'er the subject earth.
If for himself he scorn the proffer'd prize,
At glory looking with unkindled eyes, 295
Has he a father's heart? and can he doom
His loved Ascanius to the loss of Rome?
What means he? with what hope can he remain
On hostile shores, and spurn his Latian reign?
No! let him sail, to our high will resign'd. 300
"Tis thus resolved: and thou declare our mind."

So spake the Sire ; and, zealous to obey,
The filial Power assumes his full array :
Binds to his heels the wings, that bear his course
O'er land or ocean with the whirlwind's force : 305
Then takes the wand, with whose supreme controul
He drives from day or back recalls the soul :
Lord of the brain, bids slumber come or fly ;
And vindicates from death the rigid eye.
Thus arm'd and thus attired, he proudly sails, 310
Mid the dark clouds, careering on the gales :
Till in his flight he sees great Atlas rise ;
Who glories in the might that bears the skies :
Gigantic Atlas, on whose piny brow
Beat ceaseless storms, and gathering winters grow. 315
Snows veil his shoulders : from his chin descends
The rush of floods : in ice his beard depends.
Here pausing first, Cyllenius weighs his wings :
Hence to the sea precipitous he flings :
And, like the bird that hovers round the shores, 320
Just skims the billows and the rocks explores,
Bound from the land which gave his mother birth,
He steers his wing between the skies and earth.
Soon as his feather'd feet attain the ground,
Where scatter'd cots the new-built city bound, 325
He sees Æneas earnestly intent
To found the street, and rear the battlement.

Starr'd with bright jasper, by the chieftain's side
A falchion hung in military pride.
In gorgeous drapery o'er his shoulders flow'd 330
A mantle, that with Tyrian scarlet glow'd;
Where gold, inwrought, with gay embroidery strove;
The work of Dido, and the gift of love.
To whom the god; "O fond, uxorious Man!
And canst thou thus for haughty Carthage plan? 335
Construct her powers of war, adorn her town;
Friend to her state, and traitor to thy own?
The Sire of gods himself, whose awful hand
Wields the vast fabric of the skies and land,
Has sent me from the Olympian throne to bear 340
His sovereign mandate through the abyss of air.
What are thy projects? wherefore this delay
On Libya's land? what hopes avouch thy stay?
If for thyself, not daring to be great,
Thou spurn the glorious promises of Fate, 345
Respect Ascanius! nor defraud his claim
Of Latium's empire, and the Roman name."
He spoke; and, fading into air, his flight
Escaped the gross pursuit of mortal sight.
But fix'd in holy awe Æneas stood: 350
Fear raised his bristling hair, and thrill'd his blood,
And bound his struggling tongue: confirm'd to break
The spell of love and love's sweet land forsake,

He burns for flight, incited from above,
And order'd by the delegate of Jove. 353
But ah the queen!—ah! how shall he declare
His dreadful purpose to the frantic fair?
What words of melting sweetness shall he find
To soften her assent and soothe her mind?
This way and that his laboring thought revolves; 360
Forms plans and changes;—falters and resolves.
At length, his counsels to his chiefs he gave,
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave:
Bade them instruct their comrades to repair
In silence to the shore; and, waiting there, 365
Refit the navy, and their arms prepare:
Charged them for these new orders to pretend
Some cause of specious hue to veil their end:
While to the bounteous queen, who dreams secure
That loves like theirs unbroken shall endure, 370
Himself the alarming secret would impart
In some nice moment of the yielding heart,
When open all its soft accesses lay.—
They hear with joy, and hasten to obey.

But Dido soon (for what disguise can cheat 375
A lover's eyes?) perceived the plann'd deceit.
Trembling when safe, of shadowy ills afraid,
She saw their projects ere by Fame betray'd.
But soon that cruel pest assured her ear,
The fleet was arming, its departure near. 380

Struck and aghast, with passions all on flame,
Wild through the city ran the infuriate dame :
Wild as the Bacchant in the enthusiast hour,
When pealing cries announce the rushing Power,
The fierce triennial inroad of the god ; 385
And every bosom feels his maddening rod.
Deep howls resound ; and, with insane delight,
Cithæron bellows and alarms the night.
At last, by love and rage at once possess'd,
She sought the Dardan prince, and thus address'd : 390
“ And could'st thou hope, perfidious ! to conceal
Thy guilt ; and from my realms in silence steal ?
Will not my plighted hand, my doting love ;
Or Dido, dying by thy treason, move ?
And canst thou too, most cruel ! think to sail, 395
When wintry signs exasperate the gale ?
What ? if not wandering now to lands unknown ;
Thy Troy still glorying in her old renown ;
Would'st thou for Troy the wrath of Neptune brave ?
To Troy steer madly through the stormy wave ? 400
Me would'st thou fly ?—by all my wrecks of power,
The hand thou gavest me, and the tears I shower ;
By our young nuptials ; our enraptured nights ;
By Hymen, left to mourn his fruitless rites ;
By all my love has given,—if aught it gave 405
Were ever sweet,—ah ! pity, yield, and save.

If prayer may yet subdue thy stern intent,
In mercy to my falling realm relent.
For thee I have enraged each Libyan state ;
Inflamed their monarchs' and my brother's hate : 410
For thee, alas! abjured my former fame,
That raised to heaven the glories of my name.
To whom wilt thou resign me, ere I rest
In the cold tomb, my consort?—no—my guest!
This title still remains, the sonder gone. 415
But wherefore should I wait, till on my town
Pygmalion rushes with the flames of war ;
Or fierce Iärbas chains me to his car?
O! that at least, before thy cruel flight,
Some offspring might confess our past delight! 420
Some young Æneas, playful in my hall,
With kindred lineaments thy charms recall!
In him thou would'st survive; and I should be
Not lost entire, or wholly rest of thee."

Thus she: by Jove constrain'd, his eyes he held 425
Unmoved, and his love-faltering heart compell'd:
Then briefly spoke at last: "O Queen! most true,
All you can claim of merit is your due;
And while the memory of self remains,
While life's warm spirit quickens in my veins, 430
Still shall your worth be treasured in my breast;
And still Elissa's virtues be confess'd.

To all beside I painfully reply.
Mistake not that I hoped by stealth to fly :
I ne'er pretended to a husband's claim ; 435
Not such our union, or its rights the same.
If, to myself resign'd, I yet were free,
My act unfetter'd by the Fates' decree ;
First the dear relics of my natal land
Should feel my care, and Troy reviving stand ; 440
The vanquish'd triumph in their alter'd state ;
And Priam's palace once again be great.
But, from his Lycian and Grynean shrine,
Apollo's voice ordains Italia mine :
To great Italia bids me waft my care. 445
My country that—my patriot love is there.
If on this Libyan coast, though sprung from Tyre,
You see well-pleased your Punic towers aspire :
Why may not we enjoy the Ausonian land ;
And build dominion on a foreign strand ? 450
Oft as o'er earth the humid veil of night
Is drawn, and heaven with living fires is bright ;
Anchises' angry shade, forewarning harm,
Invades my dream and chills me with alarm.
Me, too, my loved and wrong'd Ascanius blames : 455
Withheld by me, Hesperia's crown he claims ;
His by the Fates : and now, to make me just,
Jove sends his herald to enforce my trust—

Hermes himself—I both the gods attest!
My eyes the Power, array'd in light, confess'd.
Even here he stood: his accents, as he spoke,
On my struck ear with deep impression broke.
Cease then! and wound your heart and mine no more.
Constrain'd by Heaven, I seek Italia's shore."

She, ere he finish'd, with averted view
Now here, now there her fiery glances threw:
Then fix'd, she eyed him o'er with stern survey—
At length the torrent passion burst its way:
"Traitor! thou falsely speak'st thy race divine:
Sprung from no goddess, of no hero's line!
Thee Caucasus begot of stony brood!
Hyrceanian tigers suckled thee with blood!
For why should I dissemble? why prolong
The courtesy of speech for greater wrong?
Touch'd with my love, did once his eyes incline?
Heaved he one sigh, or dropp'd one tear with mine?
Of which dire ill shall I complain the first?
Which wrong upbraid, as sharpest and the worst?
My wrongs—now now injustice reigns above,
Great Juno heeds not, or Saturnian Jove.
No where is faith!—Wreck'd, indigent, undone,
The man I raised—placed madly on my throne:
Drew to my ports his fleet, dispersed and lost;
Rescued from death his famine-smitten host.

But now—ah, me! the Furies fire my brain! 485
Now speaks Apollo—now the Lycian fane!
Now Jove's own herald, through the ærial way,
Bears the great Father's mandate—to betray!
Such cares, forsooth, the realms above infest;
And break the tenor of celestial rest! 490
Go! I detain thee not,—thy pleas are good!
Go! and through storms be Italy pursued!
Go! o'er the billows seek thy promised realm!
But oh! may storms disperse, and billows whelm!
May'st thou on rocks, if any righteous Power 495
Vouchsafe to hear me, meet thy fatal hour!
Then may'st thou often call, in penal pain,
On Dido's name:—nor shalt thou call in vain:
Wrapp'd in black fires, my spirit shall be there,
To drink thy groans, and mock at thy despair. 500
Yes, wretch! when death has burst my mortal tie,
In all thy walks my spectre shall be nigh.
Much shalt thou feel; and, in the world of night,
Thy rumor'd woes shall give my shade delight."

Abruptly here she ceased, o'erpower'd and weak; 505
And as he falter'd much—much wish'd to speak,
Preventing his reply, she turn'd away;
Broke from his sight, and hid herself from day.
Her maidens' arms receive the fainting fair;
And softly to the regal chamber bear. 510

But, anxious as he was to soothe her woes,
And pour the balm which might induce repose ;
Though inly rack'd by love and fiercely pain'd,
His mind unchanged the pious prince maintain'd :
And, resolute Heaven's purpose to complete, 515
Heaved the thick frequent sigh, and sought his fleet.
Then, bending to their toils, the Trojan train
Draw from the beach their navy to the main.
The well-tarr'd vessel floats : while some explore
The woods, and shape the branch into an oar. 520
Warm'd with one soul and eager each to fly,
They rush abroad and all their powers apply.
Now might you see them crowd the public way ;
Like ants when, mindful of the wintry day,
To store their granaries with plunder'd grain, 525
They march in black battalion o'er the plain ;
And, where their pioneers have clear'd a pass,
Convey their pillage through the channell'd grass.
Some, shouldering, push the ponderous spoils along :
Some punish idlers : some arrange the throng. 530
Order and spirit all the host inform ;
And the full path with fervid life is warm.

When from a lofty tower thine eyes survey'd
The port in tumult, and the shore array'd,
O Dido ! wounded by the afflictive scene, 535
How rending were thy groans ! thy pangs how keen !

Despotic Love ! to what canst thou compel
The vassal heart ? Again to tears she fell :
Resolved once more the force of prayer to prove ;
And stoop again her lofty soul to love : 540
Lest, any means before she died unsought,
The mortal stroke might yet be struck for nought.
“ Anna ! ” she cried, “ ah ! see how yonder bands
Run, gather, quicken on the swarming sands.
The canvas floats soliciting the wind : 545
The prows with wreaths the joyous seamen bind.
Well might my prudence have foreseen the blow ;
And haply taught me to support my woe.
But, Anna ! pity me ; and, generous still,
Thy wretched sister’s last desire fulfil. 550
To thee this false-one has been ever kind :
To thee has oft unlock’d his secret mind :
Thou best the passes to his heart canst find.
Go, then, my Sister ! as my suppliant go !
Kneel, and for me implore this haughty foe. 555
I did not swear at Aulis to destroy,
With the leagued Greeks, his heaven-defended Troy.
To theirs my navy no assistance gave :
Nor have I rifled his Anchises’ grave.
Why are his ears then barr’d against my prayer ? 560
Why flies he thus, to throw me to despair ?
This let him yet indulge, by pity moved.
To one who fondly loves,—whom once he loved :

Let him but wait till he can safely fly ;
Till winds blow gently from a softer sky. 565
The nuptials he betrays I plead no more :
Free let him seek his realm on Latium's shore.
Time now is all I ask,—a pause of fate,
To teach my mind submission to my state.
This is my last request ; and thou attend 570
My latest wish, and be to death my friend.
Then shall thy faithful love within my heart
Grow while I live, and but with life depart.”
Such was her suit ; and such, with tender pain,
Her weeping sister bears, and bears again. 575
But neither prayers nor tears his purpose move ;
Their touching power withstood by Fate and Jove.
Closed are his ears by Heaven's obstructing hands ;
And fix'd in hardness, not his own, he stands.
As when, conspiring with confederate stroke, 580
The mountain winds assault the monarch oak :
In whose strong trunk's majestic size appears
The gather'd grandeur of a thousand years.
Now here, now there, the assiduous blasts resound :
The shatter'd branches strew with leaves the ground. 585
The tree, itself entire, sustains the shock ;
Towers mid the storm, and firmly grasps the rock.
As high as, scaling heaven, its summits rise,
So low descends its root to meet the nether skies.

Thus with assailing prayers the chief is press'd; 590
And here and there the conflict storms his breast.
His mind erect, though conscious of her pain,
Holds her firm will, and tears are pour'd in vain.
Now all subdued and by her fates appall'd,
Anxious, on death unhappy Dido call'd. 595
The beams of heaven fatigue her sicken'd sight;
And portents crowd to scare her from the light.
As she frequents with gifts the hallow'd shrine,
And pours libations of nectareous wine,
Dire to relate! upon the sacred floor 600
The wine falls blackening, and corrupts to gore.
This prodigy to none her lips impart;
Withheld even from the sister of her heart.
Within the space her regal walls inclose,
To her first love a fane of marble rose: 605
Which still she dress'd, in fond devotion's hours,
With snowy fleeces and with festal flowers.
Here now, when earth reposed in night's embrace,
Small thrilling accents whisper through the place.
The dead are there; and, with no mortal tone, 610
Her conscious husband claims her for his own:
Whilst, lonely on the roof, night's bird prolongs
The notes of woe, and shrieks funereal songs.
Predictions too, from ancient prophets brought,
Strike with dread warning on her startled thought. 615

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In dreams, now fierce Æneas, wrapt in gloom,
Impels her phrensy and provokes her doom :
Now, solitary, wandering, weary, slow,
She seems o'er long and trackless wastes to go :
To seek, abandon'd and a queen no more, 620
Her Tyrian comrades on a desert shore.
Mad as wild Pentheus, when his rolling eyes
Saw from the deep infernal legions rise ;
And, by distraction's lawless power compell'd,
A twofold sun and double Thebes beheld. 625
Or mind-struck like Orestes on the stage,
When pale with fright he shuns his mother's rage ;
While, pressing on his steps, she shakes her hands,
Arm'd with black serpents and Tartarean brands.
Aghast he flies ; but at the guarded gate 630
The avenging terrors of the Furies wait.
When thus with phrensy fired, o'erpower'd by woe,
Her mind was bent on death's relieving blow ;
Long with herself she weighs the time and means :
Then with pretended hope her brow serenest : 635
Hides with a smile the pangs that inly tear ;
And thus deceives her sorrowing sister's care :
" Anna ! the way is found (rejoice with me !)
To bind my lover, or to set me free.
Near ocean's limit where the sun descends, 640
Beyond where utmost Æthiopia tends ;

Where Atlas in majestic state aspires,
And props the pole inlaid with starry fires,
There spreads a region ; whence, to visit mine,
Now comes the priestess of the Hesperian shrine : 645
Who kept the trees that bend with growing gold ;
Who fed the dragon ; and his rage controll'd,
Sprinkling the ground with medicated power,
Honey's soft dew and poppy's drowsy flower.
Her have I found : her charms, as she declares, 650
At will can free or crush the mind with cares :
Can chain the torrent in its headlong force ;
Or hurl the planets backward in their course.
Her voice can rouse the Manes, waken death :
She calls ;—and you may see, above, beneath, 655
Nature in strong alarm ; while oaks forsake
Their hills, and earth's deep hellowing caverns shake.
Ah ! I attest the gods and thee, dear Maid !
Driven by my fates, I fly to magic's aid.
Do thou construct a pile, with secret care, 660
Within my courts and full exposed to air.
With all those arms, he left, adorn its head,
And all the traitor's gifts ; and there be spread,
My cause of ruin, the connubial bed.
For, justly to fulfil the mystic' plan, 665
Must flame each relic of this impious man."

She said ; and sudden paleness quench'd her cheeks :
But Anna knows not what the paleness speaks :

Unweigh'd the madness of her sister's mind,
Suspects not death in these new rites design'd; 670
And hastens to obey, without the dread
Of ills more dire than when Sychæus bled.

And now, with cloven ash and pine built high,
In the court's inner space, beneath the sky,
The pyre of fate, as gloomily it stands, 675
The queen, encircling, wreathes with flowery bands;
And, thoughtful of the event her soul decreed,
Crowns it with leaves devoted to the dead;
And places all the relics on its head.
There plants the sword, the conscious bed displays; 680
And on the bed the hero's image lays.

Altars are raised around: the priestess there,
With raving act and wildly streaming hair,
Thundering, thrice summons from their dread abodes
Orcus and Chaos, and the hundred gods, 685
And threefold Hecate,—Diana trine,
In hell, on earth, in heaven of power divine:
Strews drops, pretended from the Avernian well;
And herbs, whose veins with dusky poisons swell;
Fed with black dews from night's disastrous noon, 690
With brazen sickles reap'd beneath the moon;
And then, to give the maddening power to move,
Robs the foal's forehead of its mother's love.

The queen before the solemn altars bends :
The salted cakes her pious hand extends. 695
One foot was bare, and zoneless was her vest :
Her dying lips the gods and stars attest :
The stars and gods that, conscious of her state,
Look'd idly on, nor would avert her fate :
And if there be upon the thrones above 700
Some Powers, who visit for the wrongs of love ;
To these, whose pity woes like hers can feel,
Her prayers for justice and revenge appeal.
'Twas night ; and slumber's soft and balmy hand
Threw healing influence o'er the weary land. 705
The woods repose : the lull'd waves murmur low :
In their mid course the stars serenely glow :
Hush'd are the fields : the tenants of the brake,
'The mead, the forest, and the limpid lake,
Beasts and gay-cinctured birds, in sleep's delight 710
Forget their labors, and enjoy the night.
Not so the unhappy queen : with transient rest
Night cannot seal her eyes, or calm her breast.
Contending cares distract her : love returns
To war with anger, and the conflict burns. 715
"What shall I do ? ah ! what is now the part,
My fortunes prompt ?" she questions thus her heart :
"Shall I my former suitors try to move ?
Beg, where I would not give, the boon of love ?

Court Libyan nuptials with submitting pride ? 720
And, scorning oft, now sue—and be denied ?
Or shall I go, and seek the Trojan bands,
A suppliant, crouching for their last commands ?
Yes!—truly, those I succour'd will be kind !
Already have they shown their grateful mind ! 725
But, grant my soul could stoop thus meanly low,
Would their proud ships receive me as I bow ?
Ah wretch ! yet know'st thou not that falsehood runs,
From false Laomedon, through all his sons ?
Then—shall I singly go, prepared to meet 730
The taunts and pity of the shouting fleet ?
Or shall I bring my Tyre to swell their train ;
A second host of exiles on the main ?
And, whom from Sidon's shores I hardly drew,
Throw to the perils of the sea anew ? 735
No! die, fond wretch!—to die is thy desert :
The sword must still the throbbings of thy heart.
From thee, my sister!—thee derived my woe :
Moved by my tears, thou gavest me to the foe.
Ah ! wherefore was I not allow'd to prove 740
The life of nature, free from nuptial love,
And far from cares like these ? I suffer now
For wrong'd Sychæus, and my broken vow.”
While thus her bursting sorrows found their way,
Æneas in his ship securely lay, 745

Prepared to sail and certain now of flight :
When lo ! the god, once more reveal'd in light,
Flash'd sudden on his dream, and to his ear
Address'd this warning, and alarm'd his fear :
(In all like Mercury the vision came : 750
His voice, his air, his roseate youth the same :)
" And sleep'st thou, Goddess-born ! thus urged by Fate ;
Blind to the dangers that around thee wait ?
Mad as thou art ! nor hear'st the western gales,
That breathe auspicious and provoke thy sails ? 755
Toss'd by wild passions, and on death intent,
Her breast now labors with some dire event.
And wilt thou not, when fraud or force is nigh,
Fly hence, while yet it is indulged to fly ?
Soon shalt thou see the waves convulsed with oars, 760
And bright with hostile fires the seas and shores,
If morn surprise thee here. Haste ! hence ! away !
Burst from the land, for death is in delay.
Woman is various, mutable, and light.
Beware !" He spoke, and mingled with the night. 765
Æneas, startled by the god's alarm,
Springs from his sleep, and calls his host to arm.
" Wake ! rouse, my Men ! be vigilant ! extend
The strenuous oar, and all your canvas bend !
The god again, descending from the sky, 770
Chides our delay and stimulates to fly,

Bless'd Power! again we hear thee, and obey;
And gladly follow as thou lead'st the way.
Whoe'er thou art of all the thrones divine,
Be present still! and still, as now, benign! 775
With stars propitious guide us o'er the seas!
Breathe favoring winds, and all the fierce appease!"

Instant he drew his sword, and with a stroke
The steel through the retaining cable broke.
The leader's soul shot ardent through the host. 780
They rush—they seize their oars, and leave the coast.
The vessels hide the main: the seamen sweep,
With strength united, o'er the foamy deep.

Now, rising from Tithonus' saffron bed,
Her earliest rays o'er earth Aurora spread. 785
When, from her watch-tower, with the dawning light
The queen beheld the sails arranged in flight;
Remark'd the mournful silence of the shore,
And the lone port, that stirr'd with life no more,
She rent her golden hair,—her beauteous breast 790
Madly she struck, and thus her soul express'd:—
“Great God! and shall he?—shall this stranger brave
My baffled power, and safely ride the wave?
Rush not my troops? pours not my town its swarms
To launch my navy, and pursue with arms? 795
Haste! scatter fires! spread all your sails, and row,
'To bear my vengeance headlong on the foe!

What do I say? where am I? in my brain
Distraction wanders, and the Furies reign.
This had been well, when yet thou could'st command;
Ere, fool! thou gavest the sceptre from thy hand. 801
Behold his faith, who bore his aged sire!
His piety, who saved his gods through fire!
Could I not tear, and scatter on the main
His mangled limbs? not slaughter all his train? 805
Ascanius too? and place, with horrid joy,
Even on the father's board the sever'd boy?
But doubtful still had been the event of arms:
Well! the secure of death had mock'd alarms.
Yes!—I had fill'd his decks with bursting flame: 810
Destroy'd the sire, the son, the race—the name:
Then thrown myself upon the pile of death;
And, pleased with vengeance, smiled away my breath.
Thou Sun, whose eye of fire sees all below!
Thou, nuptial Juno, conscious of my woe! 815
Thou, Hecate, severe, nocturnal Power,
Invoked with howlings in the midnight hour!
Ye, Furies of revenge! ye Gods, who wait
On Dido's death, the ministers of Fate!
Attend! your righteous deities incline 820
To wrongs so deep, and prayers so just as mine!
If this dire man must struggle to the land;
Must gain the port, as Jove and Fate command;

So let it be :—but let him joy no more !
Wreck him, the billow's fugitive, on shore ! 825
Oppress'd by nations of unyielding war,
Torn from Iūlus, from his confines far,
An exile, let him sue for aid in vain ;
And see his comrades strew the ensanguined plain.
And, when at last beneath injurious peace 830
He stoops,—O let not then his labors cease !
Then, cheated of the hopes he bought so dear,
Power's tranquil reign and life's soft fading year,
Oh ! let him fall in gore before his day,
Unburied on the sands, the vulture's prey ! 835
This is my prayer : and, O ye Gods ! make good
These my last words, that issue with my blood !
And you, my Tyrians ! to my Manes just,
Cherish my hatred as a sacred trust !
Pursue to death the whole detested line ! 840
No love, no leagues the hostile people join !
Rise, too, some great avenger from my tomb,
To urge with steel and fire the Dardan's doom !
Now and hereafter, as the strength may grow,
Still let our vengeance strike, our battle glow ! 845
Theirs still our shores, waves, arms opposing face ;
And one vast hate inspirit all our race !"
She spoke ; and anxiously explored the way,
How soonest she might break from hated day.

Then thus to Barce, (who, with tender fears, 850
Had fondly watch'd Sychæus' infant years ;
His honor'd nurse : her own was now no more,
In peace reposing on her native shore :)

“ Haste, Barce ! call my Anna ! bid her bring,
To bathe my limbs, pure waters from the spring : 855
And here the victims of atonement lead :
Thy hand the sacred fillets on my head
Shall bind : to Stygian Jove I now prepare
To' absolve the destined rites, and close my care :
And now the Dardan pyre must flame.” She said : 860
With tottering haste the time-worn dame obey'd.

But wild,—aghast at what her soul decreed ;
Shuddering, yet rushing to the dreadful deed ;
With sanguine eyes that roll, and cheeks that glow
With spots of red, emerging from the snow 865
Shed by approaching death, with frantic haste
The court's interior threshold Dido pass'd.
Then, mounting on the pyre, by fury driven
She drew—ah ! not for this sad purpose given,
The Dardan sword : but, faltering as she view'd 870
On the known bed the Trojan vestments strew'd,
Her soul relented,—into tears she broke ;
And, thrown upon the couch, her last she spoke :
“ Sweet, precious trophies of my happy state,
While Jove was kind, and smiled indulgent Fate ! 875

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While Jove was kind, and smiled indulgent Fate ! 875

Receive my streaming life, and aid the blow
That greatly rids me of incumbent woe.

Yet have I lived!—and lived for noble ends!
My shade in glory to the shades descends.

Rear'd by my care a monarch-city stands : 880

My eyes have seen this triumph of my hands.

My brother, who could bid my consort bleed,

Has felt my vengeance for the direful deed.

Happy!—too happy! had disastrous gales

Not wafted to my shores the Trojan sails!" 885

She paused, and press'd with phrensied lip the bed ;

"And shall I die? and unrevenged?" she said :

"Yes! let me die! thus—thus I plunge in night :

This flame shall reach the cruel Dardan's sight ;

And be the withering omen of his flight." 890

While yet the attendants listen'd as she spoke,

They saw her sink beneath the fatal stroke ;

Beheld the sword with gushing life-blood warm,

Her hands distain'd ;—and all is loud alarm.

The dismal clamor through the court resounds : 895

Then, spreading, rages through the city's bounds.

With female cries and howlings of lament

The streets re-echo, and the skies are rent.

Not less than if, beneath the storming foe,

Carthage . . venerable Tyre should bow : 900

O'er towers and temples roll the tide of fire ;
And a whole people in one blaze expire.

Half dead and horror-struck, the sister caught
The dreadful tidings by the tumult brought.

Raving she beats her breast and tears her cheeks ; 905

And, wildly as the obstructing crowd she breaks,

Calls on the dying: "Could'st thou this intend ?

Ah ! Sister ! could'st thou thus betray thy friend ?

Were then these altars, fires, and pyre design'd

To cheat my feelings and mislead my mind ? 910

Deserted as I am,—undone and lost,

Of what shall I complain the first and most ?

Hast thou then scorn'd me with thy latest breath ?

Denied me e'en the partnership of death ?

Ah ! equal, surely, should have been our doom ; 915

And the same pang have sent us to the tomb.

And did I then this fatal pile prepare,

Invoke my gods with mockery of prayer,

To find thee thus ?—Ah me ! this frantic blow

Has laid thy sister, senate, people, low— 920

Has overturn'd thy state !—Haste ! let me lave

Her gory bosom with the living wave :

If yet she breathe, my lips to hers apply,

And catch the ethereal spirit ere it fly."

Speaking, the summit of the pyre she press'd ; 925

And warm'd her aching sister in her breast :

Groan'd, and with softest hand her robe applied
To dry the black drops trickling down her side.
The expiring queen essays to lift with pain
Her heavy lids, but soon they fall again. 930

Deep in her bosom stream'd the inflicted wound ;
And the torn vessels yield a bubbling sound.
Thrice, on her elbow raised, she heaves her head ;
And, fainting, thrice relapses on the bed :
With wandering vision strives to gain the light ; 935
Finds it at length, and sighs, and loathes the sight.

But heaven's great Empress saw her laboring breath
Detain'd in anguish by suspended death ;
And, pitying, sent fleet Iris from the skies,
To free the soul that struggled with its ties. 940
For, since not Nature's death, or struck for crime
She died, but fell by phrensy ere her time,
Proserpina had yet not shorn her head
Of the due lock, and doom'd her to the dead.
Now therefore, radiant with a thousand dyes 945
Drawn from the sun, the dewy Iris flies ;
And, o'er her head—" This I, as Heaven commands,
To Pluto bear, and loose thy mortal bands ;"
Says, and divides the lock. At once expires
Life's spark ; and into air the unbodied soul retires. 950

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

Argument.

SAILING from Africa to Italy, the Trojan fleet is compelled by adverse winds to return to Sicily, and to the hospitality of Acestes. Here, where his father had died in the preceding year, Æneas celebrates funeral games to his memory. Whilst the Trojan men are engaged in these religious rites, their women, instigated by Iris, the delegate of Juno, set fire to the ships; four of which are consumed, and the rest preserved only by the immediate interposition of Jupiter. Distressed and embarrassed by this disaster, Æneas is advised by Nautes to leave behind the women with the old and the weak, and to prosecute his voyage with the more select only of his forces.—This counsel is confirmed by Anchises; who communicates with his son in a vision, and directs him to seek a conference with him in Elysium, under the guidance of the Sibyl, the inspired priestess at Cumæ. In the execution of his plan, the Trojan chief founds a city, to which, in honor of Acestes, he gives the name of Acesta, (changed in after times to Egesta) and then pursues his destined course to Italy. Under the protection of Neptune, conciliated by Venus, the hero's voyage to Cumæ is prosperously accomplished, Palinurus alone being lost, who perishes as an atoning offering for the Trojan host.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

MEANWHILE, secure from all impeding force,
Through the broad main Æneas held his course :
And, turning where Elissa's walls aspire,
Saw them now ruddy with her funeral fire.
Though yet unknown what lights the mighty blaze, 5
Not unalarm'd the conscious Trojans gaze.
The pangs of love when wounded to despair,
And all a woman's raging soul can dare,
Strike sudden on the thought: pale doubts arise;
And every breast is sadden'd by surmise. 10

Now gain'd the fleet the middle sea, nor more
Could the stretch'd vision reach the distant shore.
Then, when the scene's expanse without a bound
Was nought but skies above and waves around,
A cloud, with tempest fraught, involved the pole; 15
And, wrapp'd in night, the darkling billows roll.

From the high steerage, Palinurus cries,
Alarm'd; "Ah! why this lowering of the skies?"
"And what, great Neptune! is thy dread intent?"
Commanding then each sail to be unbent; 20
And the stout crews to toil with earnest mind,
He sloped the bellying canvas to the wind;
And said, "Great Chief! if Jove himself should please
To promise Italy with skies like these,
I could not hope to reach the wish'd for shore. 25
Athwart our course the winds of evening roar:
The expanded air condenses into storm;
And vain what man's resistance can perform.
Let us then Fortune's mastering power obey;
And change our track as she controlls our way. 30
Not far, if now my memory retain
The stars' bright order on the etherial plain,
Lie kindred Eryx and Sicilia's land;
Prepared to welcome our returning band."
To him Æneas; "What the winds enforce, 35
And how you vainly thwart them in your course,
Already have I seen: then let the sail,
With the turn'd helm, be yielded to the gale.
What land can offer refuge to our fleet,
More friendly to our host, to me more sweet, 40
Than that which holds Acestes, and contains
In her dear lap Anchises' bless'd remains?"

The chief thus speaking, to the port they bend :
The crowding zephyrs every sail distend.
The vessels swiftly through the billows glide ; 45
And soon within the well-known haven ride.

When, wondering, he beheld from Eryx' brow
The friendly ships their course retracing plough,
Acestes meets them, with his hunter's spear,
And shagg'd with fur that once had clothed a bear. 50
He, by his mother, was of Dardan blood ;
The damsel teeming by Crimissus' flood :
And, not unmindful of their kindred race,
He now enfolds them in a friend's embrace.
Then, to relieve their wants, with joy supplies 55
His rustic wealth and simple luxuries.

When the next morning with her shafts of light
Had chased the stars that close the rear of night ;
Æneas summons all his comrade host
To leave their ships, and meet upon the coast. 60
Then on a mound of structured earth he stands ;
And thus addresses his assembled bands.

" Ye high born Dardans, of celestial source !
Now through the signs the year has run its course,
Since in the tomb my sacred sire we laid ; 65
And raised, with tears, our altars to his shade ;
And this the day, which (so you, Gods ! ordain)
I e'er must meet with reverence and with pain.

This day, though doom'd the Libyan wastes to rove,
Or, seised by Greece, Mycenæ's chain to prove, 70
Still would I hallow as the year renew'd ;
Still on his shrine my incense should be strew'd :
And now we stand, by Heaven's high purpose led,
On the kind soil where rests the sacred dead.
Then let us, as the time and place invite, 75
In solemn honors to his shade unite ;
And, piety's full debt absolved, implore
The winds to waft us to our destined shore :
That there in fanes, ascending to his name,
Our annual vows may rise, our altars flame. 80
Two beeves, Acestes, of the race of Troy,
Gives to each ship, the means of festive joy.
Indulge the feast ; and to the genial rite
His and our gods, with equal zeal, invite :
And, if the ninth glad morning shall unfold 85
The world in lustre from a sky of gold,
Then shall the contest for our prize decide
Which Trojan keel most swiftly cuts the tide :
And let the man for speed or strength renown'd :
Or who most truly aims his arrow's wound ; 90
Or who in combat dares the cestus wield,
With joy be present in the listed field.
There let them all their several powers exert ;
And know, the prize shall surely crown desert.

You with your voices favor my design ;
And each his brows with festal branches twine."

95

He spoke ; and, from his mother's myrtle shade,
Circled his temples with a verdant braid.

A myrtle wreath by Helymus is worn ;

And myrtles old Acestes' front adorn.

100

Ascanius and the youth then bind their brows ;

And all are crown'd with Cytherea's boughs.

Straight, with the assembled multitudes around,

The chieftain sought his sire's sepulchral mound.

Here on the soil two spacious bowls, that hold

105

Pure Bacchus sparkling o'er the brim of gold ;

Two of warm milk, and two of blood he pours ;

And strews the hallow'd turf with purple flowers :

Then cries, " All hail ! O sacred Sire ! again

Thy dust I visit ; but my love is vain.

110

Hail ! Spirit of my father ! Fate denied

That thou with me should'st stem the Tuscan tide ;

And gain, if these be not my fancy's dream,

Ausonia's region, and her Tiber's stream."

He ceased ; when from the mound a serpent glides, 115

That on seven radiant volumes proudly rides :

Then softly round the tomb, and round the shrine

Slow fluctuates with insinuating twine.

His back was dropp'd with azure : o'er his scales,

A floating glow of flamy gold prevails.

120

Like the bright bow that, striding o'er the skies,
Throws from the sun opposed a thousand dyes.
Amazed Æneas sees : amid the bowls,
With wavy train, the beauteous wonder rolls.
From them he sips, and from the chargers eats ; 125
And, having tasted all the hallow'd meats,
Harmless to his sepulchral home retreats.
Æneas' zeal the prodigy incites,
With greater fervor, to the sacred rites ;
Doubtful, if this were of celestial grace 130
To tend his sire, or Genius of the place.
Two victim sheep he slays, two bristly swine,
And two black steers : then pours the copious wine,
And on the shade of great Anchises calls ;
And hails the soul that Styx no more enthalls. 135
His comrades also, as their wealth allows,
Each on the shrine his votive gift bestows,
And offers victims ; while the rest prepare,
In caldrons or on spits, the festal fare ;
And stretch'd along the grass the sacred banquet share.
Now came the expected day : by Phœbus borne, 141
Blush'd in the heavens the ninth refulgent morn.
By rumor drawn and by Acestes' name,
The neighb'ring nations throng'd the lists of fame.
Joyous to see the sons of Troy they press'd ; 145
With some prepared the prizes to contest.

In the mid circus, to the view display'd,
The bright rewards of victory were laid.
There, tripods, gorgeous vests, arms, crowns of green,
And silver, piled with glowing gold, are seen. 150
And, then, the games are open'd with the sound
Of the loud trumpet from a central mound.

First, four large ships selected from the fleet,
To prove their swiftness, on the waters meet.
Mnestheus, who soon in Italy must shine, 155
The illustrious founder of the Memmian line,
With a stout crew the speedy Pristis sways.
The vast Chimæra Gyas' voice obeys :
His ship, whose city-like dimensions swell,
The Dardan youth, on three high tiers, impell. 160
Sergestus, parent of the Sergian name,
As chief commands the mighty Centaur's frame :
And, of the proud Cluentian race the source,
Cloanthus rules the sea-green Scylla's course.

Far in the main amid the billows' shock, 165
Fronting the foamy shore, ascends a rock.
When the rough blasts of winter cloud the skies,
Withdrawn from sight beneath the wave it lies.
In the calm year, emerging from below,
It lures the sea-fowl to its sunny brow. 170
Here now Æneas, for the seaman's guide,
Plants a tall oak, their goal amid the tide :

Round this, the limit of their long career,
To bend their course, and thence returning steer.
The ships are ranged by lot: the captains stand, 175
Each on his deck, with ensigns of command,
In gold and purple bright: the youth beside,
(Their shaded brows with wreaths of poplar tied,
And their broad naked shoulders dew'd with oil,)
Stoop to their oars, prepared for generous toil. 180
Throbbing with hope and fear they long to start;
And thirst of glory pants in every heart.
Then, when the trumpet gives the expected sign,
They spring at once and leave the barrier-line.
The seamen's clamors make the skies resound; 185
And the torn billow foams beneath its wound.
With equal furrows o'er the brine they sweep;
And oars and prows convulse the uprooted deep.
Not with such headlong speed and ardent soul,
Pour the contending chariots from the goal, 190
And seise the field: while, bending o'er the yoke,
The drivers shake the reins, and hang upon the stroke.
Now with the cheers and murmurs of the crowd,
As each his partial wishes shouts aloud,
The woods all ring; and, with a strong rebound, 195
The shores and hills reflect the storm of sound.
Shooting a head amid applausive cries,
First o'er the billowy course pleased Gyas flies.

Cloanthus follows with superior rowers ;
But in a heavy bark that balks their powers. 200
Behind, hard struggling for the prior place,
The *Pristis* and the Centaur urge the race.
One while the *Pristis* in the contest leads :
Then the huge Centaur in her turn precedes :
Then through the ridgy waves abreast they plough ; 205
And, beak to beak, with straining forces row.

Now to the rock, their further goal, they drew,
When Gyas, who before his rivals flew,
To his ship's governor, Menœtes, cried :
" Why, wandering to the right, thus steer'st thou wide !
Let others seek the deep, court thou the shore ; 211
And graze the rocky limit with thine oar."

He said : but old Menœtes, urged by fears
Of latent rocks, to deeper water steers.

" Why thus, Menœtes ! still licentious stray ? 215
Keep to the rock ! be frugal of the way !"

Gyas again exclaims ; and close behind
Beholds Cloanthus to the rock inclined.
He 'twixt the ship of Gyas and the steep
Steers with nice judgment, and attains the deep. 220
Then, as he there in fearless triumph rides,
From the late victor and the goal he glides.
But rage and anguish swell in Gyas' breast ;
Nor stands within his eye the tear repress'd.

His rank forgetting and the care, he owes 225
To his ship's safety, from the stern he throws
The tardy master headlong on the tide;
And his own hands the vacant steerage guide.
Become the pilot and the captain too,
Landward he turns the helm and cheers his crew. 230
But, scarcely rising from the deep at length,
With his drench'd clothes and age-diminish'd strength,
Menoetes to the rock with labor swims;
And on its sunny forehead dries his limbs.
Him in his plunge, and in his dripping plight 235
The Trojans view, diverted with the sight;
And, as the briny draught his breast restores,
Loud peals of laughter rattle through the shores.
While Gyas thus in phrensy loses way,
The last two ships draw hope from his delay. 240
Sergestus leads; and, in the interior course,
Close to the rock he sweeps with daring force.
His vessel leads; but only with her prow:
The rival Pristis bears upon her bow.
Ardent through all the ship, and breathing fire, 245
The words of Mnestheus every breast inspire:
"Now, now, my Friends! your utmost nerves employ!
You whom I chose, amid the flames of Troy,
To bear my arms as Hector's once ye bore!
Exert the soul, so often proved before:— 250

The soul that could the Libyan quicksands brave,
Ionian storms and Malea's headlong wave.

I hope not now the first bright wreath of fame :

O that I could !—but that let others claim,

Theirs, mighty Neptune ! by thy high award : 255

But to be last—from this our honor guard !

'Tis shame ! 'tis horror ! save us from the doom !

Stretch all your powers, and one at least o'ercome !"

They hear, and with the extreme of contest strain :

The vessel trembles, and devours the main. 260

Their breath in thick short struggles comes and goes :

Parch'd are their mouths, and sweat in rivers flows.

Nor by kind fortune is their toil unblest :

For, as his inner course Sergestus press'd

With ardor blind, too near the shoals he bore ; 265

And hung his galley on the craggy shore.

On a shock'd rock it crashes, fiercely driven :

The stout oars shiver, and the prow is riven.

In clamorous alarm the seamen spring ;

And their roused forces to the emergence bring : 270

Iron-pointed poles to heave the ship project ;

And from the surge their scatter'd oars collect.

But, with success elate, in forces strong,

Mnestheus, the winds' glad suppliant, pours along

On the prone seas ; and o'er the briny plain 275

Runs with smooth license, and enjoys the main.

As the fleet dove, who, in the mossy breast
Of a coved rock, broods fondling o'er her nest,
Scared by some sudden foe, in tumult springs
From her loved home, and loudly claps her wings : 280
Then, free of air, divides the liquid skies
With the mute plume, that stirs not as it flies.
So the swift *Pristis* shoots along the tides :
So from the once-given impulse smoothly glides.
And first *Sergestus*, as with splinter'd oars 285
He tries to work, and aid in vain implores,
Entangled in the shallows and confined,
The favor'd *Mnestheus* leaves with joy behind :
Then, ardent, with the huge *Chimæra* vies :
Robb'd of her pilot, she resigns the prize. 290
Cloanthus now alone is seen before,
In the last seas and verging to the shore.
With him he dares contend : the crowd's applause,
That thunders to high heaven, avows his cause.
The struggling ships their utmost forces strain ; 295
One to redeem the palm, and one retain.
'These their won fame indignant strive to keep ;
And hold e'en life as honor's purchase cheap :
Those, hearten'd by success, of nought despair :
Strong with strong thought, they can because they dare.
And, haply, at the goal with equal prows, 301
An equal wreath had bound the rivals' brows,

Had not Cloanthus, bending o'er the main,
Stretch'd to the gods his hands, nor stretch'd in vain:

“Ye Powers, who rule the seas! whose fields I plough!
Hear and attend me, conscious of my vow! 306

My grateful hands shall lay before your shrine
A milk-white bull; and, casting on the brine
His offer'd entrails, pour the sparkling wine.”

He said; and, in their crystal domes below, 310
The gods of ocean listen to his vow.

The Nereid race, and Panopea fair,
And Phorcus rise, propitiated with prayer:
And old Portunus, with his hand's broad space,
Impels the toiling vessel's weary pace: 315

And, swifter than the flying shaft or air,
She shoots into the port, and triumphs there.

Æneas now Cloanthus' name aloud
Proclaims, by heralds, to the assembled crowd;
And binds the laurel round the victor's head: 320
Then bids that three selected steers be led
To each contending ship, with store of wine;
And a large talent from the silver mine.
Especial honors all the chiefs obtain'd.

A gold-embroider'd cloak Cloanthus gain'd. 325
Its borders with Thessalian purple glow'd;
Which, circling it, in two meanders flow'd.

Wrought on its storied breadth with wondrous art,
The royal boy* pursues the flying hart.
All fire, he seems to pant, when from on high 330
Jove's eagle stoops, and bears him to the sky.
His hoary guardians stretch their arms in vain :
With upward gaze the howling dogs complain.
To Mnestheus then, the second in the race,
The chieftain gave, to guard him and to grace, 335
A three-fold mail, of rings enwoven wrought :
Which, as on Simois' bank the hero fought,
Himself had torn from great Demoleos slain.
Phegeus and Sagaris now ill sustain
The ponderous arms that once the Grecian wore, 340
And chased the flying 'Trojans on the shore.
Æneas to the third contender's claims
Assign'd two brazen lavers' ample frames ;
And two rich goblets, on whose fretted side
The silver's cost was by the work outvied. 345
And now, enrich'd with gifts and proudly crown'd,
Their laurell'd brows with purple fillets bound,
The captains walk'd ; when, sorely bruised and maim'd,
At length, but hardly, from the rock reclaim'd,
Her oars all lost, and with one shatter'd side, 350
An object that the pointing crowd deride,

* Ganymedes.

His ship Sergestus brought. As doom'd to feel,
On the mid road surprised, the crushing wheel;
Or left half dead and mangled by the stone,
The passing traveller had strongly thrown, 355
The writhing serpent strives to fly in vain;
Lame, and encumber'd with his nerveless train.
He swells his throat, erects his flamy head:
In part is furious, but in part is dead.
His folds he knots, convolved upon the wound; 360
Nor tears his body from the fatal ground.
Thus with his shatter'd banks, now shorn of oars,
Crush'd and half wreck'd. Sergestus seeks the shores:
Yet spreads his sails; and, looking idly brave,
With streaming ensigus rides the harbour's wave. 365
Pleased with the safety of his ship and friends,
The chief to him the promised boon extends:
With her two infants, Pholoë of Crete
He gives, a slave in Pallas' arts complete.
This contest finish'd, to a grassy plain, 370
Bosom'd in hills, Æneas led his train.
Woods, rising over woods, inclosed the ground;
A silvan theatre of spacious round.
In the mid circus of this green retreat,
With thousands girt, Æneas takes his seat: 375
Then the swift-footed to the course invites;
And their young minds with rich rewards incites.

Straight at the summons, of distinction proud,
The thronging Trojans and Sicilians crowd.
But, foremost of the candidates for praise, 380
Euryalus and Nisus struck the gaze :
Euryalus, who prime in beauty shone :
And Nisus as the boy's pure lover known.
Next them in place high-born Diores stood ;
Who traced his source to Priam's royal blood. 385
Salius and Patron then prepared to run ;
That Acarnania's, this Arcadia's son.
Next, two Sicilians harden'd by the chase,
Comrades of old Acestes, claim'd the race,
Young Helymus and Panopes; and Fame 390
Led numbers more to run with rival flame ;
But time has blotted each aspirer's name.
To them Æneas; "Hear with pleased regard!
Hence shall not one depart without reward.
Two Cretan shafts, of beamy steel their blade, 395
And a bright axe with silver work inlaid,
Each shall receive: the three approved the best,
With the grey olive crown'd above the rest,
Shall have their proper gifts: a gallant steed,
Richly array'd, shall be the victor's meed. 400
A quiver, fully stored with shafts of Thrace,
Infolded in a cincture's rich embrace,

Rigid with gold and by a gem confined,
Shall to the second racer be assign'd.

A boon less costly must content the third : 405
On him this Grecian helm shall be conferr'd."

He spoke ; and all, each station'd in his place,
Spring at the signal given, and rush on space :
With tempest-footed speed and fiery soul,
Fly from the barrier, and observe the goal. 410

First, and at distance first, with airy feet,
Beyond the wind or lightning's pinion fleet,
Nisus exults: to him, upon the green,
But with a spacious interval between,
Salius succeeding pants ; and his career 415
Euryalus pursues, not closely near.

Him follows Helymus : Dioces him ;
But pressing hard, with limb just touching limb :
Leans o'er his shoulder, and with more of space
Had won, or shared the triumph of the race. 420

And now approaching to the goal they tend ;
And now their panting labor hopes an end :
When hapless Nisus falls, his foot betray'd
By the false soil, with slippery blood o'erlaid.
On that disastrous spot, from victims slain, 425

The streaming gore had lately drench'd the plain :
And here the youth, in triumph's eager pride,
Felt the press'd ground beneath his footstep slide.

Staggering, to save himself in vain he tries ;
And rolling in the sacred crimson lies. 430
Yet, warm with friendship, in his own distress
He strives to give Euryalus success :
For with his body, raised across the way,
He tumbles Salius on the sanguine clay.
Euryalus, with cheers re-echoing round, 435
Springs to the goal, by friendship's favor crown'd.
Next Helymus arrives ; and, thus preferr'd,
Diores now in conquest stands the third.
But Salius for the award of justice cries :
Loudly he vindicates his rightful prize ; 440
And, while the circus with his clamor rings,
His cause before the assembled elders brings.
Euryalus, in general favor strong,
Pleads with his graceful tears, and moves the throng ;
Finds powerful advocates in blooming charms ; 445
And worth, more prevalent with beauty's arms.
His cause Diores too avows his own ;
Lost the third prize, should Salius gain the crown.
Æneas then ; " Your fears, ye Boys ! are vain :
Fix'd shall the prizes, you have won, remain. 450
But let me to misfortune's claim attend ;
And prove my pity for a guiltless friend."
He said, and honor'd Salius with the pride
Of a Gætulian lion's ponderous hide.

O'er the huge spoil the mane terrific roll'd;
And the broad talons spread their threats in gold.
Here Nisus; "If such gifts the vanquish'd share,
And for the falling such your generous care,
Say! what due recompense may Nisus claim;
Who shone the foremost on the course of fame;
And now, if not like Salius overthrown,
Had worn, in merit's right, the victor's crown?"

He spoke, and show'd his limbs and face defiled
With mire and blood: his people's father smiled;
And order'd from his treasures to be brought
A curious shield by Didymaon wrought.
Hung by a Greek at Neptune's sacred door,
The splendid trophy thence the chieftain bore:
And now, attentive to the suit of truth,
Gives the rich present to the illustrious youth.

This game concluded, and the gifts assign'd:
"Now," said the chief, "let him who feels a mind
Strong and collected in his manly breast,
Of skill and prowess for the fight possess'd,
Arise, and here his might in combat prove;
His hands invested with the ponderous glove.
Two gifts the daring contest shall await:
With gold and wreaths adorn'd in sacred state,
A steer shall be the hardy victor's gain:
A sword and helm console the loser's pain."

Thus he ; when instantly above the crowd,
That shouted as he rose, in gesture proud
Dares uprear'd his strength ; the man, whose hand
Alone could Paris in the lists withstand :
Who, at the tomb where mighty Hector lies, 485
Vast Butes, glorying in his ample size,
His many triumphs, and Bebrycian birth,
Struck, and fell'd breathless on the ensanguined earth.
Such Dares was, who now for combat glows ;
Vaunts his broad shoulders, and alternate throws 490
His arms, and challenges the air with blows.
His match is sought ; but of the numerous field
Not one dares face him, and the cestus wield.
Then, high in heart and deeming all dismay'd,
No longer, with presumptuous pride, he stay'd ; 495
But, grasping by the horn the victor's beast,
Before Æneas stood ; and thus address'd :

“ If none, O Goddess-born ! will tempt his fate,
How long in vain expectance must I wait?
Award the gift ! ” and all the Trojan band 500
With loud acclaim their champion's prize demand.
Now great Entellus, by his side reclined,
Acestes chides, and wakes his manly mind :
“ Entellus once, but ah ! the boast is vain,
The first of heroes on the listed plain ! 505
And wilt thou then, retiring in dismay,
See the rich prize thus proudly borne away ?

Where is our Eryx now, by us adored ;
Thine arm's instructor, and in vain thy lord ?
Where thy own fame, with which Trinacria rung ? 510
And where thy walls with ancient trophies hung ?"

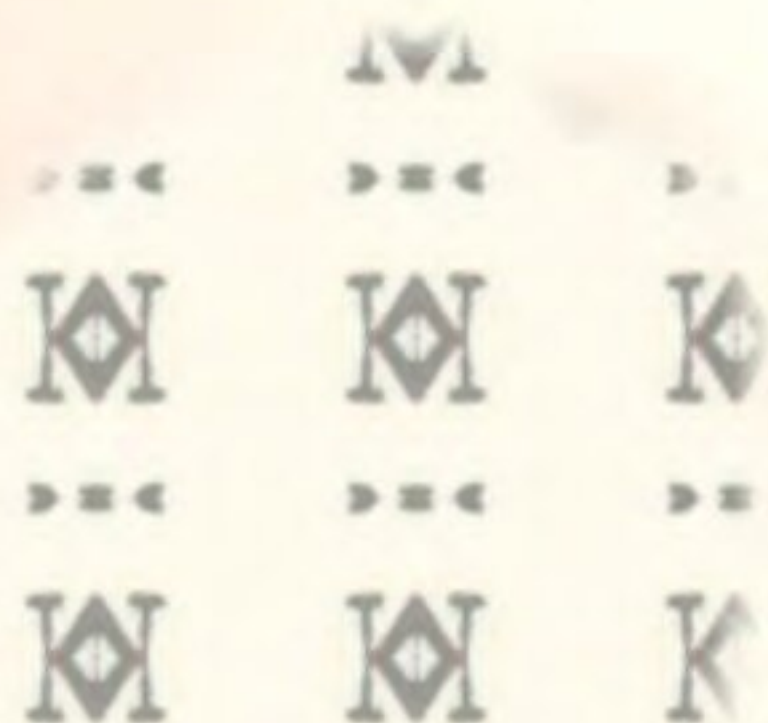
"Ah!" said the hero, "not by fear suppress'd,
Still beats the pulse of glory in my breast.
But age, cold age, has wither'd half my force ;
And my dull blood now falters in its course. 515
If, rushing through my veins, still glow'd the tide
Of youth, which animates yon boaster's pride ;
Now had I sought the lists for glory's prize ;
And view'd the gift with unregarding eyes."

Thus having said, upon the plain he cast 520
Two mighty gauntlets, ponderous, solid, vast ;
Which once fierce Eryx in the dread debate
Was wont to wield, unconscious of their weight.
Of stout bull hides with lead and steel inlaid,
Their monstrous size the astonish'd crowd survey'd. 525
Dares aghast declines the unequal fight ;
And great Æneas wonders at the sight:
Admires their load, and ponders in his hands
The enormous folds, compact with massy bands.

"How," said the veteran, "had you wonder'd more 530
To see the gauntlets which Alcides wore ;
And the dire combat on this fatal shore ?
With these, yet dash'd, you see, with brains and blood,
Dreadful in fight your brother Eryx stood.

With these he long repell'd the Herculean power : 535
And these I wielded in my better hour ;
Ere on my temples envious time had snow'd ;
When youth's bright spirit in my life-blood flow'd.
But if the Trojan Dares shrink from these ;
And so Æneas and Acestes please, 540
(The lord and author of the destined field,)
The fight be equal ! Eryx' arms I yield.
Fear not—but lay thy Trojan gauntlets down ;
And the like weapons shall decide the crown."
The hero spoke ; and from his shoulders threw 545
His folded mantle ; and exposed to view
His knotted muscles, and his mighty bone ;
And all his dignity of strength was shown.
Then in the lists he tower'd in massy pride.
Æneas for the fight like arms supplied, 550
And on the champions' wrists with braces tied.
On the stretch'd foot at once erect they stood ;
And each his arms uprear'd in dauntless mood.
Their lofty heads declining from the stroke,
Their hands they mingle, and the war provoke. 555
That, bold in youth, in agile power excell'd ;
And this with larger limbs and muscles swell'd :
But his slack knees impairing time confess'd ;
And short faint pantings shook his ample breast.
Full many a wound in vain each champion aims ; 560
While some succeed, and thunder on their frames.

The blows err thickly round their ears and face.
Firm by his weight, Entellus holds his place :
Now with his watchful eye prevents the foe :
Now with his shifting body mocks the blow. 565
Like the besieger of a bulwark'd town ;
Or some tall tower, the rocky mountain's crown ;
Dares now here, now there explores access ;
And every where in vain his forces press.
At length Entellus, gathering all his might, 570
Rears his right hand, and hopes the finish'd fight.
But the quick foe perceives with wary eye,
And shuns the blow descending from on high.
Entellus wastes on air the forceful wound ;
And thundering falls, and shocks the stedfast ground : 575
Falls like a pine, uprooted from its bed,
On Erymanth, or Ida's towering head.
Loud cries from Troy's and from Sicilia's sons
Ascend the skies ; and first Acestes runs,
Eager to raise his friend of equal age ; 580
Explore his hurts, and pains of mind assuage.
But he undaunted to the fight returns ;
And with new soul from hot resentment burns.
Strong with the pride that blushes for a stain,
Dares he drives in fury o'er the plain. 585
Now with his right, now left he heaps the blows :
Nor pause, nor respite to the foe allows.



The strokes redouble : as when ether pours
On the resounding roof the stony showers,
So rain the hero's blows from either hand ; 590
And urge and batter Dares o'er the strand.
But now Æneas stopp'd the fell debate ;
And check'd Entellus in his storm of fate :
Drew Dares from the fight ; and soothed his breast
With words of kindness, as he thus address'd : 595
"What madness this, unhappy as thou art ?
Seest thou not yet, the gods desert thy part ;
And give him matchless force? the gods obey ;
And yield to them the contest of the day."

He said, and closed the fight with his command ; 600
Confiding Dares to his friendly band.
They bear him faint and staggering from the shore,
With head reclined and breast ejecting gore.
The sword and helm then, summon'd, they receive :
The prize and glory with Entellus leave. 605
He, as his heart o'erflow'd with conquest's joy,
Exclaim'd, "Thou Goddess-born ! and ye of Troy !
Now see what power my youthful arm has nerved ;
And from what fate your Dares is preserved."

Then fronting the large prize he took his stand ; 610
And, poising high his iron-invested hand,
He dash'd it on the forehead of the bull,
And drove upon the brain the shatter'd skull.

The huge beast drops ; and, quivering as it lies,
The champion stoops, and thus devotes the prize: 615

“ Eryx ! for Dares’ life this life receive !
This better offering to thy shade I give.

The cestus here I yield, my combats close ;
And, crown’d by victory, in age repose.”

Now those, who love to give the shaft its flight, 620
Æneas summons to display their slight :

Appoints the gifts, and on Serestus’ bark

Erects with numerous hands the destined mark :

Rears the tall mast, and to its summit ties

A dove, their aim, that flutters in the skies. 625

The bowyers meet ; and, to decide his place,

Each throws his lot into the helmet-vase :

Whence first leaps out, amid the crowd’s acclaim,

The son of Hyrtacus, Hippocoön’s name.

Then Mnestheus follows, late on seas renown’d ; 630

Mnestheus whose brows the victor olive bound.

Eurytion was the third ; in close degree

Allied, O mighty Pandarus ! to thee ;

Who once, commanded to confound the peace,

Sent’st thy bold arrow ’mid the ranks of Greece. 635

Last came Acestes forth, whose lusty age

Dares in the toil of fame with youth engage.

Each strongly bends his bow and tries the string ;

And from the quiver draws his arrow’s wing.

First from the twanging chord, through sever'd skies, 640.
With levell'd aim Hippocoön's arrow flies :
Not faltering in its path, the weapon pass'd
Close to the dove, and fixes in the mast.
The struck wood trembles ; and, with death so near,
The bird with shivering pinions speaks her fear ; 645
While the field echoes as the people cheer.
Then eager Mnestheus, as the shaft he sends,
At once his bow-string and his eye intends.
Yet the false arrow, faithless to his hope,
Errs from its labor'd aim ; but parts the rope 650
That held the flutterer's foot : no more confined,
She seeks the clouds, and wantons on the wind.
Then, as prepared he stands with bended bow,
Eurytion to his brother breathes the vow ;
And marking where the bird pursues her way, 655
In glad fruition of the paths of day,
There, as she plays upon a cloudy fleece,
His shaft arrests her, and her flutterings cease.
In air she leaves her life ; and on the ground
Restores the fatal weapon in her wound. 660
Acestes now, (the victor's prize obtain'd,)
Alone defrauded of his chance remain'd.
Yet he, to vaunt his bow and arm to prove,
Sped his wing'd weapon on its range above.

And here a prodigy surprised the gaze : 665

Theme of ill-boding seers in later days ;

Who from the sign portentous omen drew,

When time with his events had vouch'd it true.

For, speeding through the clouds, the weapon fired :

Shot in a path of light, and then expired, 670

Resolved in air : as through the liquid night

Glance the lapsed stars, and trail their locks of light.

Alarm'd the Trojans and Sicilians saw ;

And sought the gods with minds subdued by awe.

Not so the wonder great Æneas view'd : 675

But hail'd it as an augury of good ;

And strain'd the pleased Acestes to his breast :

Gave him rich gifts, and thus his heart express'd :

“ Receive them, Sire ! for, with his wondrous sign,

Jove supersedes the law and makes them thine. 680

Accept this goblet, rough with sculptured gold ;

Which our Anchises wont himself to hold.

To my bless'd father, Cisseus, lord of 'Thrace,

Gave it, the costly token of his grace.”

The chieftain, then, proclaim'd Acestes' name, 685

And crown'd his brow, as victor in the game.

Nor good Eurytion grudged the prize transferr'd,

Though he alone had pierced the flying bird.

Who cut the cord the second honor gain'd :

Whose arrow struck the wood the last obtain'd. 690

Nor yet Æneas bade the games to end :
But call'd Epytides, Iulus' friend,
And youthful guardian ; who attending near,
The chief thus gave his purpose to his ear :

“Go ! bid Ascanius, if his youthful band, 695
And well-train'd horse be ready at command,
To lead them to the plain ; and here display
His arms and conduct on his grandsire's day.”

He said ; and bade the crowds, that pour'd around,
Avoid the circuit of the listed ground. 700

On bitted steeds the boys, in just array,
Advance in brilliance as their sires survey.

Their marshall'd ranks, their mien, and rich attire
The youth of Troy and Sicily admire, ,
And give their glad applause : with festal show, 705
Clasps the shorn olive each boy-warrior's brow.

Two cornel javelins, arm'd with steel, they bear ;
And some bright quivers o'er their shoulders wear.
Dependent from the neck, encircling gold
Across the breast in wavy links is roll'd. 710

Form'd in three troops, the blooming host divides ;
And at each squadron's head a leader rides.

Twelve boys each chief attend : the parted bands
In equal pride an equal chief commands.

One troop, exulting in its captain's name, 715
Obeys young Priam, of imperial fame.

Call'd from his grandsire, once the lord of Troy ;
Thy son, Polites ! was the illustrious boy :
A destined gem in great Italia's crown :
Now by his stately Thracian courser known. 720
The party-color'd steed with white was pied :
White his forefeet, and white his forehead's pride.
Atys controll'd the second troop's career ;
'The little Atys to Iulus dear :
Atys, from whom the Latin Atii came ; 725
By Fate decreed to swell the Roman fame.
The last Iulus led, by all confess'd
In mien and features bright beyond the rest.
The Tyrian steed that gallantly he rode,
A pledge of love, by Dido was bestow'd. 730
The rest, on coursers of Trinacrian blood,
Were mounted from Accestes' royal stud.
The Trojans cheer the blushing youth, and trace
In each boy's lineaments his noble race.
When round the ring the pleased array had moved, 735
Gladding and gladden'd by the eyes they loved ;
Epytides' loud shout, and sounding thong
Gave the wish'd signal to the ready throng.
At once they start in one united band :
Then, in three squadrons parted, scour the strand. 740
Then at command they wheel their rapid horse ;
Threat their fierce weapons, and retrace their course.

Next, front to front, in new career they spring
From adverse goals, involving ring in ring.

Then with illusive war their conflict glows ; 745

And now they press, now fly the pressing foes.

Peace comes at length to still the rage of fight ;

And hand with hand the combatants unite.

As once the labyrinth, in Crete renown'd,

Its tangled walls in blind confusion wound : 750

Placed trackless error in a thousand ways ;

And hid, till irretrievable, the maze.

Revolving thus in intricate array,

Their mimic war the Trojan boys display ;

And sport like dolphins, when the finny train 755

With active gambols curl the Libyan main.

This martial pageant, which had pleased the boy,

Ascanius taught his Alba to enjoy.

From her imperial Rome derived the game ;

And Troy still boasts its honor and its name. 760

Thus far, with favoring gods, the chieftain paid
His pious duties to his father's shade.

But while the sacred rites engage the green,

The veering breath of Fortune stain'd the scene.

Juno, with passions still on vengeance bent, 765

And ever watchful for some dire event,

Despatch'd swift Iris to the Trojan fleet ;

And wing'd with all her winds her servant's feet.

Conceal'd from sight, the various goddess flies ;
And down her bow quick glances from the skies. 770
With joy the concourse on the plain she views ;
And, on the shore, the ships bereft of crews ;
While far apart upon the lonely strand,
Mourning Anchises lost, the women stand.
On the broad main with sorrowing gaze they brood : 775
" What tracts are pass'd ! and yet how wide the flood !"
Falters from every tongue : with toils oppress'd,
They loathe the sea and pant for promised rest.
With these the goddess, versed in arts of ill,
Mingles to mould their passions to her will. 780
In Beroe's form, Doryclus' ancient dame,
(Who flourish'd once in family and name,)
She blends her murmurs with the murmuring train ;
Stings the gall'd breast, and irritates its pain :
 " O wretched we ! whom Heaven in anger spared, 785
When our bless'd comrades Troy's destruction shared.
O race, condemn'd unceasing toil to know :
And wait dire Fortune's black reserve of woe !
Since Ilion perish'd, now the seventh long year
Has seen the sorrows of our sad career. 790
What oceans have we plough'd ! what forms of death
Beheld in storms above, and rocks beneath !
Whilst flying Italy we chase in vain ;
Still shown to hope, yet still beyond the main.

This land our kindred Eryx makes our own : 795

Acestes here has fix'd his friendly throne.

What hinders then that here at once we build ;

And see our streets with ready people fill'd ?

O my loved country ! shall I ne'er enjoy

Some walls made sacred with the name of Troy ? 800

No more a Xanthus and a Simoïs trace,

With Hector's glory hovering o'er the place ?

But come ! and give these floating pests to fires !

Cassandra's self the noble deed inspires.

Last night she stood before me in a dream ; 805

And in her hand I saw the torches gleam.

" Here seek your Troy," she cried, " here, cease to roam :

Here plant in kindred Sicily your home."

The time suggests the deed : no longer wait :

But act, submissive to her tongue of fate. 810

See yon four altars that to Neptune rise !

The god, the god the fires and soul supplies."

She spake ; and, seising first the fatal brand,

Shakes the dire weapon in her lifted hand,

And hurls : with beating hearts and wondering gaze, 815

The Trojan dames behold the missive blaze.

Then, mid the crowd, a matron worn with time,

(Who Priam's sons had nurtured in her prime,)

Pyrgo exclaims ; " Not Beroë this, my friends !

Doryclus' wife on other cares attends. 820

Mark you her eyes, that shoot celestial flame?
Her look, voice, gesture, step the god proclaim.
Beroë I left but lately in her cot,
Sick and repining at her hapless lot:
Alone denied, of all her sister host,
To pay due honors to Anchises' ghost."

825

She said: and now the wavering dames survey
With eyes of enmity the ships' array.
The present realm and that by Fate design'd,
In doubtful balance, hang upon the mind:
When suddenly, through her extended bow,
The goddess mounts the clouds and leaves their gaze below.
Struck by the prodigy, they cease debate;
Shout with new rage, and snatch the brands of fate:
Throw the red altar's spoils; and feed the blaze
With arid nutriment of leaves and sprays:
Till o'er the lofty banks and painted prows,
With torrent waves, the power of Vulcan flows.

830

835

Straight to Anchises' tomb and crowded games
Eumelus, running, speaks the fleet in flames:
And all, as with alarm they turn their eyes,
See the black billows mount and cloud the skies.
Then first, exulting as he wheel'd his course,
To the wild camp Iulus spurr'd his horse.
Deaf to restraint, and bursting through the crowd,
"Ah! what strange phrensy this?" he cried aloud,

840

845

“ What, wretched Citizens ! your dire intent ?
Against yourselves your erring rage is bent.
’Tis not the fleet of Greece your hands destroy :
’Tis your own hope :—your own unhappy Troy. 850
Lo ! your Ascanius ! ” and upon the shore
He dash’d the casque, which in the lists he wore,
And now Æneas and his train appear :
The conscious dames disperse with guilty fear ;
And hide in caves and woods : renew’d they feel 855
The love of kindred, and the patriot zeal.
Their deed they hate, and loathe the light of heaven ;
And Juno is from every bosom driven.

But, not submitting with their late remorse,
The unconquer’d element exults in force. 860
In the moist plank survive the sullen fires ;
And the burnt calking heavy smoke expires.
Through the ship’s body works the wasteful pest ;
By men, and by hurl’d torrents unsuppress’d.
The pious chieftain then in wild despair 865
Tore his rich robe, and pour’d his soul in prayer :

“ Almighty Jove ! unless thy hate ordain
That not a rack of hapless Troy remain—
If yet thy wonted mercies live for man,
O ! stretch that hand to save, which only can ! 870
Rescue our ships from flame ! this death avert !
Save Troy’s last feeble hope ! or else exert

All thy dread power, and give thy lightning sway,
If such be my desert, to sweep us all from day."

The prayer was scarcely breathed : when, scorning bound,
A sable tempest burst upon the ground. 876

Loud thunders shake the hills ; and, dark above,
The south unlocks the cataracts of Jove.

The decks are floated, drench'd the half-burnt wood ;
The last faint vapor dies beneath the flood ; 880
And all the fleet, four ships alone consumed,
Escapes the ruin Juno's wrath had doom'd.

But the great chief, confounded by the event,
Feels his strong breast by jarring counsels rent :
Doubtful in Sicily to plant his state ; 885
Or still pursue the promises of Fate.

Then hoary Nautes (whom Minerva taught,
And pour'd her brightest radiance on his thought :
By whom she spake the wrathful gods' intent ;
Or the Fates working for their great event) 890
Thus the wise dictates of his mind express'd,
To calm the tossings of his chieftain's breast :

"As, Goddess-born ! the Fates perplex our ways,
'Tis ours with patience still to tread the maze :
Assured that fortune is by mind surpass'd ; 895
And constant virtue will o'ercome at last.
Of lineage, here, half Dardan half divine,
Acestes rules, by blood and friendship thine.

Him as the brother of thy plans receive :
To him thy overflow of exile give. 900
Whate'er is weak or timid in thy train,
For war unfit, or shrinking from the main,
Old men and matrons, whom thy fortunes tire,
(Thy great designs beyond their hearts' desire,)
Allow to rest : and, yielded to their claim, 905
Build here a city with Acesta's name."

Struck by the thought thus waked, yet unresolved,
In dubious cares the hero's mind revolved :
When, seated on her car in sable stole,
The matron Night, ascending, climb'd the pole ; 910
And, present from the regions of the bless'd,
Anchises' shade his anxious son address'd :

" My Son ! more dear than life, while life remain'd !
Versed in Troy's fortunes, and in labors train'd !
Hither I come, commission'd by the Sire 915
Of Heaven, who snatch'd thy navy from the fire :
And, pitying, now regards thee from above.
Nautes obey, and by his counsel move.
The chosen youth, with bosoms firmly steel'd,
Bear to Italia for the destined field. 920
For Latium teems with war ; an iron brood
Waits there to steep thy conquering arms in blood.
But let thy fond devotion first explore
The realms of night, and pass Avernus o'er

To seek my converse: for with shades of woe 925
I am not mingled in the world below:
But in Elysium draw empyreal air;
And the bless'd council of the pious share.
Thither, while hosts of sable victims bleed,
The virgin Sibyl shall thy footsteps lead. 930
Then will I show thee all thy glorious line;
And the proud city which by Fate is thine.
And now farewell! night wanes:—I feel, oppress'd,
The panting coursers of the cruel East.”
He spake; and like a subtle vapor fled, 935
Dissolved in air: “Ah! why,” Æneas said,
“Thus haste away? ah! whither dost thou run?
What power thus tears thee from thy much-loved son?”
Then on the sacred hearth, with pious zeal,
He watch'd the fire, and strew'd the holy meal: 940
From the full censer fragrant incense pour'd;
And Vesta and Troy's household gods adored.
Straightway Acestes, and his band of friends
He calls to council: and to them commends
Jove's sovereign purpose by Anchises sent: 945
His sire's advice, and all his own intent.
They pause not, but the will of Jove espouse;
And good Acestes to the mandate bows.
The feeble, then, and matrons they enroll,
With all who feel not Fame's enlivening soul, 950

And, fond of ease, are careless of renown,
As willing tenants of the destined town.
The rest new rig their masts, repair their banks;
And of the half-burnt ships replace the planks:
Though small in number yet in prowess great; 955
Of vivid virtue for the field's debate.
Meanwhile Æneas with a plough surrounds
An ample circuit for his city's bounds:
Marks each allotment with especial lines;
And here an Ilion, here a Troy designs. 960
O'er his new subjects pleased Acestes reigns:
Convenes his senate, and their laws ordains.
Then, where proud Eryx mid the clouds is seen,
A fane aspires to great Idalia's queen:
And at Anchises' tomb, the filial love 965
Appoints due priests, and consecrates a grove.
Nine days entire they give to genial rites;
And all the nation in the feast delights:
When, lull'd by gentle airs, the waters sleep;
And the soft south invites them to the deep. 970
Now all the shore re-echoes with lament:
In fond embraces night and day are spent.
The very matrons now, and they who late
Shrunk from the waves in terror and in hate,
Of toil regardless, undeterr'd by fright, 975
Press for the voyage and solicit flight.

These their good chief's consoling kindness prove ;
Who weeping gives them to Acestes' love :
Then slays the beasts by holy custom due ;
Three steers to Eryx, to the Storms an ewe ; 980
And breaks from land : a goblet fills his hands ;
And crown'd with olive on the prow he stands :
Pours on the wave the grape's nectareous blood ;
And with the victim-entrails feeds the flood.
The crews impel the ships with rival force ; 985
And the glad gales pursue them on their course.
But Venus, still oppress'd by anxious cares,
To Neptune thus complaining pours her prayers :
" Juno's deep hate, and breast that burns with rage,
Which neither time nor merit can assuage : 990
Which against Jove and Fate will still rebel,
Thus my high soul to humbling prayer compel.
'Twas not enough, that, in the fateful hour,
The Phrygian city sank beneath her power :
That Troy's remains through lengthen'd woes she drew—
Troy after death her furies still pursue. 996
Whence the dire wrath she only can explain.
What rolling masses on the Libyan main
She lately raised, when, with Æolian aid,
Vainly to force thy trident she essay'd, 1000
Thyself didst witness: now the Trojan dames
Her guilt impels to wrap their fleet in flames ;

And, reft of ſhips, conſtrains the heroic band
To leave their comrades in an alien land.

What yet remains, thy power I now implore 1005
To waft them ſafely to Laurentum's ſhore.
O! grant me this, great Monarch of the ſea!
If what I aſk conſent with Fate's decree."

To her the ſon of Saturn thus replied :
" Well may in me Cythera's queen confide. 1010
First from my realms ſhe ſprang to glad the light ;
And my own merits may her truſt invite.
Oft have I calm'd the rage of ſeas and heaven,
When the wild rack by Juno has been driven.
Nor leſs on land thy ſon has been my care : 1015
Simoïs and Xanthus can attest me there.
When dread Achilles, thundering on the rear,
Drove to their walls the Trojans pale with fear :
When thouſands fell, and, cumber'd with the ſlain,
Xanthus ſcarce ſtruggled, groaning, to the main ; 1020
'Then, as he dared to check Pelides' courſe,
With gods unequal, and unequal force,
I ſnatch'd Æneas from the dreadful fray ;
And bore him, mantled in a cloud, away :
Though much I ſought to raze the walls I built ; 1025
And pour my wrath on perjured Ilion's guilt.
Still in my breſt the ſame affections live.
Cease from alarm ! for all thy wiſh I give.

Safely the chief the Avernian port shall gain ;
And mourn for only one of all his train. 1030
The greedy deep shall claim but one alone ;
That victim head which must for all atone."

When thus the sire had chased the suppliant's fear,
He yoked his coursers for their proud career.
High o'er their tossing heads the monarch stands ; 1035
Shakes the loose reins, and all their rage commands.
Swift o'er the glassy plain the chariot sweeps :
Beneath his axle blue-hair'd Ocean sleeps.
Unstain'd with clouds the fields of ether glow ;
And all is bright above, and calm below. 1040
Around the sovereign, in unwieldy sport,
Gambol huge whales, the vassals of his court.
Palæmon near and hoary Glaucus wait ;
Phorcus and Triton swell the floating state.
Bright on the left Cymodoce is seen ; 1045
Thetis and Melite of softest mien :
Nesæe, Spio, gay Thalia's grace ;
And virgin Panopea's blooming face.
As laughs the encircling scene, the hero's heart
Feels the mild pleasures which its smiles impart. 1050
With haste, he bids each lofty mast ascend ;
And every hand the extended sailyards bend.
At once they stretch the booms, and spread the sails ;
And turn their swelling bosoms to the gales.

Borne by the auspicious breeze the fleet proceeds; 1055
While their close order Palinurus leads.

Observant of his course, the navy steers;

And, in his track, sails straightly on or veers.

Now climbing up heaven's steep, Night's dewy power
Had nearly reach'd her black meridian tower: 1060

In placid rest the seamen's wearied ranks

Found toil could soften beds of naked planks:

When from the stars Sleep wafts his noiseless flight;

And cuts with downy plume the waves of night.

To thee he comes: to thee upon his wings 1065

A dire repose, O Palinurus! brings.

While Phorbas' shape the illusive Power belies,

On the high stern he sits in friendly guise,

And speaks: "Our ships the seas themselves convey;

And the straight breeze directs us on our way. 1070

Then thy faint eyes, O Palinurus! close;

And steal awhile from labor to repose.

Meantime myself thy duties will attend;

And guide the helm, while sleep restores my friend."

With lids that scarcely rose beneath their load, 1075

Thus Palinurus answers to the god:

"Me dost thou counsel to believe the seas?

Me—who well know how faithless calms like these?—

What! shall I trust my chief to waves and skies,

Deceived full often by their specious lies?" 1080

He said ; and grasp'd the helm with stedfast hand ;
And fix'd his eyes upon the starry band.
But, lo ! the god a branch conceal'd from view,
With Styx envenom'd and Lethæan dew,
Dash'd on the temples of the unwary man ; 1085
And through his slacken'd frame the drowsy poison ran.
Scarce were his struggling nerves subdued by rest,
When the strong Power, insulting on his breast,
Whelms him, loud calling to his friends in vain,
With the rent steerage, in the unfathom'd main : 1090
Then spreads his wings, and soars aloft in air.
The fleet, still safe in Neptune's guardian care,
Glides on its course ; and grazes now the coasts,
Which once the Sirens fill'd with slaughter'd hosts ;
And yet are whiten'd with the victim's bones : 1095
While mid the rocks the incessant billow groans.
But now the chief perceived, without her guide,
The wavering vessel warping on the tide.
Alarm'd he springs, and, seising her command,
Through the dark ocean steers with dauntless hand : 1100
And much his hapless friend's mischance bewails ;
" Ah ! too presuming on the seas and gales,
Thou, Palinurus ! outcast of the grave,
On some lone shore shalt fade, or welter on the wave."

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

—
BOOK VI.

Argument.

ON his arrival at Cumæ, Æneas consults the Sibyl, and solicits her to conduct him to an interview with his father in Elysium. She instructs him in what is requisite as preparatory to the enterprise: and, when the enjoined rites, with the funeral of Misenus (who had fallen by the envy of Triton) are duly performed, the hero and his holy guide descend to the regions of the dead. The phantoms, stationed in the entrance of Hades, are described, with the passage of the chief and his conductress through the several provinces of the subterranean empire. Æneas converses with Palinurus and Deïphobus; and ineffectually addresses Dido, who remains inflexibly silent, and retires from him in obstinate resentment. On their reaching Elysium, Æneas and the Sibyl are led by Anchises through that realm of the pious; and the chief is gratified with the vision of his descendents, the future patriots and heroes of Rome. When he has been instructed in their history, and in what relates more immediately to his present fortunes, he is dismissed with the priestess to the upper world; and, repairing to his fleet, sets sail and anchors in the harbour of Caieta.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

HE spoke and wept: then, pressing on his way,
Gain'd with full sails Eubœan Cumæ's bay.
Seaward they turn their prows: the ships are bound
By the curved anchor to the arrested ground:
Their sterns o'ershade the coast. The youthful bands 5
Leap with light rapture on the Hesperian sands.
Some in its bed of flint awake the flame:
Some search for springs, or scour the woods for game.
But, warm with zeal, his step Æneas guides
To where great Phœbus in his state presides: 10
Where, in a mighty cavern's deep retreat,
Religious horror guards the Sibyl's seat;
Within whose breast enthroned, the god of light
Pours all the vision'd future on her sight:
And now the pious hero, and his train, 15
Pierce Trivia's grove, and reach the golden fane.

'Tis famed that Dædalus, on daring wing,
Flying through air from Crete's resentful king,
To the cold north his wondrous course pursued;
And, hovering on the blast, o'er Cumæ stood. 20
There, first alighting on thy favor'd shores,
Phœbus! to thee he gave his plummy oars:
And to thy godhead, with a grateful heart,
Rear'd a vast temple in the pride of art.
In living sculpture, on the massy gate 25
Rose the sad story of Androgeos' fate.
There vanquish'd Athens, for her crime decreed
Yearly to send seven victim sons to bleed,
Stands in mute terror by the eventful urn,
Whose lots decide parental sorrow's turn: 30
And, opposite, proud Crete surmounts the wave.
Pasiphaë here, mad passion's hapless slave,
Enjoys by artifice the dire embrace;
And here, the product of the mingled race,
Fierce Minotaur, in whom two natures strove, 35
Is seen, fell offspring of portentous love.
Here too the mazy palace is portray'd;
Where the lost foët in endless error stray'd:
Till Dædalus, to soothe the love-sick queen,
Disclosed the windings of the fraudulent scene; 40
And through its tangled paths the victim led,
His darkling footsteps govern'd by a thread.

Thou too, O Icarus! would'st there have proved
The master's power, but, ah! too well he loved.
Twice he essay'd to run thy form in gold: 45
Twice fell the father's hand and dropp'd the mold.

Held by the wondering eye the Trojans pore
On the rare piece, and all its art explore:
When, sent before them to the sacred shrine,
Achates now presents the maid divine, 50
Deïphobe; who served, with holy love,
At Phœbus' altar and in Dian's grove.
Straight she accosts the king: "The time demands
Not gazing eyes, but sacrificing hands.

'Twere better now to sever for the stroke 55
Seven steers, unconscious of the servile yoke;
And from the flock as many sheep to choose;
To give the mighty Powers their wonted dues."

Thus to Æneas spake the holy maid:
Nor long his men the sacred rites delay'd. 60
Then to her cell she call'd the Trojan train.
Deep in the cavern'd rock retired the fane:
A hundred paths connect it with the day:
A hundred gates unfold to give her answers way.
Just on the threshold of the hallow'd dome, 65
"Now seek the Fates," she cried, "the time is come.
The god! behold the god!" and all her mien
Betray'd at once the rushing Power within.

Changed is her countenance : her color flies :
Her hairs, disdainful of restraint, uprise : 70
Her breast quick-panting struggles with its load ;
And her heart maddens with a fiery goad.
Swell'd by the embosom'd god, her form dilates :
Her accents are the language of the Fates :
Her features with celestial lustre shine ; 75
And all the mortal rises to divine.

“ And canst thou yet—yet linger? still forbear,
Dardan Æneas! to relent in prayer?
’Tis prayer alone unbars this dread abode :
Its gates the mouths of the tremendous god.” 80

She said, and said no more : mute awe ensued,
Each Trojan heart by chilling fear subdued :
Till, breaking silence, thus the king express’d
The pious fervor of his inmost breast :

“ O Phœbus! of enduring Troy the friend! 85
Whose heart still pities her, and shafts defend!
Who once didst guide the dart from Paris’ hand,
To stretch the dire Achilles on the strand!
Sway’d by thy high command, and led by thee,
My toils have circled through the boundless sea: 90
Have roam’d Massylian wilds, and traced the shores
Where ocean o’er the dreadful syrtes roars.
On flying Italy at length I tread :—
Cease now Troy’s fates to blacken o’er my head!

Ye also, O ye Powers ! who from your skies 95
Once saw averse great Ilion's glory rise,
And laid her in the dust ; ah ! now content
With what is punish'd, at the last relent.
And thou, most holy Priestess ! on whose sight
The gods expand the future wrapp'd in light : 100
Give, while I ask my promised realms from Fate,
Troy yet in Latium to rebuild her state :
Her wandering gods to fix in late repose,
Long toss'd on seas, and snatch'd from circling foes.
Grant this, and marble temples shall ascend 105
To the great deities, thy cares attend ;
And festal days through circling time proclaim
The immortal honors of thy Phœbus' name.
For thee, great virgin of the illumined mind !
A holy sanctuary my hands shall find : 110
There place thine oracles, and priests ordain
To guard the treasures of thy mystic strain.
But thou, indulgent to thy suppliant's prayer,
Trust not to flitting leaves, the sport of air,
The god's responses, but thyself relate ; 115
And with thy lips unseal the page of Fate."
He ceased: but, deep within her cell retired,
Still raved the maid, ecstatic and inspired.
Impatient, still she struggled from her breast
To heave the oppression of its mighty guest : 120

But with more power the god his seat maintains ;
Tames her wild heart, and o'er her fury reigns.
Spontaneous then unfold the hundred doors :
And, rushing into air, his answer pours :

“ O Thou, escaped at length the stormy main ! 125

Storms yet more fierce await thee on the plain.
Safe shall thy Trojans reach Lavinium's shore :
Let not that idle care disturb thee more.

But yet untraversed they shall wish the flood.

War, horrid war, and Tiber foaming blood 130

I see : another Xanthus shalt thou view :

Another Simoïs swell'd with gore anew :

Another Greece on Latium's tented field.

There shall a new Achilles lift the shield,

Born of a goddess too ; and Juno still 135

Shall cleave to Ilion with a deathful will.

What Latian city, or what alien power

Shalt thou not court in Fate's disastrous hour ?

The cause of mischief still, a foreign spouse ;

And Troy rapacious of another's vows. 140

But thou above thy fortune proudly ride ;

And stem with firmer breast the rising tide.

Thy earliest hope, beyond thy fancy's dream,

Shall, dawning, from a Grecian city gleam.”

Thus from the shrine, while all the cavern roar'd, 145

Her mystic lays the raving Sibyl pour'd,

And darkling truths : so Phœbus plied the goad ;
Shook the fierce reins, and in her bosom glow'd.
Soon as the tumult of her holy throes,
Subsiding, gave her furious lips repose, 150
The hero spake : " No danger's form can rise,
O holy Maid ! to daunt me, or surprise.
All have I ponder'd in my heart before ;
And, versed in labors, am prepared for more.
This only would my earnest prayer obtain : 155
Since here, 'tis said, to Pluto's dread domain
Unfolds the gate, and o'er their dusky bed
The waves of Acheron in horror spread ;
That thou would'st ope the holy gate of night ;
And guide my footsteps to my father's sight. 160
Him on my shoulders, through the dense array
Of foes and flames, I fondly bore away.
He, constant to my side, my toils partook,
Weak as he was, and but with life forsook :
Dared to confront the skies' and ocean's rage, 165
With spirit, great beyond the lot of age ;
And now has urged me with his high command,
Thy suppliant here, to win thy guiding hand.
O ! then in pity to the son and sire,
Indulge the boon our pious prayers require : 170
For not in vain the bride of nether Jove
Gave thee dominion o'er the Avernian grove ;

And all thou canst. If Orpheus' potent shell
Could gain his consort from the powers of hell :
If Pollux, with alternate death, redeem 175
His brother's life, and oft the Stygian stream
Pass and repass, O! let me now explore
The path, those living chiefs have trod before.
Why should I speak of Theseus' might, or name
The great Alcides, who the way o'ercame? 180
My cause more pious, and my blood as high,
Drawn from the almighty Sovereign of the sky."
Thus sued the hero, and embraced the shrine ;
And thus the priestess ; " Sprung from race divine,
Anchises' mighty Son ! to death's abode 185
Prone lies the path, and facile is the road.
To all who seek them open day and night,
Pluto's black gates with broad access invite.
But to recall the foot, retrace the way
Up the dark steep, and re-assert the day— 190
This is the labor, this the mighty feat,
Achieved by few, the greatest of the great ;
Loved by the gods, and of celestial birth ;
By virtue raised above the sons of earth.
Dark woods o'erwhelm with night the middle space ; 195
And sad Cocytus' sable arms embrace.
But if so strong the passion of thy soul,
Twice to cross Styx, twice see the nether pole ;

And fix'd thy purpose on the frantic deed ;
Hear what the high adventure must precede. 200
Hid from the sight, a tree's deep shades infold
A branch, with leaves and bark of living gold,
Sacred to hell's great queen : thick clustering round
Vast forests guard it in a vale profound.
To all that breathe are barr'd the realms below, 205
Unless they first shall pluck the golden bough ;
Which, as her gift, fair Proserpine demands :
Nor fails her offering from despoilers' hands.
One cropp'd, another rises in the place ;
And the gold propagates its glowing race. 210
Then search for this amid the incumbent shade ;
And, having found it, with thy grasp invade.
For freely will it follow at thy touch,
If the high Fates thy daring shall avouch.
With them averse, the stubborn bough will mock 215
Thy hand's best strength, nor heed thine axe's shock.
But, ah ! thou know'st not, while thou lingerest here,
A breathless friend demands thy pious tear :
Whose corse, as yet unburied on the coast,
Disturbs the rites, and desecrates the host. 220
First to the tomb's repose consign the dead :
Then hither be the sable victims led ;
Those first peace-offerings to the infernal Powers :
So shalt thou see at length the Stygian bowers ;

And realms by living footsteps never trod." 225

Thus spake, then seal'd her lips the servant of the god.

Æneas from the cave, in pensive mood,
With eyes upon the ground, his way pursued :
His thoughts revolving on the dark event ;
And all his soul with sad conjecture rent. 230

With him Achates, faithful to his cares,
Walks as his comrade, and his feelings shares.
Much on the Sibyl's boding words they muse :
Who the lost friend ? the unburied body whose ?
But, on the shore arrived, too soon they view 235
Misenus dead, and by a fate undue :

Misenus sprung from Æolus ; most skill'd
With sounding brass to wake the embattled field.
Great Hector's comrade, still to Hector near
He breathed his clarion and he shook his spear. 240
When stretch'd by fierce Achilles on the plain,
His mighty lord was number'd with the slain ;
The hero sought, with soul and pride the same,
An equal leader in Æneas' name.

Now as by chance, upon a beetling steep, 245
He blew his shell that echoed through the deep,
And madly durst the challenged sea-gods brave ;
'Triton, from envy, whelm'd him in the wave.
The deed with anguish fill'd each 'Trojan breast ;
And good Æneas grieved beyond the rest. 250

Then, to obey the Sibyl's high command,
With tears and wailing, hastens all the band.
With trees on trees they toil to raise on high
The funeral shrine, and mount it to the sky,
Beneath their sturdy strokes the forests bow; 255
And the scared beasts their trembling shades forego.
Down drops the pine: the rushing elm resounds:
The monarch oak submits to numerous wounds:
Their mountain seats descending ashes leave;
And what sharp axes sever wedges cleave. 260
Foremost and arm'd alike, with voice and hands
Æneas animates the toiling bands;
And, throwing o'er the interminable wood
His anxious glance, thus prays in sorrowing mood:
"O that in this immensity of shade, 265
The fatal branch of gold would stand display'd!
Since all the prophetess of thee divined,
Misenus! now too sadly true I find."

Scarce had he said, when softly wafted by,
Two doves with plumes unruffled cut the sky, 270
And light upon the green: with joy he views
His mother's birds, and thus his prayer renews:
"O! be your wing my guide, and through the air
Disclose the way (if any way be there)
Through yon dark woods, and point the golden bough,
As its rich shadow floats and gleams below. 276

And thou, my Goddess-mother! now confess
Thy wonted power, and aid thy son's distress."

He spoke; and, heedful of their actions, stood
To mark the plummy guidance through the wood. 280

They just before him fed; and then their flight
Renew'd, yet not outflow his following sight.

But when they came to where Avernus' breath
Infects the envenom'd atmosphere with death,
At once into superior air they spring; 285

And o'er the sacred foliage close the wing;
Where the bright gold with undulating rays
Shoots through the involving green a yellow blaze.

As, when the year is lock'd by winter's hands,
The mistletoe in branchy pride expands; 290

And round the bough, its alien birth arrays,
Blooms in new life and wreathes its saffron sprays.
So look'd the sprouting gold amid the shade:
So, gently rustling, in the breezes play'd.

From the retaining stem Æneas tears 295
The prize with joy, and to the Sibyl bears.

Nor less the Trojan mourners on the coast
Urge their last duties to Misenus' ghost.

And first the pyre's tall fabric they design,
Compact of cloven oak and unctuous pine. 300

Their care its sides with dusky foliage weaves;
And bright arms glitter 'mid the cypress' leaves.

In brimming caldrons some the tepid wave
Prepare, the cold limbs of the dead to lave.
Then o'er the anointed corse they pour the tear; 305
And place it, veil'd with purple, on the bier.
Some the huge bier in mournful office raise;
And with averted faces light the blaze:
Heap'd incense and the flesh of victims burn;
And feeding oil, infused from many an urn. 310
When now the flames had ceased, and sunk the pyre,
With wine they lave the relics of the fire:
And Corynæus in an urn of brass
The bones, selected from the cindery mass,
Disposed; and next, thrice pacing round the ring, 315
Thrice on his comrades, from the lustral spring,
With the bless'd olive's branch light dew he throws:
Then hails the dead, and bids the soul repose.
But, where his friend lies mouldering in the ground,
The pious hero rears a lofty mound, 320
With the chief's arms and oar and trumpet crown'd;
Beneath the ærial mountain's brow sublime;
Which bears Misenus' name through endless time.
These holy dues absolved, without delay
The king prepares the Sibyl to obey. 325
Deep in a rock a cavern dives from light;
By the black flood and forests lock'd in night:

O'er which no birds on venturous wing presume
To tempt the death that broods upon the gloom :
From its rank jaws such blasting vapors roll ; 330
Load the dun air, and poison to the pole.
Hence from its powers, diffused abroad by fame,
The Greeks denote it by Aörnus' name.
Hither Æneas leads four sable kine ;
Whose spreading fronts the priestess bathes with wine :
And, cull'd between the horns, the topmost hairs 336
Burns, as first offerings, with devotive prayers ;
Invoking Hecate, whose potent sway
The heavens acknowledge, and the shades obey.
Then others lance the panting victims' throats ; 340
And catch in bowls the life-blood as it floats.
To Night, dread Power, who gave the Furies birth,
And her great sister, Chaos' offspring, Earth,
A black lamb by the chief's own falchion fell ;
A barren heifer to the queen of hell. 345
Then, to the Stygian monarch's awful claim,
He kindles altars with nocturnal flame ;
And heaps, with oil infused, upon the fire
The ponderous entrails of the bulls' entire.
But now, just ere the morn began to peep ; 350
Ere the sun glimmer'd from his eastern steep ;
Lo ! the ground, bellowing, rocks beneath their tread :
The trembling forest bows its lofty head ;

And dogs of darkness, howling through the shade,
Proclaim the approaching queen in power array'd. 355

"Hence, ye Profane!" the priestess cries, "remove
Your tainting presence! nor pollute the grove!

And thou, Æneas! seise the road of death;

And draw thy flaming falchion from the sheath.

Now with thy firmest soul sustain thy part: 360

This hour claims all the hero in thy heart."

Then in the cave she plunged with furious haste;
And, dauntlessly, her steps with equal steps he traced.

Ye Gods, who rule the shades with awful might!
Chaos! and Phlegethon! and silent Night! 365

Grant me unblamed to speak what Fame has told;
And your deep world of darkness to unfold.

O'er shadowy realms, controll'd by Pluto's sway,
Through the dun gloom they press their lonely way:
Like him who traverses the forest shade, 370
By the false moon not lighted, but betray'd:
When Jove in clouds withdraws the heavens from view;
And Night robes Nature in one sable hue.

On hell's black threshold, by its yawning gate,
Sorrows and vengeful Cares reclining wait. 375

There wan Diseases dwell and mournful Age:
There Fear, and Want, and ghastly Famine rage;
Forms dire to sight! and there, of kindred race,
Pale Death and Sleep, with Labor, hold their place:

There too the Joys of mind that spring from guilt; 380
And War, all horrid in the blood he spilt.

There stand the Furies' iron beds, and there
Discord with gory bands compels her snaky hair.

High in the midst an elm expands its arms,
Old, dark, immense; beneath whose boughs in swarms 385
Cluster light dreams, the mockeries of sleep;
And by each leaf their fluttering station keep.

The region teems with monsters huge and foul:

There Centaurs stable; twofold Scyllas howl;

Vast Briareus his hundred-arm'd assault 390

Threats; and fell Hydra's hisses shake the vault:

Chimæra pours her flames: dire Gorgons glare:

The wings of Harpyies rend the lurid air;

And, grandly in his pomp of might display'd,

Scowls, with dark rage, the fierce tricorp'rate shade*.

Here, suddenly alarm'd, the hero's hand 396

Shook his broad falchion at the monstrous band:

And, unadmonish'd by his sapient guide

That the vain lives in forms of shadow glide,

Madly his rage had dealt its blows around; 400

And at impassive phantoms aim'd the wound.

Hence leads their path to Acheron's dark waves.

Turbid and foul the flood in eddies raves;

* Geryon.

And with fierce influx on Cocytus pours.
Guard of the stream and master of the shores, 405
In squalid horror Charon here attends.
Clustering in tangled hoariness, descends
His mass of beard: his eyes are fix'd in flame:
A rusty garb hangs foully on his frame.
With a protruded pole and canvass spread, 410
He works the sable bark that wafts the dead.
Old, but without decay, the god is seen,
In age's winter, vivid still and green.
Here rush to gain the bank, a bloodless throng,
Matrons, men, boys, and chiefs in battle strong; 415
Maidens; and youths, the prey of funeral fires
In the sad view of their distracted sires:
As numerous as the leaves in forest glades,
When boisterous autumn shatters first their shades:
Or thick as birds, when their assembled host 420
In fluttering myriads settle on the coast;
O'er seas prepared for sunny realms to steer,
And fly the rigors of the wintry year.
The crowds, with longing for the further shore,
Press for their passage, and with prayers implore. 425
Now these, now those the surly boatman takes;
But drives the rest to distance from the lakes.
Amazed Æneas cries: "Explain what cause,
O holy Maid! this mighty concourse draws.

What seek the thronging shades? and what decides 430
That some resign the shore, some cross the pallid tides?"

To him the hoary prophetess replies:

"Son of Anchises! offspring of the skies!

Thou seest Cocytus, and great Styx, whose fear
Guards the dread oath attesting gods revere. 435

The ferryman is Charon: who remain

Are a sad, friendless, and unburied train:

Who cross the flood are tomb'd: to all beside

The Stygian passage is by Fate denied;

And, while excluded from the peaceful urn, 440

In darkness here around the shores they mourn:

Till, a full century complete, at last

Their wish is granted, and the torrent pass'd."

Æneas check'd his step and paused in gloom,
His thought revolving on their hapless doom. 445

Then, mid the crowd that sadden'd on his view,

The leader of his Lycian troops he knew,

Orontes, with Leucaspis by his side;

Who, with their ship, were whelm'd beneath the tide;

As following him from Troy with all their train, 450

The stormy south oppress'd them on the main.

There too, confounded with the unhappy host,

Pale Palinurus stood, a mournful ghost:

Who lately, as he watch'd heaven's starry band,

Fell mid the billows from the helm's command. 455

Him, scarce distinguish'd through the depth of shade,
His features with a weight of gloom o'erlaid,
The chief accosts : "O Palinurus ! say,
What envious Power hath snatch'd thee thus away ;
And mock'd my hope ? To thee alone unjust, 460
Phœbus has only here deceived my trust.

'That, safe from seas, Italia thou should'st gain,
The god predicted : but his faith how vain !"

The ghost replied ; "Great Lord of Iliou's state !
Phœbus and Heaven were guiltless of my fate : 465
For the broad helm, with which the ship I steer'd,
To which my hands with faithful grasp adhered,
Torn from its fastenings by superior force,
Sustain'd me in my fall and buoy'd my course.

Ah ! then, the savage billows I attest, 470
That fears for thee alone disturb'd my breast ;
Lest haply, sever'd from her helm and guide,
Thy ship should founder in the tossing tide.

Three dreary nights I floated on the seas,
Borne by the waftage of the southern breeze. 475
On the fourth morning, with returning light,
Italia gleam'd on my exerted sight.

Slowly I toil'd to land, and safely gain'd :
When, as with griping hands the rock I strain'd, .
Spent, and encumber'd with my dripping vest, 480
The barbarous race assail'd their hapless guest ;
And, as a wealthy prey, with arms oppress'd.

Now on the sands, a wretched corse, I lie, .
Beat by the waves, and parch'd beneath the sky.
But thee I pray by day's etherial cope, 485
By thy bless'd sire, by young Iulus' hope,
Great as thou art, O ! snatch me from my doom :
Seek Velia's port, and give my bones a tomb.
Or if there be a way, indulged to thee
By thy celestial mother's potency, 490
(For not without the gods' high power I deem
'Thou now preparest to cross the fatal stream)
O ! bear me with thee to the further shore ;
And let me rest now toiling life is o'er."

'Thus he ; and thus the priestess answer'd straight : 495
" Why, Palinurus ! madly strive with Fate ?
Would'st thou unburied pass the Stygian wave ?
'The guarded river of the Furies brave ?
Suppress the thought ! the unholy wish forbear !
Nor hope to bend Fate's adamant with prayer. 500
But list to what I say, and with thy heart
Embrace the comfort which my words impart.
'The cities of the guilty region, driven
By prodigies that speak the wrath of Heaven,
The tomb's atonement to thy dust shall rear ; 505
And hallow it with offerings year by year :
While, by thy blood renown'd, the conscious steep
Shall Palinurus' name for ever keep."

These words assuage his cares; and, charm'd by fame,
He hails amid his woes the immortal name. 510

But they pursue their path, and now attain
The watery barrier of the infernal reign:
Not unobserved; for, onward as they drew
Through the drear wood, they struck the boatman's view;
Who mark'd their progress with a fiery glance, 515
And thus in wrath forbade their bold advance:

"Whoe'er thou art thus arm'd, whose foot invades
This world of sleep, of darkness and the shades,
Speak why thou comest! and hence without debate!
The Stygian boat abhors a living freight. 520

When great Alcides on the stream I bore,
Or Theseus and Pirithous wafted o'er,
Though chiefs of matchless might and heavenly seed,
I felt no pleasure in the unhallow'd deed.
He from the monarch's throne itself compell'd 525
Hell's trembling sentry, and in fetters held:
They from the regal chamber durst essay
To bear with impious arms the queen away."

Him briefly thus the holy maid address'd:
"No frauds are here design'd; compose thy breast! 530
These arms intend not force: with howls of dole
Still may hell's guard the bloodless shades controul:
And chaste Proserpina, secure by Fate,
Maintain in holy peace her uncle's state.

Renown'd for piety and martial might, 535
Dardan Æneas, through this Stygian night,
Seeks his dear sire: but, if such holy love
Shall fail thy unrelenting heart to move,
Acknowledge this!" and from her vest she drew
The fatal branch, and offer'd to his view. 540
At once he ceased to rage; and, as he saw
The gold so rarely seen, felt holy awe.
His dusky boat then turning to the banks,
He chases from their seats the spectre-ranks;
Clears all the deck, and takes his mighty freight: 545
The vessel groans beneath the chieftain's weight.
Press'd by the unwonted load, its sutures drink
The sable wave, and gape at many a chink.
Safely, at length, beyond the sullen tide,
He lands the hero and his holy guide, 550
Where its dark shores the unhappy river strews
With ebon sedge, and with deforming ooze.
Here Cerberus within his cavern lay;
Rang his dread triple peal, and barr'd the way.
To him, as she perceived the serpents rise 555
On his fierce neck and mark'd his kindling eyes,
The priestess threw a cake of drowsy powers,
Of honey moulded and narcotic flowers.
He, famine-wrung, his triple throat disclosed;
Ingulf'd the morsel; and, o'ercome, reposed. 560

Stretch'd in the crowded den his volumes lie ;
And the curl'd terrors of his back untie.

The pass thus freed, its grisly guard at rest,
Æneas seised, and from the river press'd.

Straightway his ears lamenting tones assail, 565

Infants' weak cries and melancholy wail :

Whom, reft of life in life's soft-opening morn,
From the sweet breast Death's cruel hand had torn.

Near them were they whose blood injustice spilt ;
Guiltless, but doom'd to feel the award of guilt. 570

Nor are these realms without their judge assign'd :

Here Minos sits with deep inquiring mind :

Calls to his bar the congregated shades ;

Retries their cases, and their lives pervades.

In the next region, overcast with woe, 575

Are they who fell beneath the self-aim'd blow :

Who not for crime expired ; but, loathing day,

Had madly thrown the gift of life away.

Ah ! now, once more how gladly would they bear

Pale want and labor in the ethereal air ! 580

Too late—by laws inexorable bound ;

And the dread nine-fold Styx, that deeply groans around.

Not far removed, in dim diffusion thrown,

Spread the pale fields, which sorrow calls her own.

Here, in deep vales and bowers with myrtle wove, 585

Complain the victims of consuming love.

Beneath the tomb in vain they hoped repose:
The vengeful Power still follows with his woes.
Phædra and Procris here the chief survey'd;
And Eriphyle here her breast display'd, 590
Gored with the cruel wound her son had made.
Evadne too and Crete's incestuous queen,
And fond Laodamia here were seen:
And Cænis, once from woman changed to man,
Now in the sex in which her race began. 595
With these Elissa ranged the extended wood;
Fresh from her wound, and still effusing blood:
Whom near approaching, as with doubtful view
Through the brown gloom the Trojan hero knew,
(Like him, who, ill assured, through misty night 600
Sees, or but thinks he sees the moon's young light,)
He thus address'd; while tears bedew'd his eyes,
And love confounded all his words with sighs:
"Unhappy Queen! and was the common breath,
That spoke thy deep despair's recourse to death, 605
Too sadly true? and I thy cause of fate?
By all the stars! by Heaven's eternal state!
(If oaths bear influence in this world of night,)
With pain I left thee, and compulsive flight.
The gods, whose high commands my steps compel 610
To trace these realms where dusky horrors dwell,

Forced me away: nor could my mind foreknow,
My loss would rend thee with such deathful woe.
Ah! stay! whom fliest thou? ah! withdraw not now!
'Tis the last converse that our fates allow." 615

Thus, while her flaming glances shot disdain,
With tears Æneas strove to soothe her pain.
Averse her lowering eyes and closed her ears,
No more she heeds him and no more she hears,
Than the Marpesian rock, when billows beat, 620
The watery war conflicting at its feet.
At length she burst away in hostile mood;
And plunged into the covert of the wood.
There her Sychæus, faithful to her cares,
Meets all her love, and all her sorrow shares. 625
Nor less Æneas, anguish'd for her doom,
With tearful eyes pursues her through the gloom.

Then, passing on his destined way, he came
To realms where dwell the chiefs of warlike fame.
Parthenopæus, here, in arms renown'd; 630
Tydeus, and pale Adrastus' shade he found.
Here too, his Trojan friends in battle slain,
Much wept on earth, he saw, and wept again.
Glaucus, Thersilochus, and Medon here,
And Polyphœtes, Ceres' holy seer; 635
Antenor's sons; and still, as once in war,
Idæus arm'd and mounted on his car,

Press round the hero, and with fond delay,
Dwell on his looks, and with inquiries stay.
But they, whom lately Agamemnon led, 640
Beheld his blazing arms with wonted dread.
Some, as they once had sought their ships in flight,
Fled in disorder through the illumined night:
Some strove to shriek; and, in thin feeble cries,
On their light lips the scream of terror dies. 645

And here, Deïphobus! he saw thy shade;
Whose form the havoc of the sword betray'd:
Lopp'd of both hands; the head of ears bereft;
And with dishonest wounds the nostrils cleft.
Him as he shrunk, desirous to conceal 650
The dire defacements of the mangling steel,
Æneas hardly knew, and first address'd,
Surprise and sorrow struggling in his breast:
"Deïphobus! renown'd for martial force!
With blood derived from god-like Teucer's source! 655
What heart could wish the vengeance that I see?
What hand had power to wreak it thus on thee?
Fame told me that, in Troy's disastrous night,
O'erspent with slaughter, not o'ercome in fight,
Thou fell'st upon accumulated death, 660
The unconquer'd hero to thy latest breath.
Then on Rhœteum's shore a tomb I raised;
Gave it thy name, and with thine arms emblazed:

And thrice my lifted voice invoked thy shade.
Thy corse, my Friend! escaped the search I made; 665
And wrong'd my wish, to thee and friendship just,
To place in Phrygian earth thy honor'd dust."

"All," said the mournful ghost of Priam's son,
"For my sad corse thy piety has done.
These wrongs from Fate and Helen's guilt I prove: 670
These the fell tokens of the Spartan's love!
Too well thou know'st in what perfidious joy
We pass'd the night that saw the wreck of Troy.
The scene with horror memory recalls;
When the dire horse o'er Ilion's towery walls, 675
Sprang, big with arm'd affray: that fateful night,
Pretending orgies and the festive rite,
Girt with our female Bacchanals, she raised
In her foul hand the signal flame, that blazed
To point the Grecians to their destined prey. 680
Spent with the toils and pleasures of the day,
In the disastrous room my couch I press'd,
With senses whelm'd in sweet and death-like rest.
The egregious wife meanwhile disarm'd her lord;
And robb'd my pillow of my trusty sword. 685
Then, fondly deeming with my blood, thus spilt,
To blot the record of her former guilt,
And make a great peace-offering of my fate,
She to her Grecian spouse unlock'd my gate.

Why should I more the dreadful tale prolong? 690
With cursed Ulysses in the assassin throng,
They burst my chamber, and my sleep invade.
O! be the murderous deed on Greece repaid!
If justly, O ye Gods! my voice demands
This debt of vengeance from your righteous hands. 695
But thou, in turn, declare what wondrous cause
To these sad realms thy daring footstep draws.
Comest thou a wanderer by fierce ocean driven?
Compell'd by Fortune, or the will of Heaven?
That thus in depths, where sun-beams never dive, 700
Thou roam'st death's pallid universe alive."

While thus the hours in fond discourse they waste,
His line of noon the god of day had pass'd :
And haply all the loan of time, mispent,
Had thus been lost, if, wary of the event, 705
The holy Sibyl had not warn'd the chief,
And briefly said ; " To unavailing grief
We give the time : the night, Æneas! comes :
Here part the roads that lead to diverse homes.
The right, which reaches to Elysium's meads, 710
Straight to imperial Pluto's palace leads :
The left to Tartarus, where horror reigns ;
And guilty spirits suffer righteous pains."

" Be not displeased," Deiphobus replied,
" Great priestess of the gods, and holy guide ! 715

Hence will I now, and 'mid the shades resume
My place in darkness, and fulfil my doom.
Go, our proud boast! go, glorious son of Troy!
And, bless'd by Heaven, thy happier fates enjoy!"

He spoke, and turn'd his step: when, stretch'd immense,
With bulwarks circled and a triple fence, 721

A mighty structure, whose enormous mounds
With flaming torrents Phlegethon surrounds,
Rose on the left; and, as Æneas threw
His glance around, broke sudden on his view. 725

Its massy gates, on adamant sustain'd,
The assault of men or gods alike disdain'd;
And near, high-raised, an iron fortress stood.
On the dread threshold, in a robe of blood,
Tisiphone, with eyes that never slept, 730
By day, by night, her vengeful station kept.

Hence groans are heard, and torture's horrid strains;
The steel whip's clangor, and the clash of chains.
Aghast the hero stands; and, as he draws
With trembling ears the sounds, inquires their cause: 735

"Say, holy Virgin! whence this rending peal?
What the dire crimes, and what the pains they feel?"
"Illustrious Chief of Troy!" the priestess said,
"That guilty threshold no chaste foot must tread:
But, when great Hecate's distinguish'd love 740
Enthroned me priestess of the Avernian grove,

She led me through yon regions of affright ;
And show'd me all the gods' avenging might.
Those realms of woe stern Rhadamanthus awes :
Hears and determines by eternal laws : 745
Wrings the black secret from the grasping breast ;
And bares the villain till he stands confess'd :
Who, vainly glorying in successful art,
Had left till death atonement's healing part.
Straight o'er the wretch the sovereign Fury stands, 750
Succinct for torture, and with lifted hands :
In one she rears the scourge : with one she shakes
The fiercer terrors of her twisted snakes ;
And to the vengeful task, with thrilling yell,
Calls her dread sisters from the blackest hell : 755
Then, back upon their thundering hinges roll'd,
Those portals of the fiends at length unfold.
Seest thou what guard upon the threshold waits ?
What form of horror threatens at the gates ?
Within, a hydra, more than Lerna's dire, 760
From fifty jaws emits Tartarean fire :
And Tartarus itself as deep beneath
The floor of hell extends its yawning death,
As twice the travel of the toiling eye
Thence to the summit of the Olympian sky. 765
In this dire gulf, with thunder overthrown,
Earth's ancient sons, the brood of Titan groan.

There the Aloëian twins with wondering eyes
I saw, and gazed upon their monstrous size :
Whose force assail'd the heavens, and proudly strove 770
To storm, (mad impotence !) the throne of Jove.
There too I saw Salmoneus' cruel doom ;
Who durst the Almighty's state and arms assume.
Rapt by four steeds, and wielding flames, he rode,
In impious pomp, through Elis as the god. 775
Fool ! to believe that hocs on echoing brass
Could for the inimitable thunder pass.
But, throned upon the storm, the almighty Sire,
Not smoky flames, but heaven's authentic fire
Hurl'd, and despatch'd him with the dazzling blow, 780
In fierce combustion, to the abyss below.
There also Tityos, earth's vast son, I found,
Spread o'er nine acres of the incumber'd ground.
A monstrous vulture, ever fierce for gore,
With ravening beak his deathless liver tore : 785
Dwelt in the house of blood within his breast ;
And, gorged, still revell'd on the immortal feast.
Strong to suffice their pains the fibres grew ;
And, ever wasted, were for ever new.
Why should I on the Lapithæ dilate ? 790
Why speak Ixien's or Pirithöus' fate ?
O'er these, in trembling poise, a sable rock,
Now now to fall, intends the crushing shock.

To those, on whom eternal famine preys,
A regal feast its luxuries displays. 795
Around the pompous hall in shining rows,
Couches of gold delude with vain repose.
Close at the board the Queen of Furies stands :
Thundering forbids the taste, and lifts her brands
To awe the graspings of their quivering hands. 800
In this sad place their doom of torture wait
They, who their brothers once pursued with hate ;
And they whose hands against their sires were heaved ;
And they whose fraud their client's trust deceived :
They too (most numerous these) whose lonely heart 805
Hung o'er their wealth, nor gave their own a part ;
And they who on the adulterous couch were slain ;
And they who, banded on the atrocious plain,
Fear'd not the majesty of law betray'd ;
But stood against their country's cause array'd. 810
Seek not their several lots of pain to know ;
What each sustains of heaven-adjusted woe.
Some up a steep a huge rock heave : some feel,
Stretch'd on the spokes, an ever-circling wheel.
Unhappy Theseus on his penal stone 815
Sits, and will ever sit and ever groan :
And Phlegyas, conscious now of guilt's event,
Suffers severer pangs that ne'er relent ;

And loudly cries, alarming night's dull ear,
"Learn to be just, O man! and Heaven revere!" 820
One wretch his country to a master sold;
Made laws and cancell'd them, for guilty gold.
One with dire incest stain'd his daughter's bed:
All dared some mighty crime, and, daring, sped.
Had I a hundred mouths, and each a tongue; 825
An iron voice, and more than human strong;
Yet all their crimes, and all their pains to speak,
Those tongues would be too few, that voice too weak."

When thus the priestess, hoar with time, had said:
"Now come," she cried, "and be your offering paid. 830
Let us not now delay: for lo! in sight,
The fabric labor'd by Cyclopean might.
The vaulted portal in the front I view;
To which, affix'd, the sacred branch is due."

She spake; and, o'er the intervening plain, 835
With darkling steps the regal porch they gain.
There, to the threshold of the Stygian king
(His limbs first sprinkled from the gushing spring)
Æneas press'd; and to the sacred gate
Attach'd the golden present claim'd by Fate. 840

The gift thus made, and finish'd every rite
Enjoin'd by her who rules the nether night,
They reach'd at length the realms of blissful rest;
The bloomy groves and gardens of the bless'd.

Here purest ether sweets immortal feeds, 845
And throws impurpling radiance o'er the meads.
Suns of their own these souls of light behold;
And stars, more brilliant with celestial gold.
Some on the sands, or green inwrought with flowers,
In games palestric pass the gladsome hours: 850
Some chaunt melodious lays, and with light feet
In the gay dance the measured cadence beat:
Whilst, in a flowing robe, the bard of Thrace
Rolls his tuned voice through music's sevenfold space;
And as he touches now, now strikes the lyre, 855
It wakes, and heavenly harmonies aspire.
Here Ilion's peaceful race of ancient birth,
In happier days the pride and grace of earth,
Assaracus and Ilus dwell in joy,
With the great founder of the walls of Troy. 860
Their vacant cars and arms, at distance laid,
Æneas with admiring eyes survey'd.
Their spears stand fix'd in earth, and on the plain
Their coursers feed, unconscious of the rein.
Their joys not transient as the fleeting breath, 865
What pleased in life now pleases after death:
Fond of their steeds and chariots as above,
The hero's passion in the shades they prove.
Others on either side Æneas sees,
On the sweet turf diffused in blissful ease. 870

Hymning glad pæans at the unsating feast,
Beneath a laurel's fragrant grove they rest;
Where, rolling from above, with deathless green
Eridanus invests the waving scene.

Here they, who bled to save their country, shine : 875

Here priests, whose holiness adorn'd the shrine;
And sacred bards, whose worthy strains confess'd

The genuine god, that panted in the breast;

And they whose arts the joys of life improved;

And all who, friends to man, by man were loved. 880

To these bless'd numbers, as they throng'd around,

Their holy brows with snowy fillets bound,

The Sibyl spake : but chiefly him address'd,

Who tower'd in state and stature o'er the rest,

The sage Musæus; "Happy Spirits! say, 885

And thou great Bard! O deign to point our way!

Where dwells Anchises? which his bless'd abode?

To him we come: for him the downward road

Of death have trod, and pass'd the floods of Styx."

To her the hero-bard; "No limits fix 890

Our range of happiness: at large we dwell

In groves or meads, or where soft hillocks swell

By living fountains: but, if such your will,

O'ercome the gentle rising of this hill;

And thence I will an easy path display 895

To lead your footsteps through our world of day."

He said, and pass'd before, and from the height
Gave all the glowing landscape to their sight.
Then from their guide they part, and straight descend;
And o'er the blissful plains enraptured tend. 900

But great Anchises then, as Heaven inspired,
In the green bosom of a vale retired,
The souls elect survey'd with studious care,
Ordain'd by Fate to rise to upper air;
And, rapt in visions of sublime delight, 905
As all his glorious offspring pass'd in sight,
Ponder'd their fates and fortunes in his mind;
The virtues, and the fame to each assign'd.
But when Æneas rose upon his view,
To meet him with expanded arms he flew. 910
From his fond eye the tear of rapture broke,
And trickled down his cheek, as thus he spoke:

“And art thou to thy sire thus come at last,
The dreary road by piety surpass'd?
And am I thus indulged, O filial Friend! 915
Thy face to see, and in thy converse blend?
Intent indeed on time's eventful flight,
This I had hoped, and hoped, it seems, aright.
Ah! on what oceans toss'd, what regions thrown,
What toils, what dangers has my offspring known! 920
Ah! much I fear'd from Libya's fatal charms;
Beauty's soft lure, and love's retaining arms.”

“Thy shade, my Sire! oft rising to my sight,”
The chief replied, “has call’d me here through night.
Safe on the Tyrrhene seas my vessels stand. 925
Ah! let me now join fondly hand to hand:
Refuse me not, my Sire! one dear embrace.”

He spoke, and gushing tears bedew’d his face.
Thrice round his father’s neck his arms he lock’d:
And thrice his touch the included phantom mock’d; 930
Fine as the ethereal air’s impassive stream;
Or sleep’s illusion hovering in a dream.

Now in the vale’s retreat Æneas sees
A grove, whose foliage whisper’d to the breeze;
And Lethe’s placid wave, that, stealing round, 935
Lull’d, as it warbled, all the enchanted ground.
Thither, in crowds the shadowy hosts repair;
Thick as the bees in summer’s noontide air:
When, eager to supply their fragrant cells,
The myriad spoilers sack the lily-bells; 940
And through the field the busy murmur swells.
Struck at the sudden sight, Æneas stood,
And ask’d, why throng’d the crowds, and what the flood?

To him Anchises: “Souls, by Fate decreed
To other bodies, there to Lethe speed; 945
And from the potent stream securely drain
Oblivious draughts of life’s preceding pain.

Long have I wish'd thee here, my Son! to trace
The rising glories of our destined race:
'That thus thou may'st, elate with all my joy, 950
Plant in thine Italy our root of Troy."

"And can it be, my Sire! that souls sublime
Would for our skies exchange this blissful clime;
And wish, with wretched preference, again
For tardy bodies and life's dragging chain?" 955

"All will I tell, thee, Son!" the sire rejoin'd:
"Nor leave suspense with darkness on thy mind.
First, heaven, earth, seas, the moon's resplendent zone
And the bright stars that circle Titan's throne,
One mighty spirit, one informing soul 960
Pervades, and blending animates the whole.
Hence men and beasts, the life that wings the skies,
And that which ocean's monstrous brood supplies:
All from one fountain draw celestial flame;
The primal energy in all the same. 965
But, by dull matter blunted and suppress'd,
The fire burns dimly in its mortal vest.
Thus souls feel joy and fear, desire and pain;
And, bound in darkness, gasp for light in vain.
Nor, e'en when death dissolves the mortal ties, 970
The gross contagion with the body dies:
But in the soul, the growth of sensual years,
By Nature's strict necessity, inheres.

Hence are they sentenced to atoning pains ;

Till just infliction shall erase their stains.

975

Some are suspended in the viewless wind :

Some deep in roaring waters are confined ;

And some are exercised with fire's sharp power :

Each soul must suffer expiation's hour.

Then are we sent to range Elysium's sweets :

980

And few we are who gain these blissful seats,

Till, his full orb complete, long toiling Time

Has cleansed the foulness of concreted crime ;

And left, in all its native radiance bright,

The etherial sense of elemental light.

985

Then, when a thousand circling years have roll'd,

These all to Lethe crowd, by Heaven controll'd :

That, thence unconscious, they may wish anew

To breathe in bodies and the sun review."

Thus spake the sire ; and, drawing them along,

990

Immersed his comrades in the murmuring throng ;

And on a central rising took his stand,

Best to regard and point the passing band.

"Now come," he said, "and hence I will display

Our Dardan sons expecting solar day :

995

Illustrious souls, that shall adorn our name,

When Troy and Latium are in blood the same :

And, as thine eye pervades the brilliant line,

My tongue shall tell thee all thy Fates design.

That youth, reclining on his pointless spear, 1000
Shall first resume his earthly life's career :
From Troy and Italy shall blended rise,
First of thy race, to breathe in upper skies :
Silvius his Alban name, by birth reveal'd,
When in the tomb thy mortal eyes are seal'd. 1005
Him to thine age shall thy Lavinia bear,
In woods sequester'd, and shall foster there :
A king himself, of future kings the source ;
From him our Alban power shall take its course.
There Procas view, the glory of our race: 1010
Capys and Numitor stand next in place ;
And there Æneas Silvius, known to fame
As like to thee in virtues as in name :
In piety and war of high renown ;
And great, if e'er indulged with Alba's throne. 1015
Mark the young vigor in their mien display'd ;
And the green oak that forms their temples' shade !
By these thy realm with cities shall be fill'd :
Their wealth shall Gabii, and Nomentum build :
Shall plant Fidenæ ; and, encircling round 1020
The craggy steeps, shall high Collatia found.
By them shall Inuiis and Pometia tower :
Bolæ and Cora shall proclaim their power.
Though nameless yet each unexisting state,
I give to each its name foredoom'd by Fate. 1025

Lo! there, the asserter of his grand-sire's side,
Great Romulus awaits in martial pride.
Fair Ilia's offspring, of Dardanian strain,
He bears Assaracus in every vein.
See! from his two-fold crest what splendors rise! 1030
How Jove himself arrays him for the skies!
Rear'd by his hand, our mighty Rome, my Son!
Her course of empire o'er the world shall run:
Shall proudly, by her arms, o'er earth extend:
With her great soul shall high as heaven ascend; 1035
And, robed in power, majestic and alone,
On her seven bulwark'd hills shall plant her throne:
Bless'd in her sons, like Cybele the great;
When, crown'd with towers and on her car elate,
She ranges Phrygia in celestial state: 1040
And, glorying in the immortals of her race,
Throws round a hundred sons her proud embrace:
Each son a god, and all enthroned above,
Natives of heaven and family of Jove.
Now hither turn, and let thine eyes survey 1045
Thy Roman offspring in its grand display.
There Cæsar stands with all the Iulian line,
Destined on earth in future times to shine.
There, there is he, thou oft hast heard foretold,
In whom thy Latium shall again behold 1050
A Saturn, reigning in an age of gold,

Augustus, sprung from gods ! His mighty hand
India and Garamantia shall command ;
And stretch beyond the sun's star-spangled road ;
Where Atlas bears the heavens' refulgent load. 1055
Warn'd by the gods, already conscious earth
Through all her trembling realms expects his birth :
Nile and the Caspian shake with prescient fear ;
And pale Mæotis feels her victor near.
Alcides' self, in his victorious race, 1060
Spread not his triumphs o'er so vast a space ;
Though the brass-footed stag his shafts o'ertook ;
Tamed Erymanth's fierce wood, and Lerna shook :
Nor Bacchus, when he wreathed with vines his rein ;
And drove down Nysa's steep his tiger-wain. 1065
And doubt we yet to rush on glorious fame ?
Yet, unappall'd, to press our Latian claim ?
 " But who is he that wears yon olive band,
With the god's ensigns in his holy hand ?
'Tis he, the Roman king : I see and know 1070
His venerable locks and beard of snow :
He who, from Cures' ill-sufficing earth,
To empire call'd for wisdom and for worth,
Shall check bold license with religion's awe ;
And found the city on the strength of law. 1075
Him Tullus shall succeed, ordain'd to break
The chains of sloth, and Rome's fierce soul to wake :

To rouse her from the sleep of peace to war;
And seat her once again on triumph's car.
Him Ancus follows, more to pomp inclined; 1080
Even now too studious of the common mind.
Wilt thou behold the Tarquin kings? or view
Brutus to vengeance and to freedom true?
Who, Rome's first consul, in his awful hand
Shall bear the fasces of the new command: 1085
Nor bear in vain; for as the sons conspire
To wake new wars, the justice of the sire
Shall strike their crime, and, stern in freedom's cause,
With filial blood atone the offended laws.
Unhappy: but howe'er succeeding days 1090
May give the deed to censure or to praise,
Yet shall it be transcendence of soul;
His country's love, and glory's strong controul.
There see the Decii, and the Drusi here;
And stern Torquatus, with his axe severe: 1095
And great Camillus, who shall rear again
Rome's standard fallen on Allia's fatal plain.
Those spirits, there, whom equal arms adorn,
So knit in harmony while yet unborn,
If they shall view the sun, from mutual rage 1100
What blood shall issue in the wars they wage!
From Alpine summits and Monæcus' tower,
The father with his tide of war shall pour.

The numerous east the daughter's spouse shall wield ;
And urge the dire decision of the field. 1105
Ah ! cease, my Sons ! the guilty conflict spare !
Nor thus your country's mangled bowels tear !
And thou, my Offspring ! first the sword resign ;
And prove by mercy's act thy race divine.
To Jove's high fane yon chief in laurell'd pride, 1110
For Corinth sack'd and routed Greece, shall ride.
By him shall stoop to earth proud Argos' wall ;
And Agamemnon's own Mycenæ fall.
Even high Æacides himself, the race
Of fierce Achilles, shall his triumph grace ; 1115
And Troy be thus avenged, nor more in vain
Pallas of her polluted shrine complain.
Who can in silence pass great Cato's fame ?
Or give not honor, Cossus ! to thy name ?
Who can refuse the noble Gracchi praise ? 1120
Or the two Scipio's crown'd with Libyan bays,
Those thunderbolts of war ? or not relate
Fabricious mighty, though of poor estate ?
Or thee, Serranus ! from thy furrowing share
Call'd to the duties of imperial care ? 1125
Ah ! why, ye Fabii ! force me thus along,
To speak your glories with a wearied tongue ?
And thou, O Maximus ! whose wise delay
Shall prove thy tottering country's surest stay ?

Others with softer hand may mould the brass ; 1130
 Or wake to warmer life the marble mass :
 Plead at the bar with more prevailing force ;
 Or trace more justly heaven's revolving course.
 Roman ! be thine the sovereign arts of sway ;
 Nobly to rule, and make the world obey : 1135
 Give peace its laws ; respect the prostrate foe :
 Abase the lofty, and exalt the low."

Thus spake the sire ; and then their wondering eyes
 And ravish'd ears he struck with more surprise.
 " See where, illustrious from the combat's toils, 1140
 Marcellus triumphs with the imperial spoils !
 In pomp of state, majestically tall,
 He leads his victor hosts, and shines above them all.
 He, when the storm of war shall shake the state,
 On his fierce steed shall turn the tide of fate : 1145
 Shall quell the rebel Gaul, and proudly wield
 Those arms which first shall make the Libyan yield ;
 And, third in time, shall deck Quirinus' fane
 With a chief's spoils whom he, a chief, had slain."

But here Æneas ; (for he now descried 1150
 A youthful warrior by the hero's side,
 Of noble mien, in radiant arms array'd ;
 But sad his brow, and eyes o'ercast with shade ;)
 " Say, who is he, whose steps the chieftain's trace ?
 His son ? or only of his glorious race ? 1155

What stir surrounds him ! how his looks proclaim
The semblanced chief, another yet the same !
But round his dazzling form a cloud is spread ;
And night hangs hovering o'er his youthful head."

"Son !" cried the weeping sire, "the wish forego 1160
To learn what late must overwhelm thy house in woe.
Him shall the jealous Fates but show to earth :
A short bright flash between decease and birth.
Too high, ye Gods ! our Roman power had grown,
Had this your precious gift been all our own. 1165
How shall the field of Mars lament his doom ;
Its plain resounding with the groan of Rome !
Tiber ! what pomps of woe shall o'er thy wave
Gloom, as it murmurs by the recent grave !
No youth of Troy, thus rich in early praise, 1170
So high the hope of Italy shall raise :
Nor shall our Rome, 'mid all her hero-host,
A son so bright in dawning glory boast.
O piety ! O faith of ancient strain !
O hand, unconquer'd on the martial plain ! 1175
On foot, or spurring his impetuous steed,
The foe that met him had been sure to bleed.
Ah ! could'st thou, hapless Boy ! through Fate's decree
Break into age, thou should'st Marcellus be !
Hither with loaded hands fresh lilies bring : 1180
Here let me strew Elysium's roseate spring.

Vain though my offerings, let them yet be paid ;
And honor'd thus my great descendent's shade."

His son, engaged with high discourse like this,
Anchises led around the fields of bliss. 1185

Then, having shown him all his future fame,
And fired his bosom with the patriot flame,
What wars await him, next, the sire relates ;
Laurentum's sovereign and the Latian states :
Tells him how best his arduous course to run ; 1190
What counsel may achieve, what must by force be won.

Two are the gates of Sleep : of horn 'tis said,
One, through which pass true spectres of the dead ;
And one of ivory, highly wrought and bright ;
Whence issue unessential dreams to light. 1195

There as the Sibyl and Æneas wait,
The sire dismiss'd them through the eburnean gate.
Quick to his fleet the hero speeds his way :
Then coasts the shore, and gains Caieta's bay.
There, by their anchors held, the vessels stand, 1200
Their prows to sea, their sterns upon the strand.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

NOTES.

WHEN, from respect to the bulk of my publication, I relinquished the design, which I had once entertained, of attaching such a commentary to my translation as might fully illustrate my author, I threw this part of the business entirely from my mind; and the few notes, which I subsequently found it necessary to write, were written in a hurry, and, for the most part, on the immediate requisition of the press. Of the time, which I then allowed myself to want, I am now fully possessed: but on revising these hasty compositions, I have discovered in them very little which I am desirous of changing; and, with a few additions, they are here again offered, in their original condition, to the indulgence of the reader. A just commentary on the *Æneis* would occupy as much space as the poem itself; and, if I were able to write it, it would be gratifying, probably, to very few of those who may peruse my work. In Heyne the learned reader will, perhaps, find all the information with which I could supply him; and the less erudite may obtain that knowledge of the subject, which he may want, from the French commentators, Segrais and Catrou; or from the prefaces and notes of our own learned and judicious Trapp. Lempriere's Classical Dictionary will furnish all the requisite intelligence respecting the mythological part of the *Æneis*. I cannot say much of Dr. Warton's notes, appended to his edition of Pitt's translation. In some instances they discover the fine taste for which this amiable man was so justly celebrated: but, in general, they are trite and meagre.

ad	bd
pq	pq
---	---
bd	bd
pq	pq
---	---
bd	bd
pq	pq

BOOK I.

Verse 1.—Arms, and the man, &c.

This opening of the *Æneis* (to v. 33 inclusive, of the original) is singularly fine and noble. Plain yet rich, its numbers are particularly grand, and it compresses a large mass of matter into a very small compass of diction. Every line is crowded with thought; and so studious of brevity was the poet, in this commencement of his work, that the construction of one of his paragraphs has in consequence suffered. The five lines from *Nec dum etiam causæ, &c.* to *jactatos æquore toto*, inclusive, must be in a parenthesis: and *Id metuens*, must be the nominative to *Arcebat*. Dr. Trapp pronounces this construction "not to be endured." It is indeed very trying to the temper of a grammarian: but it is the best which can be proposed; and in this opinion Heyne agrees with me. The magnificence with which this exordium closes in the 33d line,

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,

has frequently been made a topic of remark. The connexion of the subject of the poem with Rome had previously been shown:

genus unde Latinum

Albanique patres atque altæ mœnia Romæ :

and, in this concluding verse, the heroic toils of *Æneas* are nobly identified with her magnitude and importance. The smallest foundation stone of this mighty empire could not be laid without exciting, as it were, a tumult in fate; and throwing into agitation the powers of earth and of heaven. The introduction of Carthage into these initial lines is peculiarly happy; and the whole constitutes such an opening of a great poem, as is not to be equalled in all the productions of the epic Muse. The *Odyssey* opens beautifully, and the *Paradise Lost* magnificently: but the exordium of neither can vie with that of the *Æneis*. This part of my work cost me a much larger proportion of time and trouble than any other. My predecessors, Dryden and

Pitt, have taken great liberties with it. Of the four lines, *Ille ego, &c.* which have been placed by some old grammarian before the Virgilian beginning of the poem, it is unnecessary to say any thing. The forgery has been already too much honored by the repeated and labored refutations which have been expended on it; and it has experienced too much notice from Heyne.

Verse 1.— who first, &c.

Antenor had led a colony from Troy, and founded Patavium in Transpadan Italy, before Æneas arrived in Latium. But this part of modern Italy was, by the distribution of ancient geography, in Cisalpine Gaul: and Æneas might consequently be regarded by Virgil as the first Trojan who had settled, not merely in Latium but, in Italy.

Verse 11.—Speak, Muse! &c.

The Muse was properly invoked by the poet, as, without such divine communication, it was impossible that he should be acquainted with many of the circumstances which his plan compelled him to relate, such as the conduct of Juno, and the counsels of the gods, &c.

Verse 39.—And all the offenses of the hated brood,

Et genus invisum.—The whole regal race of Troy, as derived from Dardanus, the son of Jupiter by Electra the daughter of Atlas, was hated by Juno, as the adulterous offspring of a rival fair. Dryden has not scrupled to supply what Virgil was contented only very remotely to hint;

“Electra’s glories, and her injur’d bed;”

in which line, also, there is a considerable ambiguity of expression; or, what has more learnedly been called amphibology.

Verse 47.—Scarce lost in distance were Sicilia’s shores,

Here commences the action of the poem, in the seventh year of the wanderings of Æneas, and within twelve months, or very

little more or less, of its termination. All besides, which it is necessary for the reader to know, is thrown into episode and narration: by which management the integrity and roundness of the fable are more perfectly preserved; and, from the shorter limits of the action, its impression is the more forcible. Homer, in the *Odyssey*, first gave the example of this artificial structure of an heroic fable; and it has since generally been followed.

*Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res
..... auditorem rapit; &c.*

The hints of the speech of Juno, of the storm, of the distress of Æneas, and of the grotto of the nymphs, have been derived by Virgil from the *Odyssey*; but every circumstance has been highly improved by him, and wrought into one picture of superior excellence. Between the reception of Æneas by Dido and that of Ulysses at the court of Phæacia, I can discover, excepting in the supernatural cloud which provides for the immediate safety of the two heroes, very little resemblance. Dido, indeed, like Nausicaä, is compared with Diana; and, of the two beautiful descriptions of the goddess, it is difficult to assign the preference to the Grecian or the Roman. The former shall be inserted in a note in its proper place.

Ver. 95.—twice seven nymphs, who near my person shine,

I cannot conceive why Dryden should call these nymphs,

.....“the charming daughters of the main,”

unless it be that Ruæus in his note on *nymphæ* in this passage, says, “*Proprie minora AQUARUM numina sunt, ut diximus.*” *Ecl. ii. 46.* and adds, “*Addicuntur tamen et aliis numinibus quasi FAMULÆ.*” They are here manifestly of the virgin train (the maids of honor shall I call them?) of Juno, of a lineage wholly different from the nymphs of the sea. But a rhyme was offered to him, and the poet would not take the trouble of searching for another. This is one of the evils of rhyme, by which even Dryden very frequently suffers. His accommodations to rhyme are much more numerous than might be expected from so great and so experienced a master of the art. Of the objections to

this tuneful close of our English verse, the strongest is the temptation, which it suggests, to give it the precedence over some of the higher requisites of composition. It often allures from sense to sound; and, in instances out of number, it induces the writer to employ words which are not the best, and which he would otherwise reject. That this should be its effect with inferior poets cannot surprise us: but we may reasonably wonder and complain when we see its influence, thus injuriously displayed, in the pages of our most accomplished rhymists, in those of Dryden and even of Pope.

Verse 107.—Ardent he hurl'd his sceptre as he spoke; &c.

.....*Conversa cuspide montem
Impulit in latus;*

With his inverted spear, (which he held as a sceptre in his hand) he struck the mountain on its side.—The sense is plain: but Trapp, who seldom mistakes the meaning of his author, has translated it,

He turn'd his spear, and push'd
The hollow mountain's side:

which he explains by saying that he made the entire mountain incline and stoop to the other side; and thus opened a passage for the winds at the bottom.

Verse 211.—There, in the bosom of the land recess'd, &c.

Of this beautiful description, Dryden, as it must be confessed, has given a very inadequate, and not very correct representation:

“ Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea;
And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a silvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

A grot is form'd beneath with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls,
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls."

To ascertain the spot, so charmingly and specifically described by Virgil, has been the subject of much inquiry: but the result has not been fully successful. A place, mentioned by Shaw in his Travels, in the bay of Tunis, between the *promontorium Hermæum*, or Cape Bon, on the east, and the *promontorium Apollinis*, or Cape Zibeeb, on the west, seems to correspond the best with the poet's draught. That, to give verisimilitude to his work, he drew the picture principally from nature can scarcely be doubted: but the sea has innovated much on that part of the coast of Africa; and something also in the description must be attributed to the embellishment of poetry. It is not therefore surprising that the scene, as it came from the pen of Virgil, should not be distinctly discoverable after the lapse of so many centuries. I subjoin Dr. Shaw's account, as it will probably gratify my readers.

"Two leagues to the east north-east of Seedy Doude, and a little to the southward of the promontory of Mercury, is Louhareah, the Aquilaria of the ancients, where Curio landed those troops, that were afterwards cut in pieces by Saburra. There are several fragments of antiquities at this place, but nothing remarkable: however, from the sea-shore to the village, which is at half a mile's distance, the interjacent mountain, from the level of the sea to the height of twenty or thirty feet, is all the way very artfully scooped and hollowed, small openings being carried up in several places to the surface for the admission of fresh air, whilst large pillars and arches are left standing at proper distances below, to support the mountain. These are the quarries, which Strabo takes notice of, whence the buildings of Carthage, Utica, and many other adjacent cities, might receive their materials. Moreover, as the mountain above is all over shaded with trees: as the arches below lie open to the sea, having a large cliff on each side, with the island *Ægimurus* placed over against them; as there are likewise, some fountains perpetually draining from the rocks, and seats for the weary

labourer, we have little room to doubt, from such a concurrence of circumstances so exactly corresponding to the cave which Virgil placeth some where in this gulph, but the following description is literally true, notwithstanding the opinion of some commentators, who have thought it fictitious. '*Est in secessu longo locus,*' &c. &c."

Verse 295—. when Jove, enthroned in light,

The machinery, or the agency of the gods, in the *Æneis* here first opens on us; and it must be confessed that the sovereign of Olympus never appears to more advantage than in this representation of him. We see him enthroned on high, throwing his eyes over the land and seas; and at last, from the summit of heaven, fixing them upon Libya, where the hero, the destined father of Rome and of the Julian family, was wandering, shipwrecked and an exile. As he is thus wrapped in the meditations of his providence, the monarch of heaven is approached by his daughter, Venus, the mother of the suffering hero. Her address to him, as to the supreme disposer of all things, is full of awful reverence, and of the most pathetic and persuasive expostulation. The reply of the king of the universe, which is most naturally induced, includes a prophetic summary of the history of Rome from her infancy to her state of mature greatness under Augustus; when he had closed the temple of Janus, and in his censorship had reformed the morals of the people. Nothing can be more artificial than this management of the great poet; and the whole is invested with the strongest probability. There is no image in poetry which exceeds that of the countenance of Jupiter, calming the tempest and arraying the universe in sunshine. We may address him as Lucretius did the goddess of love:

*Te—fugiunt venti: te nubila cæli,
Adventumque tuum: Tibi rident æquora ponti:
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.*

Verse 320.—Antenor, circled by his Grecian foes, &c.

This colony, settled by Antenor on the coast of the Hadriatic near to its termination (called by the poet, "*Illyricos sinus et*

intima Regna Liburnorum," from the people who occupied the northern shores of that sea) is noticed by Livy, l. 1.—"*casibus deinde variis Antenora—venisse in intimum Adriatici sinum*." Patavium, the city which he founded, is the modern Padua.

Verse 322.— whence Timavus raves: &c.

These verses in the original are exquisitely beautiful, and nobly grand. But critics have objected to them, as improperly introduced into this speech of Venus, and as not justified by the appearance of any river which can now be discovered in the situation assigned to the Timavus. On the point of taste and of propriety of introduction, I shall say nothing: but with respect to the description itself, the poet stands fully justified by the testimony of many of the ancient writers, and particularly by that of Strabo and Mela; the former of whom speaks of the seven, and the latter of the nine fountains of the Timavus, which soon unite and flow, after the short course of a mile, in one large body into the sea. They are said to have been discovered by modern travellers in the rocky region of Istria, near the fortress of Tywcin; and if their present appearance does not fully correspond with Virgil's description, the difference may fairly be ascribed to the changes, which have been effected in that part of the northern coast of the Hadriatic by the constant setting of the tide against it.

Verse 423.—She leaves swift Hebrus laggard in the race.

This verse has been altered since its first publication, (when it was, "She leaves the wind behind her in the race,") in consequence of my change of opinion as to the original idea of my author. In all the MSS. the verse in question is, "*Harpalyce, volucremque fugâ prævertitur HEBRUM*:" but imagining that to surpass in speed the current of a river was not a great feat for a horse, or even for a fleet huntress, Huetius (or rather Rutgersius, who preceded him in the conjecture) substituted "*Eurum*" for "*Hebrum*," and thus fancifully obtained a more rapid agent for the poet's illustration, and one which more aptly accorded with the attached epithet of *volucrem*. This stroke of conjectural criticism was regarded as most happy

by many of the subsequent commentators on Virgil; and "*Eurum*," contrary to his accustomed caution in similar cases, was admitted by Heyne into his text. Seduced by the speciousness of the proposed emendation, I also adopted it: but on reconsidering the question, at the suggestion of a very profound scholar and most able critic, with whom I am connected in the nearest degree, I now feel assured that I was in an error, and that "*Hebrum*" was in the original MS. of Virgil. The current of the most rapid river does not, it is true, flow at the rate of more than six, or, at the utmost, seven miles in an hour, and this speed, as it must be superfluous to remark, is greatly inferior to that of a horse, or even of a man trained in the exercise of running. But the violent motion of an agitated stream suggests the idea of great velocity; and a poet, who, consistently with his appropriate duties, rejects the accuracy of science, has no concern but with effect. He represents things only as they appear to be, and according to the ideas which they excite. He addresses himself, in short, solely to the imagination, and leaves the province of pure intellect to the philosopher and the geometer. If he impresses a certain image on the fancy, he is careless of the mean; and he finds his whole purpose accomplished. Whoever witnesses the rush of a violent river, must be struck with the abstract idea of rapidity; and he will not be immediately convinced that he can outrun the torrent which is hurrying down before him. That the Hebrus has been said to be a slow-flowing river, is not much to the purpose, even if the fact were ascertained. It is here placed by the poet generally for a river; and it is specified by him as being a river of Thrace, the country of Harpalyce. It may be cursorily observed, that Harpalyce was not an Amazon, but a huntress, and the daughter of Harpalyceus, a Thracian king.

A

Verse 452.—The sceptre Dido holds: &c.

On the anachronism, of which Virgil is supposed to be guilty when he thus brings together persons separated, as is pretended, by more than three centuries, much has been said, and much idle disquisition, for the purpose of attack or defense, has been expended. Carthage was first founded, according to the best

ancient authorities, about fifty years before the destruction of Troy, by a Tyrian colony under Tzorus (or, Zorus) and Carchedon; and was subsequently increased with a new emigration under Dido, about the precise time of which there is much variety of opinion. By others, again, these two settlements are confounded; and there is so much darkness hanging over this whole period of chronology, that it may justly be considered as under the full dominion of the poet. It must be observed also in the vindication of Virgil, if he can be supposed to require any, that he was not the first of the Romans who brought the times of Æneas and of Dido into union. Varro had previously, as Servius asserts, landed Æneas at Carthage: but he gave to the false man the other sister, Anna, for his mistress; and laid her on the pile, on which Dido is immolated by Virgil. The husband of Dido is called by some authors Sicharbas and by others Acerbas. The story, if any person can wish to seek for it out of the page of Virgil, may be found in Justin (xviii. 4.) to whose more popular narrative may justly be ascribed the loss of the valuable history of Trogus, of which he was the abreviator.

Verse 491.—(Hence Byrsa's name)

This refers to the Grecian fable, according to which Dido, on her landing in Libya, was said to have purchased from Iärbas, the sovereign of the country, as much ground as she could cover with the hide of an ox, (in greek *βύρσα*); with which, when divided into very slender thongs, she enclosed a sufficient area for the foundation of a citadel. This fable is supposed, by many learned men, to have derived its origin from the similarity of the Hebrew word *Bosra*, a fortified place, to the Greek, *Byrsa*, a hide.

Ver. 557.—Which, swelling o'er the ramparts, from its brow
Sees towers, and fanes, and palaces below.

This sudden change, from a desert scene to the spectacle of a large and populous city, is happily imagined, and productive of much effect. L. 426. *Jura magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum* is a line quite out of its proper place; and interferes

immediately with the description of the builders, in the midst of which it is most awkwardly interposed. Heyne with much reason suspects its authenticity, and I have omitted it in my translation, as breaking the picture.

Ver. 571.—When the young summer strews the lawn with flowers, &c.

This charming simile is supposed to be borrowed from the second Iliad, where the Grecians issuing from their ships and tents are likened to bees swarming from their nest in a rock. But there is scarcely one point of resemblance between the two similes; and their objects of illustration are essentially different, that of Homer's being solely number, and that of Virgil's, activity and earnestness of various occupation. It is impossible to decide which is the most intrinsically beautiful, as they are both exquisitely poetic. I will subjoin the simile from Homer, with its fine, but still inadequate translation by Pope.

Ἦύτι ἴθια ἴσι μελισσάν ἀδινάων,
Πίτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰὲν ἴον ἱεχομινάων,
Βοτρυδὸν δὲ πίτορται ἐπ' ἄνθισιν ἱαρινοῖσιν,
Αἱ μὲν τ' ἴθα ἄλῃς πιποτήαται, αἱ δὲ τι ἴθα·

β. 87.

As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps, the driving bees;
Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms.
Dusky, they spread, a close embodied crowd;
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.

In this translation, as the scholar need not be told, some circumstances of description are added, and some unfortunately omitted. We look in it, in vain, for the vernal flowers of the original, and for the busy flitting of the insects here and there from flower to flower. It is less specifically descriptive and, of course, less poetically beautiful than the Homeric prototype.

Verse 607.—He sees, in order, Ilion's wars portray'd;

These pictures on the walls of the Carthaginian temple are conceived in the happiest humor of poetic invention; and the

hint of them is altogether unborrowed. Homer frequently alludes to sculpture, but never to painting; which was the improvement of the imitative arts in a later age.

Ver. 635.—The sand is furrow'd with the inverted spear:

With the spear, as says Ruæus (and he is followed by Trapp,) of Achilles driven through the body of Troilus. But surely on this supposition, the expression *versâ hastâ* must be improper, for it must have been the point of the spear, if the spear be that of Achilles which inscribed the dust, and not the inverted spear. The description is sufficiently accurate. Troilus had lost his arms. His shield had fallen from his grasp, and his head was bare, for his hair trailed along the ground: but he still held the reins, and his spear, though not grasped for any purpose of offense, was so far retained, that its end dragged upon the sand; or it might very well be entangled in the reins, or in the car. The *versa hasta* can never mean the point of any spear, and must be considered as decisive of the question.

Verse 654.—. and swarthy Memnon, bright
In blazing arms,

Among the heroes who fought at Troy, Memnon has been admitted to a very illustrious rank; and by the poets of Greece, posterior to Homer, has been made the subject of many a fable. In the page of Homer his name occurs only once, when he is mentioned (*Od.* 2. 188.) as the chief by whom Antilochus, the son of Nestor, was slain. Time has swept away all the more ancient poems in which this hero was recorded: but, from what has been handed down to us respecting him, we may conjecture that he was a chief sent by the great Assyrian monarch to the assistance of Troy, which was at that time one of the dependencies of his extended empire. Memnon was said to be the son of Aurora in consequence of his coming from the east; and Vulcanian arms were attributed to him in compliment to his personal prowess, and to the richness of his armour. He is called by Virgil, *niger* (black or swarthy) from the confusion which prevailed among the ancients between Æthiopia and India, to which latter country, his distant origin in the east occasioned him to be ascribed. He is said to have fallen in

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single combat by the hand of Achilles, subsequently to the death of Hector, and of course, beyond the period comprehended in the *Ilias*. But a very long and a very *un-Homeric* description of the battle between the son of Thetis and the son of Aurora, which terminates fatally for the latter, is to be found in the second book of Quintus Calaber, where it occupies not fewer than 150 verses, from v. 394 to v. 544. Of the Ægyptian Memnon, (called sometimes Pha-menopha and sometimes Amenophis) with whom our Assyrian Memnon has been confounded, nothing is distinguishable through the mists of fable—*pereunt ipsæque ruinae*. His statue in upper Ægypt is well known, as having been celebrated, by more than one of the ancient writers, for uttering certain plaintive notes when first struck with the rays of the rising sun. This subject has been treated by Pocock with abundant erudition.

Ver. 665.—Like great Diana, when she walks the meads, &c.

The simile in the *Odyssey*, from which this is borrowed, is the following:

Οἷη δ' Ἀρτιμις ἰῶσι κατ' οὐριος Ιοχίαιρα,
 Ἡ κατὰ Τηϋγίτον περιμήκετον, ἥ Ερύμανθον,
 Τετρομήνη κάπροις καὶ ὠκίης ἰλάφοις·
 Τῇ δὲ θ' ἅμα Νύμφαι κῆραι Διὸς ἀγιοόχοιο.
 Ἀγροτόμοι παίζουσι γίγνηθι δέ τι φρένα Λητῶ.

ζ. 104.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves;
 Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves:
 A silvan train the huntress queen surrounds:
 Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds.
 Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow,
 They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe.
 High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
 Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace.
 Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves:
 Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.

POPE.

This translation must be allowed to be worse with respect to fidelity, and much lower in the article of poetic execution than

that, which we have cited in a preceding note; and it is the scholar only, who can appreciate the respective merits of the two similes, or rather illustrations as they may more properly be called; and give the golden apple to the Grecian or to the Roman Goddess. *Ιοχίαρα* is one of those fine compounds which belong exclusively to the Greek; and in *παίζουσι* (they frolic with the vivacity and wantonness of children,) there is a peculiar beauty inexpressible with any one word in the Latin. Perhaps also the *γίγνθι δὲ τὴ φέρει Λητώ*, may please with its simplicity beyond the *Latona tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus*; beautifully expressive as is the epithet, *tacitum*. But it seems impossible to excel the admirable portrait presented to us by Virgil. When I refer to the charms of Virgil's diction, I entreat that my translation may be entirely thrown out of the question.

Verse 784.—Illustrious in full light Æneas trod: &c.

There is something surprisingly fine and striking in this discovery. I know of nothing equal to it in the page of poetry. The heightening of the hero's beauty is imitated from another fine passage in the same book of the *Odyssey*, from which we have just cited; where Pallas throws super-human graces over the person of Ulysses, as Venus does here over that of her son. The discovery of Satan on his throne, after his adventure in Eden, in the tenth book of the *Paradise Lost*, in which Milton had evidently this passage in the *Æneis* before his eyes, is very noble and magnificent.

..... Down awhile
 He sate, and round about him saw unseen.
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect, &c.

The Italian reader need not be informed that the Soldan also (in the tenth book of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, remains concealed in a cloud, thrown over him by the sorcerer, *Ismeno*; and listens unseen to the debates in the royal council.

Verse 873.—. . . . round which the bright acanthus roll'd;

"*Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho.*"—L. 649.

The acanthus, which, as it grew accidentally round a basket, suggested to Callimachus, an architect of Corinth, the idea of the Corinthian capital, is an herbaceous plant, generally known to our gardeners by the name of brank-ursine. It seems to have been in peculiar favor with the ancients, as they had vestments which were called acanthine, either from their being embroidered with the elegant foliage of this herb, or from their being spun from its down and fibres, prepared by a certain process for the purpose. In their comments on this line of Virgil, most of the critics have regarded the robe in question as embroidered throughout its extent with acanthine leaves: but I have Salmasius on my side when I confine the ornament in this instance to the border of the dress. Salmasius writes thus: *Tunica est per extremitatem oræ infimæ limbum habens croceum ad instar acanthi flexibilis virgulti. Immo ἄκανθοι Græci etiam vocare hujus modi limbos vestium. Aliud acanthus, aliud ἄκάθιος a quo vestes acanthinæ, &c.* On this subject, my friend, Mr. E. H. Barker, has supplied me with a very learned note, of which I regret, that, in consequence of its length, I can avail myself only of a part. "Salmasius," says Mr. Barker, "has given the best interpretation of this verse, (*Æn.* I. 649.) though I have never seen his words quoted by any commentator on Virgil. *Acanthina vestimenta ab acanthio herba fuere nota veteribus; sed non a colore acanthii sic nominata; texebantur enim e lanugine, qua folia acanthii sunt obducta; de qua Plinius xxiii. 12. De his acanthinis vestibus locus Varronis apud Servium sic est corrigendus: cum dempti sunt aculei, ex his implicitis mulieres conficere vestem; hinc vestimenta acanthina appellata. At Servius vestes in similitudinem acanthi ornatas et confectas accipit, et sic intelligit versum Poetæ 'Et circumtextum,' &c. quam bene nos infra docebimus."*

Salmasius in *Flav. Vopis.* p. 399. The passage to which he refers occurs in p. 405. Pollux, 'Αἱ μὲν ἐν τοῖς χιτῶσι πορφύραι ῥάβδοι περιφὰς καλῶνται, intellige virgas illas quæ in circuitum vestis eunt, ad oram infimam currentes, quas et ἄκανθας appellant. Hesych: Ἄκανθος περιεγγραμμά ὑφασμίνον, καὶ ζῶον καὶ φυτὸν καὶ πτηνόν. Hinc

intelligitur illud Virgilii, 'Et circumtextum,' &c. Acanthus enim ibi est purpura, quæ circumit extremam vestis oram. In the Pliniana exercitationes in Solinum, p. 212.

Ver. 888.—That Cupid should supply Ascanius' place, &c.

This personation of the boy, Ascanius, by the God of love, is finely imagined, and admirably executed. It accounts for all the subsequent effects, and leads us naturally to all that storm of passion, which terminates on the funeral pile in the fourth book. The conveyance of Ascanius, in a soft sleep, to Idalia and the laying of him there on a bed of fragrance, are circumstances of extreme beauty.

Ver. 947.—The queen, reclining with majestic grace, &c.

The description of the royal feast, and all that follows to the conclusion of the book are in the richest style of poetry, and gratify the imagination with some very gorgeous painting. The Queen, under the progressive influence of love, is admirably drawn; and her conduct throughout is grand and regal.

Ver. 1011.—.....Iöpas on his lyre

This portrait of the bard is fine; and his song, derived from Atlas, is very sublime. From his astronomical pursuits, this king of Mauritania, who is hidden in the depths of fabulous antiquity, was said to support the heavens. After an interval probably of more than two thousand years, the country of Atlas produced another monarch, devoted, like him, to the study of astronomy, and with eminent success. In the eleventh century of the Christian æra, Ben Mohammed (commonly known by the name of the Nubian Geographer) constructed a silver sphere, with all the divisions and astronomical circles accurately described on it, and presented it to Roger II. of Sicily; in whose dominions he had obtained an asylum when he was driven from his own. In the heroic ages of Greece, as well as in Celtic and Runic antiquity, the *αοιδός* or minstrel, (like the bard and the scald) had a seat at every great feast, and formed a part of every opulent establishment. The classic Iöpas, with his long hair and his lyre, bears a strong resemblance to a Celtic or Welsh

bard, with his unshorn locks and his harp. The reader need not be reminded here of Demodocus, whose song produces such effects at the feast of Alcinous, in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*. In a beautiful passage of the Latin poem, which he addressed to his father, Milton seems to have had Iöpas in his view.

*Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculæä intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroümque actûs imitandaque gesta canebat ;
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi, &c.*

There sate the bard in state above the rest ;
His unshorn locks with oaken wreaths compress'd,
His, the high deeds of heroes to rehearse ;
And bid the great examples live in verse :
His, with sublimer spirit to recite,
The world first rising from essential night, &c. &c.

C. S.

Ver. 1025.—With various converse the devoted queen, &c.

Nothing can be more natural than the questions with which the love-devoted queen here importunes her hero-guest ; and they conduct us by an easy transition to the narrative which occupies the two succeeding books. The whole scene, exhibited to us on this occasion, is impressive in the highest degree. A hero, who had lately been engaged in events which had resounded through the world, is entertained at a royal feast by an opulent sovereign, and, amid the silence of a large and splendid party, during the solemn hours of midnight, is induced to relate the fall of a great city which had flamed under his eyes ; and the wonders of his own subsequent wanderings and dangers, during the long space of seven years, upon seas at that time very imperfectly known. His person is invested with all imaginable importance. He sails under the immediate care of Heaven, and his course is directed to a land where he is destined to found the empire of the world. The whole of this first book of the *Æneis* is charmingly diversified ; and is filled with the most attractive and delightful images. In the following book the scene is entirely changed ; and is replete with interest of a still stronger nature.

BOOK II.

SOME writers (I will not call them critics) have censured this and the following book, as too ornamented and poetic for the narrative of *Æneas*, and as placing the Trojan hero in the same class of poetic excellence with the Roman bard. What would these gentlemen wish? On their principle, the narrative in question ought to be in unadorned prose; and every speech in the poem should flow in the periods of Cicero or Livy, whilst the poet alone, when speaking in his own person, is to be indulged with the melody of verse. An epic poem, executed on this plan of rigid propriety, according to the sentiment of these writers, would surely form a monstrous object to the eye of taste; and would resemble that motley and non-descript thing, the Menippean or Varronian Satire. We must recollect that, when the poet professes to give the narrative of *Æneas*, he professes to give only the matter of that narrative; reserving to himself (and thus asserting that the whole has passed under his dominion) the diction and the ornament with which the story is to be arrayed. It is the prose narration of the hero, related by the Muses with all the melody of their tuneful tongues, and adorned with all the coloring of their heavenly imaginations. In prose composition, even if it were spoken, an occasional simile might be admitted; and, on its being translated into poetry, such a simile would naturally and properly be expanded and ornamented. *Æneas*, in short, and Evander, when they are the creatures of Virgil, must necessarily become identified with him, and must consequently be, each of them, as great a poet as himself. M. de la Motte wrote some nonsense upon this topic; and Gibbon, in his youth, was pleased to take the stuff, and to vend it as the produce of his own loom. Dr. Warton, in a note or two on the subject, has discovered a similar littleness of conception; and has been at some pains to prove that Evander, as descended from Mercury, might be equal to the most eloquent narration; and, as the critic might

have added, to the highest strains also of poetry, since he was not only of the family of Mercury, the *curvæ lyrae parentem*; but the son too of Carmentis.

..... CECINIT *quæ primæ futuros*
Æneadas magnos!

If this be not folly and dulness, in the disguise of superior sagacity and fine taste, I am strangely out in my judgment.

Ver. 1.—Through all the assembly mute attention ran; &c.

This book opens most affectingly. The deep attention of the princely audience, and the struggles of painful sensibility, with which the hero enters on his narrative, are striking circumstances, preparing us for something great, wonderful, and terrible; and our expectations, which are thus forcibly awakened and excited to an intense degree, are in the end fully gratified; for such a relation of grand and pathetic events was never before made. The fall of a great and ancient city, the sanguinary death of a venerable and once potent monarch, the manifested agency of all the great powers of heaven; and the escape, through flames and foes, of the hero, who relates the facts, with his hoary father, his child, and his household gods, are events which must rouse every imagination, and agitate every heart. The second book of the *Æneis* is a composition which could be equalled only by the pen of Virgil, and by that could not be excelled.

Ver. 21.—The Grecian chiefs, by Pallas taught, devise, &c.

This story of the wooden horse was derived from Homer and the Cyclic poets of Greece: but it was offered to the hand of Virgil from other quarters. The *Ιλίου πύρις*, or the destruction of Troy, in which this machine was generally admitted to its share of the action, was a popular topic in Grecian poetry; from whence this fable had been borrowed by the old poets of Rome, by Livius Andronicus, and, as we learn from Macrobius, by Nævius. In a painting by Polygnotus, suspended in the temple of Delphi, the wooden horse obtained a place; and, to perpetuate the tradition, a brazen representative of this fatal engine was

kept in the citadel of Athens. These facts of the painting and the image are recorded by Pausanias. But the wonderful skill, with which Virgil has raised this silly fiction into importance and invested it with probability, is worthy of our best notice and our highest praise. The artful tale of Sinon, and the prodigious death of Laocoon were sufficient to impose upon any people. Superstition was the agent employed on this occasion; and superstition, as we know, has the power of extinguishing all the illumination of the human mind. The horse was admitted, as we must recollect, by the impulse of the ignorant and sottish multitude, in opposition to the opinions of many of the more enlightened chiefs. I will not dwell upon all the detail of the story; but will leave it to be weighed by the reader as he proceeds. It impresses my mind with all the effect of poetic truth: though I rather wish, with Trapp, that the

.....*utero sonitum quater arma dedere*,—l. 243.

had been omitted, as it supposes too great a depravation of the popular understanding under any influence.

Ver. 174.—Hid in a rushy pool, &c.

They, who are determined to find the whole Roman history concealed in the *Æneis*, discover in this passage Marius, when driven from Rome by the prevailing force of Sylla, secreting himself in the marshes of Minturnæ. It is possible that this celebrated event might have been present to the poet's mind, when he put this lie into Sinon's mouth.

Ver. 258.—And here, to shake us more and more mislead, &c.

The death of Laocoon is inimitably conceived for the purposes of exciting horror, and of maddening the mind of the populace with superstitious phrensy. There can be no doubt that the story was among those traditions, respecting the destruction of Troy, which formed the themes of the Cyclic poets. Lysimachus, a poet of Alexandria, is mentioned by Servius as having recorded it. Lycophron, as we know, refers to it; and there is much reason to think that Euphorion admitted it into his poem. The celebrated statue of Laocoon, found in the baths of Titus,

was certainly of an age antecedent to that of Virgil. Consistently with the different genius of their art, the sculptors (for Pliny tells us that there were three of them, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus) treat the subject rather differently from the poet, and bring the three deaths into one group or point of horror.

Ver. 267.—Wallowing beneath, their monstrous volumes glide.

..... *pars cetera pontum*
Pone legit, sinuantque inmensa volumine terga.

Milton seems to have had a view to this passage in his grand description of Satan in the fiery lake.

His other parts beside
Prone on the lake, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood.

Ver. 286.—To his dread outcries heaven's high vault replies;

Some critics have objected to these outcries of the agonized Laocoon. But it was the poet's object to aggravate the horror of the scene as much as possible. There could be no reason for enduing Laocoon with more than human fortitude; and a death so monstrous might well be imagined to be superior to the common constancy of man.

Ver. 337.—To the known shores the furtive navy steals,
And their mute course the silent moon conceals.

Attending to the tradition, that Troy was taken when the moon was full, and thinking of that line of an ancient poem upon that subject, Νύξ μὲν ἦν μισάτη. λαμπρὴ δ' ἐπίτιλλε σιλήνη, I did not hesitate to regard *per amica silentia lunæ*, when I first translated the passage, as referring to the silent radiance of the luminary of the night. But I have since been convinced that this was not the sense contemplated by Virgil; who, by the silence of the moon, intended to express her absence from the

night, as a circumstance peculiarly favorable to the furtive passage of the Grecian navy. "*Silens luna*," is used by Pliny (xvi. 74.) as equivalent with "*interlunium*." "*Inter omnes verò convenit utilissime in coitu ejus sterni, quem cum alii interlunii; alii SILENTIS LUNÆ appellant.*" For this observation I am indebted to Professor Martyn, who, in the few remarks which he has left to us on the *Æneis*, discovers the same sagacity, learning, and rectitude of understanding, which are so conspicuously displayed in his commentary on the *Georgics*. The moon, then, being on the wane, and not rising till subsequently to the passage of the Greeks, was friendly by her silence (or not shining) to their purposes of concealment. Milton, in his *Samson Agonistes*, has adopted this classic meaning of silent, in its application to the moon, when, in the person of his hero, he says,

To me the sun is dark,
And *silent* as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

If the moon had been full when the Greeks passed from Tenedos, the fiery signal on the royal galley would have been an unnecessary expedient for the direction of the fleet.

In another passage of Pliny, not cited by Martyn, the epithet *silens* is applied to the moon, to indicate her invisibility: "*Hoc SILENTE LUNA seri jubent.* (xviii. 74.) Thus supported, I must consider my corrected translation of my author's "*silentia lunæ*," as irrefragably established, although it be in opposition to the high authority of Heyne; and although it follows an interpretation, which had been previously rejected by Ruæus.

Ver. 344.—Thessander, Sthenelus, Ulysses glide: &c.

From a passage in Athenæus (xiii. 9. xci.) it appears probable that Virgil derived this list of the heroes, inclosed in the wooden horse, from Sacadas, a poet of Argos, who wrote on the subject of the taking of Troy. Καὶ ἴαν μὲν τις σου πύθηται, τίνες ἦσαν οἱ εἰς τὸν δούριον ἵππον ἱγκατακλισθέντες, ἰδὲ καὶ διυτίρην ἴσως ἱριῖς ὄνομα· καὶ οὐδὲ ταῦτ' ἐκ τῶν Στρωσιχόρων, (σχολῇ γὰρ) ἀλλ' ἐκ τῆς Σακάδου Ἀργίου Ἰλίου πύρσιδος· οὗτος γὰρ παμπόλλους τινας κατέλιξεν. "If any one should ask you who were inclosed in the wooden horse,

you may, perhaps, tell the name of one or the other of them; and this not from the poem of Stesichorus (for that you could hardly do), but from the 'Destruction of Troy,' by Sacadas, the Argive; who, indeed, names many of them."

Ver. 353.—'Twas now the time when Heaven on labor throws, &c.

Nothing can exceed in impressive melancholy this vision of the deceased hero; and it is most admirably adapted to the design and plan of the poet. The vague questions of the sleeping chief, to the apparition of his friend, are quite in the inconsistent character of a dream, and the reply is strikingly pathetic and noble. No sleep was ever more fearfully broken than that of Æneas; and no hero ever started from his bed to a more terrible and affecting scene. The verses, in which all this is related, are amongst the most exquisite even of those which fell from the pen of Virgil.

Verse 401.—As when the flame o'er fields of crackling corn, &c.

This very fine simile seems to have been suggested by more than one in Homer. That which the greater part of it resembles is in the fourth book of the *Ilias*; where the tumult of the two contending hosts is compared to the roar of wintry torrents, rushing from the mountains and clashing as they blend in the vale. Nothing can be more finely imagined or more admirably expressed than the Homeric simile: but the Virgilian is adorned with more circumstances; and the listening shepherd, who, in that, is a mere supernumerary in the picture, is, in this, the exact representative of the listening and amazed hero. I will transcribe the passage in question from Homer, with its translation by Pope.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρροι ποταμοὶ, κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες,
Ἐς μισγάγκυαν συμβάλλιτον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Κρητὺν ἰκ μ., ἔλων, κοίλης ἵντοσθε χαράδρης,
Τῶν δέ τι τηλόσι δῶπον ἰν ἔρσιν ἔκλυι ποίμην·

(δ. 452.)

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,
 With rage impetuous down their echoing hills:
 Rush to the vales; and pour'd along the plain,
 Roar through a thousand channels to the main.
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound.

POPE.

Ver. 44S.—..... and more
 Than e'er Mycenæ waisted to our shore.

Millia quot magnis numquam venero Mycenis.

Heyne with Heinsius, on the authority of some MSS. reads *unquam* for *numquam* in this line: but to the disadvantage, as I think, of the sense. If the line be not altogether an interpolation, as there is reason to believe, it seems to indicate the speaker's suspicion of treason, that Troy was assailed by some of her own sons, united with the Grecians: or it might be only an aggravation of the hostile numbers in consequence of the terror of the narrator. To say that the Greeks were now as numerous as when they first disembarked on the coast, before they had been thinned by the slaughters of a ten years' war, would indeed be greatly to exaggerate; but yet it would not be the first wild exaggeration of fear. I conceive it, however, to be an intimation of treason, and then all is clear.

Verse 476.—Thence like marauding wolves, by famine
 press'd, &c.

Trapp, for whose judgment and good sense I feel much respect, is not pleased with this simile; and he says, that he cannot imagine why men of courage and virtue, endeavouring to defend their country, though by night, should be compared to wolves ravening for their prey, and adds, "there is nothing common to both but the darkness of the night; and that is a circumstance not considerable enough to support all the rest." But Trapp, in this instance, took a perversely wrong view of the subject, and fixed his eye altogether on the epithet *raptores*, applied to the wolves, without considering that their obstinate ferocity, and the violent impulse of motive under which they raged, were the real points of resemblance between them and

these patriot warriors. The wolves were made desperate with the sting of hunger and the parental instinct; for on the event of their excursion depended the lives of their whelps, who were expecting with parched jaws the bloody prey requisite for their subsistence. Surely there could not be a finer illustration of the desperate valor of these young Trojans, who were to fight, not only for their own lives but, for the lives of all who were the most dear to them. In the sixteenth book of the *Ilias*, (π. 156,) the Myrmidons, eager to issue into the battle, are likened to a band of wolves, who, gorged and, with their jaws crimsoned by their bloody repast, (παῖσιν δὲ παρήϊον αἵματι φοιτῶν), rush in a body to slake their thirst at a fountain. The Homeric simile, which is extended to a much greater length than the Virgilian, is filled with distinct and terrific imagery; and is, altogether, such a masterly and living picture, as scarcely to be contemplated without a feeling of alarm. Its excellence is, indeed, transcendent: but, regarded in its adaptation to its own specific object, the simile of the Roman poet cannot be outdone; and we may remark, that, in this instance, Virgil has not borrowed from his predecessor any thing more than his *lupi ceu, λύκοι ὥς*: which words also terminate another verse in the Greek epic. (λ. 72.)

.....οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὥς
Θύρον.

“They rushed like wolves.”

Apollonius (in his second book, l. 123.) compares the Argonauts, rushing on the Bebrycians, to wolves rushing upon a sheep-fold: but there is nothing alike in the two similes, but the ἤματι χιμυρίῳ of the Greek, and the *atrâ in nebula*, of the Roman poet.

Ver. 502.—Like him, who, passing through the tangled wood,

This happy comparison is taken from one equally happy in the third book of the *Ilias* (γ. 33.) where it illustrates the sudden retreat of Paris, at the sight of his injured rival Menelaus.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις τι δράκοντα ἰδὼν παλίνροσος ἀπίσῃ
 Οὔριος ἐν βήσσει, ὑπὸ τί τρέμος ἱλλαβὴ γυῖα,
 Ἄψ τ' ἀνιχύρῃσιν, ὕχρὸς τί μιν ἔλκε παρυσίας·

As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees,
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees:
 Trembling and pale he starts with wild affright;
 And all confused precipitates his flight.

POPE.

I may passingly observe, that Pope has done more justice to this simile in his translation, than he has to that which I lately cited of the mountain torrents: for in that he has omitted all the fine particulars of the wintry torrents, rushing from their respective heights, and mingling, as they clash, in one agitated body in the vale. The *Ἐς μισγάγκυαν* and the *συμβάλλειν*, which form the strong points of the comparison, are entirely forgotten by the translator; and their places are supplied with diluted and general expressions.

Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain.
 Roar through a thousand channels to the main.

Perhaps the following lines may convey to the English reader a more just idea of this noble Homeric simile, whatever decision may be passed upon the relative merit of their poetry.

As when, each rushing down its channell'd rock,
 Two wintry torrents mix with adverse shock.
 Inforced with all the mountains' liquid stores,
 In the deep dell the watery conflict roars.
 On some far eminence the swain aghast
 Hears the wild tumult bellowing on the blast.

C. S.

Ver. 552.—As when a storm has burst the Æolian caves, &c.

This simile was probably borrowed from one in the ninth book of the *Ilias*: but the object of its illustration is different; and it is, after the manner of Virgil, more ornamented than Homer's.

Ὡς δ' αἶμαί μοι δύο πόντοι δρίνιτοι ἰχθυόιντα,
 βορέης καὶ Ζήφυρος, τῷ τι θεήκηθιν αἶητος,
 ἔλθόντ' ἱξαπίνης ἄμυδις δὲ τι κύμα κίλαιον
 κορυφύεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρὶξ ἄλα φύκος ἵχιναι.

ι. 4.

As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
 A double tempest of the west and north
 Swells o'er the seas, from Thracia's frozen shore:
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar:
 This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost.
 Such various passions urge the troubled host.

POPE.

Verse 630.—Like the fell snake who from his winter
 bed, &c.

By one expression in this very fine simile (*mala gramina
 pastus*), it appears that Virgil, when he wrote it, had a simile of
 Homer's, in the 22d of the *Ilias*, in his view. But the object of
 the two similes is essentially different, that of the Roman poet
 being to illustrate activity and fierceness of attack; and that of
 the Grecian to exhibit desperate resolution and the steady expect-
 tance of assault.

Ὡς δὲ δράκων ἐπὶ χυτῇ δρείσιφος ἄνδρα μίησι
 βιβρωκὼς κακὰ φάρμακ' ἴδου δὲ τί μιν χόλος αἰεὶς,
 σμικραλίων δὲ δίδορκεν ἰλισσόμιτος περὶ χυτῇ.

χ. 93.

So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake:
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains.
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire;
 And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.

POPE.

In this version it must be observed, that the two last lines
 (and they are very fine lines) belong wholly to the translator,
 the only hint of them in the original being in the *σμικραλίων δὲ*

didoxer. But Virgil's description is, in his usual style, more circumstantial and ornamented. The *in lucem*, in the first verse of the Virgilian simile, appears to be an error of the transcriber's; for not only *luce* occurs in the line immediately preceding, but *in lucem* in this place requires the government of a verb, which is not to be found in the sentence. To refer it, either to *exultat* in the antecedent sentence, or to *convolvit*, nearly at the close of this, seems to be impossible. Many attempts have been made to correct the passage. *E lustro*, with a reference to the *πρὸ χυλῶ* of Homer, has been speciously proposed as a substitute. To Heyne *ingluviem* seems preferable: but *ingluviem*—*mala gramina pastus*, strikes me as a very hard expression. If we could substitute what we pleased in this place, I would write *exiluit*. As the passage now stands, some verb to this effect must be understood after *in lucem*.

Ver. 733.—Faintly upon the impassive brass it rung;
Nor on the surface of the buckler hung.

.....*rauco quod protinus ære repulsum,
Et summo clipei nequidquam umbone pependit.*

With Ruæus and the greater number of the commentators, Heyno considers the spear of the old monarch as hanging, when repelled by the brass, in the leathern covering of his adversary's shield. But more than one circumstance induces me to reject this interpretation of the passage. The brightness of the arms of Pyrrhus, before noticed by the poet, when he describes that hero as *telis et luce coruscus athena*, seems to imply that his shield, which constituted so large and so conspicuous a part of his arms, was not covered; and then the words *rauco* and *protinus* (the former of which intimates the ringing sound of the stricken brass, and the latter the *quick result* of the ineffectual spear) both make against this notion of a covered shield, and of the weapon's hanging in the hide which was over the brass. I have followed, therefore, Servius in this instance, and regarded *nequidquam* as equivalent to *non*. The spear did not penetrate the brass, even so far as to hang upon its surface. I wish that I could substitute *nequaquam* for *nequidquam*.

Ver. 764.—Thus my whole army I, as thence I stray, &c.

The twenty-two lines which follow in the original from *Jamque adeo super unus eram* to *furiatâ mente ferebar* inclusive, are not found in the oldest and best MSS. and they are said to have been only in the margin of Virgil's original copy. That they are Virgil's has not been, and, from their intrinsic character, cannot be questioned; and it is also certain that they are made essentially necessary by what immediately succeeds in the speech of Venus. The tradition, preserved by Servius, is that they were omitted by Tucca and Varius, on their revision of the *Æneis*, as inconsistent with the account given of Helen by Deiphobus in the sixth book; and as containing a sentiment unworthy of a hero. But both of these assigned reasons are evidently frivolous: for, as has been more than once remarked, why might not Helen, in the beginning of this fatal night, betray Deiphobus; and subsequently, on not finding her treachery correspond with her hope of reconciliation with Menelaus, fly to the sanctuary of Vesta's temple? With respect to the second objection, what could be more natural than that a human being (hero or not) on the sudden sight of this woman, and with the dreadful result of her vices, in the ruin of his country, glaring immediately on his eye, should be kindled into rage and meditate vengeance by her death? He himself anticipates the censure, or the no praise at least, of his thus killing a woman: but he urges strong arguments to justify the blow; and, after all, be it recollected, that he has not resolved on it; when his mother appears to bring him back to his senses. On the whole view of the subject, it would seem that Virgil had laid aside the verses in question with the design of giving them a higher polish: and from his hand, and his alone, they might have received it. I do not agree with Trapp in objecting to the expression, *sudarit sanguine tellus*. Poetry has no concern but with appearances; and if the ground was bedropped with blood, it might properly be said to sweat blood, in whatever way the bloody drops came, whether from within or from without. Besides, if the ground were thoroughly saturated with blood, it might exude it, and thus the metaphor would be strictly proper, according even to Trapp's idea of propriety. The expression

also is borrowed from Ennius. The *animum ultricis flamma*, is certainly rather hard, and may not be so obviously defensible.

Ver. 809.—See! for I now will chase the mists that shroud, &c.

This passage, in which Venus enables the mortal vision of her son to discern the forms of the gods; and discovers to him the great powers of heaven in dreadful action to accomplish the overthrow of his city, is not to be excelled in sublimity. The first hint of it was suggested by Homer, who, in the fifth book of the *Ilias*, represents Minerva as opening the eyes of Diomedes, and empowering him to distinguish the gods who engaged in the battle: but the whole picture is Virgil's, and terribly grand it is. Milton's fine imitation of this admirable passage is very generally known.

..... but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,
Had bred: then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see:
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.

PAR. LOST. B. xi. 411.

Like Virgil, Milton imitates as an inventor; and, when he borrows, he borrows, like a king, not to supply his poverty but to increase his wealth. Tasso has likewise imitated Virgil in this place; and the stanza is worthy to be transcribed.—Michael is Tasso's agent on this occasion, as well as Milton's:

*Drizza pur gli occhi a riguardar l'immenso
Esercito immortal ch' è in aria accolto;
Ch' io dinanzi torrotti il nuvol denso
Di vostra umanità, ch' intorno avvolto
Adombrando t' appanna il mortal senso
Sì che vedrai gl' ignudi spirti in volto;
E sostener per breve spazio i rai
De l'angeliche forme anco potrai.*

LA GER. LIB. xviii. 93.

Lift up thine eyes and in the air behold
 The sacred armies, how they muster'd be:
 That cloud of flesh, in which from times of old,
 All mankind wrapped is, I take from thee;
 And from thy senses their thick mist unfold,
 That face to face thou may'st these spirits see;
 And for a little space right well sustain
 Their glorious light, and view those angels plain.

FAIRFAX.

The imitations, of the great Roman poet, by his illustrious successor Torquato, are so numerous (as they who are acquainted with the two epics need not be told) that I shall not pretend to notice them all. Here and there, where one particularly striking occurs, it shall be observed and transcribed.

Verse 837.—Faller like some hoary ash, &c.

This noble simile is supposed to be taken from two, of a like nature, in the *Ilias*; one of which occurs in the fourth book, (l. 482.) where Simoïsïus, extended on the ground, is compared to a poplar, felled by a woodman; and the other, in the thirteenth book (v. 389.) where Asius, pierced by the spear of Idomeneus, is represented as falling like an oak, or a *white poplar*, or a *lofty pine*. There is not, however, any other resemblance between this simile of our poet's, and the two, which have been cited as its prototypes, than what is to be found in their common subject—a prostrate tree: unless, indeed, it be, that in the latter of these Homeric similes the trees are described as being cut down with axes; and the *bipenniibus* of the Roman bard, corresponds with the *πιλίκισσι* of the Greek. Virgil seems rather in this instance to have looked to Apollonius; who, in his fourth book, likens the fall of the brazen Talus, as he is obstructing the landing of the Argonauts on Crete, to the fall of a lofty pine from the brow of a mountain. The passage in the Greek poet is very fine:

Αλλ' ὥς τις τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι πιλῶνι ὑψόθι πύκη,
 Τὴν τε δοῶς πιλίκισσιν ἔθ' ἡμιπλήγῃ λιπότῃς
 Ὑλοτόμοι δρυμοῖο κατήλυθον· ἢ δ' ὑπὸ νυκτὶ

A A 2

Ριπήσιν μὲν πρῶτα τινάσσεται, ὕψιστον αὐτὶ
Πρυμῶθεν ἰξιαγύῃσα κατήριπεν

1682.

As some tall pine, whose trunk immense half-cleft
Upon the heights the woodman's axe has left;
Shakes with the freshening of the night's loud blast;
Then, headlong, crashing, strews the ground at last.

F. WRANGHAM.

Verse 851.—My sire, the first fond object of my care,
Whom first to Ida's height I fain would bear,
Refuses to survive his country's fate; &c.

This new difficulty, in the great tragic drama, is admirably calculated to interest our passions; and the prodigy, by which it is overcome, is finely imagined. All that follows to the end of this book is in the highest strain of pathos and of poetry. The loss of Creüsa; the uncertainty of her fate; the anguish of the hero, which desperately engages him again in all the dangers which he had escaped; the appearance of her spectre, with her sublime and pathetic speech to appease and comfort him; the conflux of exiles to his place of rendezvous; and, finally, when every hope of successful attack on the enemy had ceased to exist, his yielding reluctantly to Fate, and retiring, with his father on his shoulders, to the strong holds of Ida, are all circumstances which very powerfully excite our attention and agitate our hearts.

BOOK III.

THIS book opens beautifully, and conducts us through a scene entirely different in character from that through which we have just passed. To give verisimilitude to his narrative, it is curious to observe the happy use which the poet has made of the materials supplied to him on this subject by tradition. Most of the facts, which he has poetically related, are to be found in the beginning of the history of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and there is scarcely one of them which was not attested by some ancient monument, or by a hint in some preceding writer. We cannot but be deeply interested in the fate of these noble exiles, who were departing finally from the ashes of their native city; and were launching on the deep in quest of a new home in some remote and unknown land, in submission to the mandates of the gods and under their immediate direction. This book is eminently distinguished by the learning, as well as by the poetry which it exhibits; and is not perhaps inferior to any in the whole poem. If it has been regarded less than it ought to be, the circumstance must be ascribed to its position between those two most pathetic and agitating books, the second and the fourth. But its situation is admirably adapted to the production of variety, and of a new species of entertainment.

Verse 26.—From my own name, *Æneadæ* I call.

This first establishment of the Trojan exiles, conducted by *Æneas*, on the coast of Thrace, is noticed by several Greek writers under the different names of *Ænos*, *Ænia*, and *Æneadæ*; which last appellation seems proper only for the inhabitants of the city.

Verse 31.—A mound stood near: thick cornels shagg'd
its head; &c.

This prodigy of the bleeding myrtle, and the living corse of Polydorus, has been censured as too marvellous for the epic

Muse. But, with reference to the system of Pagan superstition, I cannot admit the propriety of the objection. The story of Polydore's murder, and the speech of his ghost, Virgil derived immediately from the Hecuba of Euripides. The ghost tells the same sad tale here and in the Grecian drama. In defense of this prodigy we may remark, that it was written for a people who did not refuse their belief to prodigies; and in whose histories they were frequently recorded. In the "Jerusalem Delivered" we find a bleeding and speaking tree: (x. 41.) and in Spenser a still closer imitation of Virgil's prodigy. F. Q. b. I. c. 2. s. 30, 31.

Verse 88.—Round it, in their accustomed pomp of woe, &c.

As the original leaves it doubtful whether the mourning matrons walked in procession round the tomb or stood encircling it, many critics have asserted that it was their custom on these occasions to stand, and to discover their grief by their immovability. I have translated the passage differently, and conceive myself justified by the procession of the mourners round the funeral piles, in the eleventh book.

Ter circum accensos—

Decurrere rogos:—ter mæstum funeris ignem

Lustravere, &c.

Dryden and Pitt understood the passage as I do—but Trapp follows the other interpretation; and De la Cerda with a great body of learning, and Heyne, are against me.

Verse 101.—..... an island gems the central main.

Delos, anciently called Ortygia, an island in the centre of the Cyclades, was famous, in the mythology of Greece, as the birth place of Apollo and Diana; and was subsequently renowned by its temple, consecrated to the former object of Grecian worship, and by the annual concourse of all the religious delegates of Greece. In remote times it was said to have floated, and to have been overflowed by the sea. But, having supplied Latona with an asylum, when she was persecuted by Juno and in the pains of parturition, it was fixed by the grateful power of her son, the God

of the bow; who is therefore styled by Virgil in this passage, *pius Arcitenens*. To this part of the fable Callimachus alludes in his hymn to Delos.

Καὶ τὰς μὲν κατὰ βίνθος, ἵν' ἠπίροιο λάθωνται,
Πρυμνόθιν ἰρρίζωσι· σὲ δ' ἔκ τ' ἔθλιψεν ἀνάγκη,
Ἀλλ' ἄφίτος πιλάγισσιν ἰτίπλις—

34, &c.

Ἡνίκα δ' Ἀπόλλωνι γινίθλιον οὐδας ἰπίσχις,
Τῷτο τοι ἀντημοιβὸν ἀλίπλοοι ἔνομα' ἴδιτο,
Οὐκίην ἔκίτ' ἄδηλος ἰτίπλις, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πότιν
Κύμασιν Αἰγαίοιο ποδῶν ἐνιθήκας ῥίζας

51, &c.

This island is said to have obtained the name of Delos (Δῆλος, manifest or visible) from the circumstance of its having suddenly emerged from the sea, with which in its erratic state it was covered, for the reception of Latona. Its other name of Ortygia, is derived from Ὀρτυξ, a quail, in consequence of its abounding with those birds.

Verse 104.—To Gyaros and Myconus, &c.

Gyaro celsâ Myconoque revinxit, written in the common editions, *Mycone celsâ Gyaroque revinxit*; by which placing of the names, the epithet, *celsâ*, is improperly attached to Myconus (viciously written Mycone) which, according to the report of modern travellers, is all low ground; and taken from Gyaros, to which it appropriately belongs.

Verse 147.—My father spoke: &c.

When Anchises, misinterpreting the obscure response of the oracle, determined the course of the Trojan exiles to Crete, it seems strange that Æneas should not remember what the ghost of Creüsa had told him of his destined establishment in Italy, upon the banks of the Tiber. It may perhaps be said in vindication of the poet, that the mind of the hero might be so agitated, by the appearance of the spectre, as not to recollect the prediction

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till subsequent events had recalled it to his mind. If this defense of the poet's conduct in this instance can be admitted as specious, it cannot be regarded as altogether satisfactory.

Verse 152.—O'er the rich realm a hundred cities spread.

In the *Ilias*, (β. 649,) we find Crete denoted as Κρήτην ἑκατόμ-πολιν, the hundred-citied Crete; and in the *Odyssey* (τ. 172.) as having only ninety: a discrepancy which, by those who contend that these poems are the productions of different authors, might be adduced for the support of their opinion. The passage, to which I refer in the *Odyssey*, shall be cited, as it was probably present on this occasion to Virgil's mind.

Κρήτη τις γὰρ ἰσὶ, μίσω ἰνὶ οἴοσι πότι
Καλὴ καὶ πύρα, περιέρχεται ἢ δ' ἄνθρωποι
Πολλοὶ ἀπιρίσιοι, καὶ ἑνὴκοιτα πόλεις.

"Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:"

is the inadequate translation by Pope.

Ver. 288.—Where, since the board of Phineus was denied,
Celæno and her Harpy flock reside.

The Harpyies (whose name, expressive of their rapacity, is derived from the Greek verb *αῤῥάω* rapio) are differently described by the poets of Greece; and we find them not uniformly represented on the gems and coins of antiquity. In the *Ilias* (τ. 150.) we have a Harpyie, Podarge, who, breeding by Zephyrus, produces the immortal horses of Achilles: and in the *Theogonia* of Hesiod (265) the Harpyies are the progeny of Thaumās by Electra, the daughter of Oceanus; are called Aëlle and Ocypete, and are described as having wings and beautiful hair, and without any attribute of deformity. But Virgil derived his Harpyies immediately from the second book of the *Argonautics* of Apollonius (188). They were sent by Jupiter for the punishment of Phineus, king of Bithynia; who had been previously blinded by the god, in resentment of his daring disclosure

of the divine counsels. The wretched condition of the royal prophet is very powerfully described by Apollonius. On the arrival of the Argonauts on his coast, the miserable king is delivered from his persecutors by Zetes and Calaïs, the winged sons of Boreas, who, driving the monsters to the islands called Plotæ, are there commanded by Iris to discontinue their pursuit. From this circumstance, of the pursuers thence turning back, these islands derived their subsequent name of Strophades. But I am going out of my province, and giving trite information which is at every person's hand in the classical dictionary of Lempriere, or in any school-book which treats of the Grecian mythology.

Zetes and Calaïs, the sons of Boreas, called by the poet the Monarch of the Winds, are noticed by Pindar in his fourth Pythian.

..... καὶ γὰρ ἰκὼν
 Θυμῷ γιγαντὶ θᾶσσοι ἱ-
 τυν βασιλὺς ἀνίμων
 Ζήταν Κάλαιν τι πατὴρ Βορέας
 Ἄνδρας πτιροῖσιν ἔντα πι-
 φρίκοντας ἄμφω πορφυροῖσι.
 321, &c.

Verse 359.—And now Zacynthos lifts her crown of trees:
 Dulichium, Samè rise above the seas;
 And Neritos, &c.

These islands, as they are now included in the name of the Ionian Isles, have risen in British interest, since, in consequence of the varying fortunes of a most extraordinary, and, in some essential respects, a most calamitous war, they have become a part of the widely extended British empire. The names of these seven associated islands are Zante (Zacynthus) Cephalonia; Corfu (Corcyra and the Homeric Phæacia) Cerigo (Cythera) Santa Maura (Leucas) Ithaca and Paxo. Cephalonia is mentioned by our poet under the name of Samè, from its principal city.

Verse 372.—At Actium celebrate the games of Troy.

Having brought his hero to the coast of Acarnania, it was to be expected that Virgil would not omit the opportunity of distinguishing Actium, near the promontory of which was fought the naval battle between Octavianus and M. Antonius, which gave the empire of Rome to the former. At Actium were celebrated quinquennial games, as Strabo informs us, under the presidency of the Lacedæmonians; the antiquity of which was considerable. On the opposite side of the Ambracian gulf, in commemoration of his victory, Augustus founded the city of Nicopolis, the inhabitants of which he invested with considerable privileges: and near to it he instituted also quinquennial games, with the common name of *Ludi Actiaci*.

Verse 389.—Here Fame reports, to startle our belief, &c.

This episode, of the meeting of Æneas with Helenus and Andromache, is interesting and pleasing in a very high degree. It was not wholly a creation of our poet's: for Dionysius of Halicarnassus (l. 51.) relates that Æneas, having arrived at Buthrotus, a port of Epirus, went with a select part of his forces two days' journey from the coast, for the purpose of consulting the oracle of Dodona; and that he there found Helenus with his Trojans. In this account Dionysius followed, no doubt, some of the earlier writers of Greece; and Varro, as he is cited by Servius, reports nearly the same circumstances. With the materials thus ready to his hand, Virgil constructed the beautiful episode now before us, by which the best affections of the human heart are very powerfully engaged and delighted. The circumstance, of Æneas finding Andromache offering at the cenotaph of Hector, is most happily conceived; and what passes at the unexpected interview is told so forcibly and with so much of the truth of nature, as most strongly to excite the sympathies of our hearts. When Andromache refers to the loss of Creüsa on the fatal night of Troy's destruction, it has been asked how she could become acquainted with this fact in a state of captivity as she was, and distantly sundered, till the present moment, from Æneas and the

Trojans who had escaped with him. To me there seems to be no difficulty in the case. The loss of Creüsa, the daughter of Priam and the wife of Æneas, must have been known to several of the Greeks; and by some of them it would naturally be communicated to their Trojan captives; if, indeed, these were not more immediately informed of it. We must recollect that the hero traversed the city with the hope of recovering her; that he even saw the captives in the portico of Juno's temple; that he made the streets repeatedly re-echo with her name. Is it possible then, or at least probable, that her loss should be unknown to all the Greeks; to all the Trojans yet surviving in the town; or to a princess so nearly connected with her as Andromache, who, when the tumult of her distress had subsided, would inquire, with natural solicitude, about the fate of every member of that royal family to which she belonged? The hemistic *Quem tibi jam Troja*, in which the sense as well as the verse is imperfect, has exercised the ingenuity of more than one to supply it; and the attempts, as is well known, have most egregiously failed. Many years ago, as this page of the Æneis was under my eye, it occurred to me in my idleness that the verse, with perfect reference to the place which it occupies, might be thus made out:

Quem tibi, jam Trojâ incensâ, deus obtulit orbem.

and when I reflect on it, even at this distance of time, I cannot discover any objection to which the proposed supplement is fairly exposed. The expression of *deus adpulit oris*, occurs in the line next but one before it; and, in the wanton indulgence of conjecture, we might almost suppose that Virgil had written the verse as it is here supplied; and then, erasing that portion of it which too nearly resembled what so closely preceded, had left it thus defective; and, in the interest of his subsequent progress, had eventually forgotten it. *His nugis da veniam, lector.*

Verse 422.—O! happy she! the Priameïan maid!

Polyxena, the beautiful daughter of Priam, according to the story adopted by the dramatic poets of Athens, was beloved by Achilles; and, being affianced to him, was innocently the occasion of his death: for on the day appointed for their nuptials, he was treacherously slain, in the temple of Apollo Thymbræus in

'Troy, by Deïphobus and Paris. After the taking of Troy, the ghost of the hero requires the immolation of his virgin-bride; and she is accordingly slain, with all the rites of sacrifice, on his tomb by his son Pyrrhus. This event constitutes much of the pathos of that most affecting tragedy, the Hecuba of Euripides; in which the dignified and modest demeanour of the royal victim at her death is admirably related. If the speech of Talthybius, containing the narration in question, were not too long for a note, I would translate it for the amusement of my English readers.

Verse 462.— Them in wide porticoes the monarch treats.
We in the regal hall our banquet hold: &c.

The 353d, 354th, and 355th lines of the original *Illos porticibus rex adcipiebat in amplis, &c.* have been suspected by Jacob Bryant as supposititious, in consequence, as he imagined, of their irrelevancy and ill-agreement with the verses to which they are united. In this opinion I can by no means concur: for the lines in question appear to me to be highly proper, if not indispensably necessary, in the place where they are stationed. They conclude, indeed, as Heyne has observed, rather weakly, with *paterasque tenebant*: and in this instance discover the want of the great Poet's last polishing hand. But not to notice the hospitality of Helenus, as it extended generally to his countrymen thus fortuitously brought to his new kingdom, would certainly have been a culpable omission; and this notice is conveyed in the lines which are the subjects of our remark. To give them their just and full sense however, it is absolutely requisite to correct *libabant* into *libamus*, and *tenebant* into *tenemus*, and thus to confine their reference to Æneas and his chiefs; as the Trojan common men could not be supposed to have been feasted in the palace and to have drunk out of gold. No commentator, as far as I know, has taken notice of this passage; and all the translators, whom I have consulted, have either, to avoid the absurdity, unfaithfully evaded it; or, by adhering as honestly as they could to the present text, have presented us with strange stuff. Let us attend for instance to Trapp, who prides himself on his fidelity, and has followed the text as it now stands:

Nor less the Trojans share the friendly town:
Them in large stately rooms the king receives

In the mid court: they feast with bowls of wine;
With massy plate, and banquets served in gold.

Here we must remark that *large stately rooms* are not the just representatives of the original *porticibus amplis*, and are substituted only for the purpose of according with *the mid court*, in which the Trojans (or the Trojan host,) are said to feast upon golden plate!! To me it appears most evident that the common Trojans were entertained by the king in the large public porticoes of the town, whilst their chiefs were feasted with royal magnificence within the palace. It cannot for a moment be supposed that the crews of twenty ships, or even a large proportion of them, would be received into the palace, and treated with so much state; and we know that the Grecian cities were generally adorned with these public porticoes, which were so admirably adapted to the indulgence of this extensive hospitality. I feel assured therefore, that the sense conveyed by my translation was that which was intended by Virgil: and that, consequently, *libamus* and *tenemus* must be substituted for *libabant* and *tenebant*. At least, (as Bentley would say on a similar occasion) if Virgil wrote the verses as they now stand, he ought to have written them as they are now corrected.

Ver. 508.—Shall see a swine whom thirty young surround,
The dam and offspring all of snowy white; &c.

This circumstance of the white sow with her thirty white offspring, as well as that of the Trojans devouring their tables, which may appear to some readers as beneath the dignity of epic song, are related by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, on the authority, as cannot be doubted, of antecedent writers; and we may conclude that they were the subjects of some ancient traditions. Our poet, therefore, very properly seized on them for the purpose of authenticating his poem with the semblance of historic veracity. We must observe, also, that he founded the whole body of the *Æneis* on the popular superstition of his countrymen, with its Fates, its vicious gods, its omens, prodigies, visions, dreams, ghosts, and signs. His machinery was not introduced for the sole object of poetic embellishment: but to impart to his work a religious character; and thus to give it currency among those, to whom it was addressed, with the impression of the most

awful truth. What may tend to lower it in our eyes was calculated to raise and dignify it in those of the Romans. When we read the *Æneis*, this design of the great Poet's should be always within our view. From the white sow and her thirty young the city of Ascanius, Alba Longa, is said to have derived its name.

Verse 649.—Epirus Italy in love embrace ; &c.

This affectionate wish, for the union and amity of these two countries, was but ill fulfilled by the subsequent events recorded in history ; for, not to mention the wars between Pyrrhus and the Romans, it must not be forgotten that, after the battle of Pydna, Paulus *Æmilius*, with the most execrable fraud and barbarity, seised, in one day and in profound peace, on seventy cities of the devoted Epirus ; and, resigning them to plunder, sold one hundred and fifty thousand of their inhabitants for slaves ! In the time of our poet indeed, from its connexion with Actium and Nicopolis, Epirus had accidentally risen in Roman estimation ; and this might be sufficient to justify his allusion to the future friendship of the two countries. In any event, the wish was most proper to be expressed by the pious and grateful hero at this moment of his departure from his hospitable friends.

Verse 653.—We sail, till near us the Ceraunia rise ;

The Ceraunia or Acroceraunia are some of the highest mountains in Epirus, and derived their ancient name from *κεραυνός* (thunder,) in consequence of their summits being exposed, by their peculiar loftiness, more especially to the stroke of the thunder-storm. They are now called Monti della Chimera. Other high mountains, such as Taurus, were called, by the ancients, Ceraunia.

Verse 717.—(Tarentum glorying in Herculean fame,)

Hinc sinus Herculei (si vera est fama) Tarenti,

Many conjectures, have been offered by the commentators respecting the epithet, *Herculeum*, attached in this place by Virgil to Tarentum : but none of them are satisfactory ; and the Poet, by his parenthetical *si vera est fama*, seems to allude to

some traditional connexion, between the hero and the city, the memory of which is now lost. Phalanthus, who led thither the Partheniæ, (or the illegitimate offspring of the Spartan women, begotten during the absence of their husbands at the siege of Messene,) and who was a sort of second founder of Tarentum, is said by Servius, to have been of the family of Hercules, which was then possessed of the throne of Sparta. But, admitting this to be the fact, Phalanthus and his followers were of too late a date, and their expedition was of too much historic certainty to allow them to be received in explanation of this Virgilian verse. Hercules, as we know, was honored by the Terentines as their tutelary divinity. A colossal statue in bronze, the workmanship of Lysippus, was consecrated to him by their tasteful devotion; and his image was stamped upon their coins.

Verse 746.—Deep within cliffs the port itself immured
Sleeps, &c.

Denon, who visited Sicily in 1778, says, "Whilst we were waiting for the uncovering of *Ætna*, I made a little excursion, on the side of *Iaci*, to the port where Homer has placed the landing of *Ulysses*, and which bears the name of *Porto d'Ulysse*. Homer made choice of a very miserable spot for the reception of his hero, or the lava, with which it is enveloped, has greatly changed its form. Virgil has been happier in the description which he has given of the landing of *Æneas* on the coast of the *Cyclops*. It seems as if he had described it from nature; for that passage of his poem is the very picture of the *Scoglio d'Iaci*, near the castle of *Iaci*."

Verse 767.—But a strange horror through the night prevails.

In this circumstance, of a body of men being driven in the night upon an unknown coast, in the neighbourhood of a volcano, with the phenomena of which they were unacquainted, and being alarmed with subterranean groans and bellowings of which they could not divine the cause, there is something very striking to the imagination; and we cannot but be affected by the subsequent picture of the wretched *Achemenides*, rushing

out of a wood at early dawn, and presenting a figure of something between a living man and a ghost. The description of *Ætna* is highly poetic and noble; and the objections, which have been urged against it by Macrobius, and before him by A. Gellius, must be felt by every reader to be mere frivolous cavils, unworthy of any reputable author. As Trapp has expended on their refutation more time than their utter insignificance could justly claim, I will pass them without any further notice. It has been said that Virgil has here imitated Pindar; who, in his first *Pythian*, has drawn a very sublime portrait of the same great volcano. But each of the poets seems to have seen and described for himself. That the reader may form his own judgment on the subject, I will transcribe the passage in question of Pindar, with a translation of it by Mr. West.

..... κίων
 Δ' οὐρανία συνίχαι,
 Νιφόισσ' Λίττα, πάντις
 Χιόνος ὀξείας τιθήνα·
 Τὰς ἱερύγονται μὲν ἀπλά-
 τεν πυρὸς ἀγνόταται
 Ἐκ μυχῶν παγαί· ποταμοὶ
 Δ' ἀμείραιοι μὲν προχίοντι ῥόον κατιῶ
 Αἰθρῶν· ἄλλ' ἰν ὄρφναισιν πίττας
 Φοίνισσα κυλινδομένα φλόξ ἰς βασιῶ-
 αν φέρει πόντη πλάκα σὺν πατάγῃ.
 Κίττω δ' Ἀφαίροιο κρουνοῦς ἱερπιτὸν
 Δεινοτάτῃς ἀναπίμ-
 πῃ· τίρας μὲν θρυμάσιον προσιδί-
 σθαι· θρυῶμα δὲ καὶ παριόν-
 των ἀκῆσαι, &c. &c. 36. 51.

I am inclined to think that in sublimity the *Ætna* of the Greek poet excels that of the Roman. The pillar of heaven, the nurse of intensely cold (ὀξείας) snow; the fiery rivers pouring out torrents of inflamed smoke; the red flame whirling rocks into the profound sea; and the monster ejecting the most tremendous whirlpools of fire, are images of the highest poetry and of almost matchless magnificence. But I promised Mr. West's translation and here it is:

Now under sulphurous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
 And vast Sicilia's lies his shaggy breast;
 By snowy Ætna, nurse of endless frost,
 The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd:
 Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
 Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
 And veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,
 While wrapp'd in smoke the eddy flames aspire;
 Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar,
 Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.
 But he, Vulcanian monster, to the clouds
 The fiercest, hottest inundations throws, &c.

Verse 863.—These the sole solace that his ills afford.

*Lanigeræ comitantur oves : ea sola voluptas,
 Solamenque mali.*

In the greater number of the most authentic MSS., this hemistic is left unsupplied: but in some (and these are generally followed in this instance by the printed copies) the verse is completed with *de collo fistula pendet*. On the admission of this supplement as Virgilian, I would not hesitate to connect it, by the punctuation, with *ea sola voluptas, &c.*: thus regarding his pastoral pipe as the sole pleasure and solace of the blind Cyclops. But, with Heyne, I have retained the hemistic; as, upon the whole view of the case, I am disposed with him to consider the supplementary part of the verse as an interpolation. If this addition to the picture were to be preserved, I would arrange my translation as follows:—

And, the sole solace that his ills afford,
 His pipe, that oft would lull his pains to rest,
 Strung round his neck, depended on his breast.

Dryden has followed the Delphin, and the majority of the printed copies, in his translation; but has differed from his original in the place assign'd in the description to the pipe, giving it the precedence of the sheep, and degrading it into a whistle—

His ponderous *whistle* from his neck descends:
 His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
 This only solace his hard fortune *sends*.

Launderdale has the pipe; without making it, however, its master's solace:

A pipe hung round his neck: his fleecy train
 Attends, the sole delight, which soothed his pain.

Trapp also admits the pipe; but attaching '*ea sola voluptas*' to the sheep, he appropriates the instrument as the *solamen mali*.

..... His woolly sheep attend his walk,
 (These were his sole delight;) and from his neck
 His pipe hangs down, the solace of his woe.

And, lastly, Pitt, in two indifferent lines, which are somewhat defective in grammar, follows Trapp in his disposition of the *voluptas* and the *solamen*:

His flock *attends*;

(the translator had before described the Cyclops as advancing *amid his sheep*:)

..... the only joy he knows:
 His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.

I believe, indeed, that Virgil finished his description with *Lanigeræ comitantur oves*: to which *ea sola voluptas*, &c. was afterwards rather awkwardly attached; and not in strict consistency with grammar.

Verse 911.—And the Geloan fields afar we see,
 With Gela's towery pride:

Inmanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta. I cite this line of my author solely for the purpose of remarking that the illustrious Porson, (as appears from his miscellaneous criticisms lately edited by Mr. Kidd,) thus corrected it: *Inmanisque Gela fluvio cognomine dicta*—Mr. Barker, who pointed my attention to this circumstance, informs me also that the same correction had been suggested by my friend, Dr. Parr, before the publication of Mr. Kidd's volume. Though not sanctioned, as I can find, by any MS. this reading is unquestionably the most elegant; and consequently that which may be regarded as the genuine. Different interpretations have been assigned to *Inmanis*, in this

application of it. As Gela does not appear, from any ancient author, to have been remarkable for its magnitude, I conceive that the epithet refers to the celebrity of this city in Sicilian history, as it was the birth-place of some great men, who distinguished themselves on the throne of Syracuse. Hiero I., Thrasylus, and Gelon were natives of Gela. The epithet of "pal-mosa" given, in v. 705, to Selinus was, no doubt, justified by the groves of palms which, in the time of Virgil, covered the plains contiguous to the city. On these plains, at present, nothing is to be seen, according to the testimony of Denon, but the dwarf palm, (or the chamærops,) which resembles in nothing, but the name, the date-bearing palm of the east. It is scarcely necessary to inform my reader that Acragas, (*Agrigentum*, the modern *Girgenti*) with all the other Greek cities in Sicily, was founded at a period subsequent to the days of Æneas. The Poet would not venture to take a similar liberty with respect to the introduction of Syracuse on this occasion; as the relatively modern foundation of this noble city was more popularly known.

Verse 922.—Here,

My dear Anchises, worn with years, I lost :

When Virgil thus places the death of Anchises in Sicily, he follows the story as it was related by more than one antecedent writer; and the tomb of this reputed ancestor of the Julian family was shown at Drepanum during many of the succeeding ages. That a variety of accounts, respecting an event buried in the depths of fabulous antiquity, should be found in different authors, is a circumstance which ought not to surprise us: it is sufficient that our poet had abundant authority to justify the fact as he relates it; and nothing surely could be more opportune for the purposes of the poem than the death of the hero's father at this particular juncture. How embarrassing at Carthage would have been the presence of the prudent and pious old man, must be immediately obvious to every reader. Under the eyes of the paternal sage, the amour of the son and the Tyrian queen could not have been conducted; and if this had not been effected, the poem would have been deprived of one of its chief ornaments. It might still perhaps have been a sparkling diadem: but its front jewel would have been wanting.

BOOK IV.

ON the pre-eminent beauty and excellence of this book, it would be altogether superfluous to insist: for they must be immediately obvious to every eye which peruses it; and the heart which can be insensible to their effect, must be dead to the impression of one of the most forcible and striking delineations of human passion which has ever been conceived by the mind or executed by the hand of a poet. The high estimation, in which this part of the *Æneis* was held by the contemporaries of its author, is sufficiently intimated by Ovid, not only in those well known lines

*Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor:*

but by his professed imitation of it in his epistle of Dido to *Æneas*: in which he plays upon a flageolet, while Virgil is sounding a trumpet. My notes on this book will be few and short; as the passion, of which it wholly consists, can require no commentary to lead it to the heart; and as the reader would have reason to resent the attempt, to direct or to influence his judgment, if I were to affect to point his observation to the leading beauties of the composition, or to discover to him in particular places the exquisite art and mighty power of the poet. I will only in general remark, that all the speeches of the unhappy queen, from that in which she timidly discloses her love to her sister to those in which she pours her execrations on her faithless lover and with which she terminates her life, are masterpieces of composition, and show the triumph of the poetic power. Nature, genuine Nature, frail, it is true, but yet sublime, prevails in them from the first to the last. Her voice is given to her by the Muses: she is dressed by the Graces; she acts under the omnipotence of Love; and she is armed by Nemesis and the Furies. The majestic and impassioned Dido commanding all

the great interest of the scene, the affectionate and the faithful Anna, who must be the object of our love, is discovered only in a subordinate character; and, when we are recovered from the convulsing distress of the great tragic drama, we are desirous of knowing more of her. It gratifies us, therefore, to find her adopted as his subject, and brought forward to our inquiries and sympathy, by another favorite of the Muses, the copious and the tender Ovid. In his *Fasti*, this delightful poet has indulged us with the story of poor Anna's fortunes after the death of her beloved sister; and we follow with agitated feelings the unhappy princess as, driven from Carthage by the terror of Iärbas, she wanders from land to land, till meeting Æneas, (now possessed of the Latin throne) upon the coast of Latium, and being by him hospitably received, she is lost, after a short interval, in the Numicus, while she is flying from the causeless jealousy of Lavinia. *FAST. iii. 543.*

Ver. 11.—Anna! my Sister! ah! what dreams affright, &c.

Parts of this speech are shadowed out from Apollonius, who introduces Medea making a similar confession of her new love to her sister Chalciopé. The effect of dreams on her agitated mind is mentioned by the Colchian princess; and it is undoubtedly a fine instance of a disturbed bosom.

The reasons for the indulgence of her passion, which are suggested to the love-sick queen in the reply of Anna, are very powerful, and such as might influence a woman, who was not, equally with Dido, prepared to admit them.

Verse 70.—First, they frequent the fanes, and peace implore, &c.

In this passage (to v. 115) the effects of love are inimitably described; and it requires only to be read to be admired.

Verse 153.—And the red plumage trembles on the line,

Dum trepidant alæ. It is surely surprising that many commentators, with Servius at their head, should consider *alæ* in this

passage as signifying the troops of horsemen, when in that sense *turmas* would be the appropriate word; when *trepident*, for their interpretation, must be strained a little from its direct meaning; (for *trepido*, when applied to animals, always implies the idea of alarm;) and when, above all, the most ready and simple explanation of the expression is at hand in the practice, familiar to the ancient huntsmen, of tying scarlet feathers to the upper line of their nets, for the purpose of scaring the inclosed animals, and of thus preventing them from leaping over the toils. This hunting artifice, (when deer, at least, were the game,) is too well known to every classical reader to require the adduction of authorities for its support. In the last book of this poem, (l. 750) it is made the subject of still more distinct reference.—*Cervum—puniceæ septum formidine pennæ.*

In my former translation of this passage, I had omitted some of the specific circumstances of my original, and had thus been guilty of that sin of slurring, in which my predecessors, Dryden and Pitt, not infrequently indulge, but of which I cannot accuse myself in any other instance. Having here corrected this offense; I now stand accountable to my author for one violation less of his majestic and sacred muse.

Ver. 186.—In choral symphonies, around his shrine,
Thessalians, Cretes, and painted Scythians join.

This assemblage of different nations, hymning the praises of the Delian god and dancing around his altar, presents a pleasing picture to the imagination. The sacred delegation, or the *theoria*, sent annually to Delos by the Hyperboreans, (the *Agathyrsi* of Virgil) is an historic fact, which is very generally known. Callimachus, in his hymn to Delos, has referred to it. Milton has happily availed himself of it in his poem, addressed to Manso, in which he has very skilfully converted the *Θυγατέρες βορέας*, (the daughters of Boreas) of the Greek poet into British nymphs. The passage is so beautiful that the reader will thank me for inserting it.

*Nos etiam colimus Phæbum, nos munera Phæbo
Flaventes spicas et lutea mala ænistris,*

Halantemque crocum, (perhibet nisi vana vetustas,) .
Misimus; et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druidum antiqua, sacris operata decorum,
Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta canebat.
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in herbosa, Graia de more puella
Carminibus latis memorant Corineïda Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

We too have bow'd to Phœbus, and, of old,
 Our blushing orchards and our fields of gold,
 If ancient lore be true, have heap'd his shrine,
 Brought by the sisters of the Druid line.
 (The hoary Druid, in harmonious praise,
 Hymn'd the bless'd gods, and sung heroic days.)
 Hence round the festal altar, hand in hand,
 The Grecian maids, on Delos' flowery strand,
 To Loxo, Upis the prophetic fair,
 And Hecaërge with the golden hair,
 Whose painted breasts their British birth betray,
 Swell the glad chorus and exalt the lay.

C. S.

Verse 208.—Earth first and conscious Juno gave the sign :

This consummation of the unhappy queen's love is related in the finest spirit of poetry. The nuptial goddess, Juno, presides over the scene: earth and air give ominous presage of the fatal consequences: the hymeneal torches are supplied by lightning; and the nuptial song is formed by sounds of ghostly lamentation, and the howlings of the Oreades or mountain nymphs. The peculiar modesty of the passage has frequently been made the subject of praise.

Verse 219.—Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies :

This personification of Fame has often been censured as extended to too great a length; and, perhaps, though in the original the description occupies only fifteen verses, we might wish

that it had been somewhat shorter. But the part assigned to the monster is important; and the poetry, in which she is represented, is so admirable, that he must be an unrelenting critic indeed who, as he reads, can consent to blot out a line of it.

The hint of the phantom, and nothing more, was suggested to Virgil by the Eris of Homer. Fame had been previously deified by the Grecians, and there was an altar, as we find from Pausanias, consecrated to her at Athens.

Ver. 322.— Bound from the land which gave his mother
birth,
He steers his wing between the skies and earth.

In the common editions of the *Æneis* there are three verses in this place which I have only hinted in my translation, and which are regarded as spurious by Heyne.

*Haud aliter terras inter cælumque volabat;
Litus arenosum Libyæ ventosque secabat,
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.*

On the inutility of these lines, the offensive rhyme with which two of them conclude, and the objections to which they are altogether exposed, it may be unnecessary to remark. By a most happy substitution of *legebat* for *secabat*, Bentley did much for their improvement: but I concur with Heyne in thinking that it would be best to expunge them. I will transcribe Trapp's note on this passage, as there is something in it which is rather whimsical. "*Volabat* and *secabat* in the original (v. 256, 257.) make a scurvy rhyme, which I wish had been altered; as well as two or three more in the *Æneis*. And here I cannot but take notice, that, in all this translation, I never met with above half a dozen accidental rhymes to disturb me, which to me is an argument against that way of writing; since those jinglings do not naturally fall in, but must be hunted after!!" Poor rhyme is here very scurvily treated by the honest professor; and the argument, which is brought against its use, may fairly be urged in the case of him who employs it; but I am at a loss to conjecture how it can be applied to him who only reads it. As

justly might it be said that the possessor of a golden goblet could not be sensible of any value in his property, because much labor had been expended in obtaining, separating, and refining the ore; and much art in subsequently fashioning the metal into the splendid vessel out of which he was quaffing Champagne or Tokay. I wish, indeed, that I could contradict the worthy critic's assertion, that "rhyme does not naturally fall in, but must be hunted after!" I will confess that what, happily, so seldom disturbed Dr. Trapp in his translation, (which, according to his own statement, occupied him during a large portion of his life,) the troublesome and importunate intrusion I mean of rhyme, has never once been among the number of my complaints.

Verse 385.—The fierce triennial inroad of the god;

The tumultuous festival of Bacchus was celebrated in every third year; and Cithæron, the mountain near to which stood Thebes, was the earliest and the principal scene of these frantic and licentious rites.

Ver. 425.—Thus she : by Jove constrain'd, his eyes he held
Unmoved, and his love-faltering heart com-
pell'd :

The conduct of Æneas on this trying occasion, and his reply to this pathetic address of the much injured queen, discover, as must be confessed, too much hardness and insensibility to be quite forgiven, though he acts under the command of Jupiter. He assents with too little apparent reluctance to the mandate of the Olympian king; and we should have liked him more if his piety in this instance had been less. There is also in his speech, and especially at the close of it, a peculiar harshness, to which it is not easy for us to be reconciled. The task of Virgil, however, on this occasion was singularly difficult; and if he has not altogether succeeded in the attempt to make his hero at once amiable and obedient to the gods, his failure may reasonably be pardoned. Jupiter, as Dryden rather humorously remarks, must bear the blame of it: but Venus and Juno, who

first led the lady and the knight into the scrape, must come in for their share of the fault. There is, after all, a certain hardness in the manner of Æneas which cannot be entirely excused, and for which the Poet may be regarded as accountable. Intent upon the main object of his poem, and resolved, in this part of it, to excite our passions to their most intense degree, he was careless of these minuter delicacies; and was not perhaps desirous of softening down any of the roughnesses of effect.

Ver. 443.—But, from his Lycian and Grynean shrine, &c.

At Patara, in Lycia, and at Grynium, in the adjacent region of Æolis in Asia Minor, were oracles of Apollo, of very old and extensive repute; and hence the epithets in this passage of Lycian and Grynean. Neither of these oracles had immediately been consulted by Æneas: but they were the most celebrated of that god, who had directed the course of the Trojans to Italy; and they are here named as the best known, and of the highest dignity. The authority was the same from whatever oracle of the same god the advice or the injunction proceeded.

Ver. 570.—This is my last request; and thou attend
My latest wish, and be to death my friend.

This is a difficult passage in the original; and the common reading, *Quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatam morte remittam*, which is adopted by Ruæus, and followed by Dryden, Trapp, Pitt, and the whole host, as I believe, of translators, gives a meaning to which I cannot in any way reconcile myself: for surely, when Dido was solicitous by her fond message to delay at least the departure of her lover, it was a strange argument to induce his assent, to say that, after all, she would send him away loaded with her death. I have followed, therefore, the reading received on the best authority by Heyne, of *Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte remittam*, and thus addressed it, as an assurance of her sister's perpetual gratitude, to Anna. Which favor, when you shall have granted it to me, I will discharge with heaped measure when I die. Whether *morte* may not be rather harshly put for *usque ad mortem*, or *in morte*, I am not

quite certain, and will not pretend to decide: but of the meaning of the Poet I feel quite confident.

Ver. 594.—Now all subdued and by her fates appall'd,
Anxious, on death unhappy Dido call'd.

Every reader of taste must be powerfully affected by the solemn melancholy, or rather the sublime horror which is thrown over the whole passage, from v. 450 to v. 473 in the original. The portents, the dreadful omens, the ghostly voice in the temple, the predictions of ancient prophets, the disturbed and miserable dreams of the devoted queen, are as nobly imagined as they are energetically expressed. The comparison of this victim of love, in the state to which she was reduced by such a fearful combination of circumstances, to Pentheus and Orestes as they were represented on the theatre in the paroxysm of their distraction, is certainly very fine. I cannot approve of the proposed substitution of *fatis* for *scenis* in v. 471, as in my opinion it would weaken the idea, and not correspond with the intention of the Poet; whose object was to impress us with the most forcible image of the queen's distraction, not by comparing it with the real madness of Pentheus and Orestes, but with the phrensy of these unhappy men as it was heightened and made more terrible by the genius of the dramatist. From the

*Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri*

of Virgil, Pope is supposed to have derived the thought which he has so admirably expressed in these lines of his *Eloisa*:

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls;
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come! Sister, come!" it said, or seem'd to say,
"Thy place is here; sad Sister! come away!
• • • • •"
I come! I come! &c.

But Pope in this instance seems to have borrowed immediately, not from Virgil but, from Virgil's imitator, Ovid; by whom the terrific grandeur of his original is lowered and flattened by expansion. The lines in question are in the epistle from Dido to Æneas.

*Hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari :
Ipse sono tenui dixit, Elissa ! veni !
Nulla mora est ; venio ! venio tibi debita conjux !
Sum tamen admissi tarda pudore mei.*

Another couplet in this epistle has suggested some of the fondnesses of the impassioned Eloisa.

*Si pudet uxoris, non nupta sed hospita dicar.
Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.*

From another part of this exquisite effusion of Virgil's poetry,

*..... semperque relinqui
Sola sibi : semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam et Tyrios deserta quærere terra.*

Pope seems to have derived the idea, where Eloisa thus speaks of her melancholy dream :

*Alas ! no more :—methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe :
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps ;
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.*

Ver. 692.—And then, to give the maddening power to move,
Robs the foal's forehead of its mother's love.

The classic writers mention two species of hippomanes, both of which were regarded as powerful ingredients in philtres and poisonous potions. One of these was a tongue-like excrescence, sometimes seen on the forehead of a new-born foal, which, according to a popular notion (not yet extinct) the mare immediately seises and eats ; or, if prevented in her design, refuses to

suckle her offspring. Hence, in this passage (the effect, in the poetic dialect, being substituted for the cause) it is called the *mother's love*. The other hippomanes was a fluid distilling from mares under a strong impulse of the procreative instinct: and of this Virgil speaks as of the true hippomanes.

*Hinc demum hippomanes, vero quod nomine dicunt
Pastores, lentum distillat ab inguine virus :
Hippomanes, quod sæpe malæ legere novercæ ;
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba.*

Geo. iii. 280.

This species of the hippomanes is also noticed by Tibullus: (l. ii. c. 4.)

*Et quod, ubi indomitis gregibus Venus afflat amores,
Hippomanes cupida stillat ab inguine equæ.*

That extraordinary man, Bayle, has published a dissertation (a learned one of course) on the subject of the hippomanes; and they, who are desirous, on such a topic, of information blended with entertainment, may find it in his work; which is attached to all the later editions of his wonderful dictionary.

Verse 704.—'Twas night ; &c.

This description of a still night, and of the repose of nature contrasted with the sleepless and tumultuous agonies of the death-devoted queen, has been very generally admired; and the reader need not be informed that it is closely copied from a very fine passage in the Argonautics of Apollonius. The passage in question, with a translation of it by my friend, Mr. Wrangham, shall be transcribed.

Νύξ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγει κίφας· οἱ δ' ἐν πότῳ
Ναῦται εἰς Ἑλίην τι καὶ ἀσέρας Ὀρίωνος
Ἔδρακον ἐκ νηῶν ὕπνῳ δὲ καὶ τις ὑδίτης
Ἦδη καὶ πυλαυρὸς ἰίδιτο· καὶ τινα παῖδων·
Μητίρ᾽ αὖ τι θυώτων ἀδινὸν περὶ κῶμ' ἐκάλυπ'·
Οὐδὲ κυνῶν ὑλακὴ ἔτ' ἀνὰ πτόλιν, ὃ θρόος ἦεν

Ηχῆις σιγῇ δὲ μιλαιομένη ἔχεν ὄρφνη.
 Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἢ Μήδυσαι ἐπὶ γλυκερὸς λάβεν ὕπνος.

ARGON. iii. 743.

Now night o'er all her sable covering spread;
 And from the deck his glance the seaman sped
 Where wheels the Bear, or bright Orion glows:
 The traveller now and watchman wooed repose.
 E'en, where her clay-cold babes the mother wept,
 O'er her dimm'd eyes the heavy slumber crept.
 'Twas silence all: no tread of echoing feet,
 Or barking dog disturb'd the midnight street.
 But no sweet slumber seal'd Medea's eyes, &c.

If Virgil imitated in this instance, it must be confessed that he has greatly improved. His choice of images is more curiously select and better arranged than that of the Greek poet. I feel that, in the latter, the circumstance of the wretched mother falling asleep over her dead children, is rather too strong an exaggeration; and that, after this most forcible illustration of the power of sleep, it is an anticlimax to mention the silence of the dogs in the street, and the vague circumstance of there being no murmur of sounds, ἡ θρόνος ἦεν Ηχῆις. The remaining part, however, of this last verse is most beautiful: σιγῇ δὲ μιλαιομένη ἔχεν ὄρφνη.—“Silence occupied the black darkness.”

Trapp, in his note on this passage, has cited a very beautiful description of night from Lee's Theodosius. As it must please my readers, I will also transcribe it. Of the celebrated lines on the same subject in the Indian Emperor, by Dryden, my opinion is not much more favorable than that which is here given of them by the Oxford professor. They are in the worst style of their great author. But now Lee is to be exhibited.

'Tis night, dead night, and weary Nature lies
 So fast, as if she never were to rise.
 No breath of wind now whispers through the trees:
 No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas.
 Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon:
 Nor wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,

Nor bay the ghosts; which glide with horror by
 To view the caverns where their bodies lie.
 The ravens perch, and no presages give;
 Nor to the windows of the dying cleave.
 The owls forget to scream: no midnight sound
 Calls drowsy echo from the hollow ground.

Ver. 869.—She drew—ah! not for this sad purpose given,
 The Dardan sword: &c.

Many of the commentators suppose that this sword had been given by Dido to her lover, and by him left behind in his chamber, among the *thalamo refixa*, in the hurry of his departure. This opinion is espoused by Trapp, who assigns more than one reason why it could not be the gift of Æneas. But all that can be urged, in the support of this strange notion, must be futile in opposition to the direct and obvious meaning of the words of Virgil. The sword in question was a *Dardan* sword, which had been solicited as a gift, not for the dreadful purpose of shedding the blood of the enamoured queen;—*Ensem DARDANIUM, non hoc quesitum munus in unus*. Not to observe that a *Dardan* sword was unlikely to be in the possession of Dido previously to the arrival of her Dardan guest, by whom could this weapon be solicited as a gift? If by Æneas, the accompanying reflexion is something very like nonsense—for it could not possibly be imagined, that a sword, begged as a present by Æneas, could any how be intended to become the instrument in Dido's hand of her own death. In the epistle, which I have already cited, Ovid speaks of this sword as a gift from the lover; (*Scribimus et gremio Troicus ensis adest*, and subsequently, *Præbuit Æneas et causam mortis et ENSEM*) a gift which had been requested, no doubt, by the queen as a memorial of her hero's valor, and was perhaps the very sword with which he had so nobly, though ineffectually, contended against Fate and the gods for the rescue of his native city. That this present is not previously noticed by the Poet is a circumstance which has not the weight of a feather in the scale: for is it to be imagined that all, which passed in the fond intercourse of the lovers during the four or

five months of their being together, was intended to be related; or could indeed be detailed in the small compass of two or three hundred verses, destined also to much more important purposes? That the weapon, with which the queen slew herself, was given to her by her false lover, adds considerably to the pathos of the incident.

Verse 943.—Proserpina had yet not shorn her head
Of the due lock, and doom'd her to the dead.

I find this lock of devotement, as it may be called, nowhere mentioned by the classic poets, except in those lines of the *Alcestis*, in which Thanatus, (or Death) talks of approaching Alcestis, whom he was about to carry off as his victim, and cutting the lock which would be consecrated by his sword. *Alces.* 75. From Euripides, therefore, it is possible, as Macrobius asserts, that Virgil might have borrowed the hint of his fiction in the present instance: but it bears an obvious allusion to the sacrificial rite of culling the frontal hairs of the victim, and of throwing them into the sacred fire as a consecration or devotement of the beast to Jupiter Stygius or Pluto. The circumstance is most happily applied and ornamented by Virgil.

BOOK V.

AFTER the distress and stormy passion of the preceding book, that, which now opens, presents us with tranquil description and refreshes us with the cheerful spectacle of heroic games. These, indeed, nearly at their conclusion, are interrupted by an incident of an alarming nature. But the mischief is repaired: a scene of much beauty and repose succeeds; and we are gratified by seeing the hero landed, after all his toils, upon that coast which had so long fled before his pursuit; and brought within sight, as it were, of the place of his ultimate destination. The games are generally drawn after those in the twenty-third book of the *Ilias*: but they are varied by the hand of a master, and discover nothing of the tame servility of a copy. As a chariot race was ill adapted to the circumstances of the Trojans, crowded into small vessels in their passage over remote seas, and consequently not well supplied with chariots and with horses, (though of the latter, indeed, they were possessed) a galley race is substituted for the impracticable game, and we are, as I think, benefited by the substitution. In the galley race there is much novelty, various incident, and excitement of interest. The defeat of the boastful challenger, in the fight of the cestus, gratifies our wish of seeing insolence chastised: the prodigy which distinguishes the flight of the arrow of Acestes, is new and surprising; and the mock warfare of the equestrian boys (the *Lusus Trojæ*) which is altogether the production of Virgil, is in a high degree entertaining. But though the games constitute the principal subject of this book, they do not occupy more than two thirds of it; and its remaining portion is appropriated to matter of a very different and a very important nature. The sacrifice at the tomb of Anchises; the burning of the Trojan ships; the apparition of Anchises to his son; the conference of Venus and Neptune; the exulting career of the god of the trident over the tranquillized waves, and the safe passage, under his protection, of Æneas to Cumæ, are circum-

stances of much interest and beauty. But, after all, I will confess that this book of the *Æneis* is not one of my prime favorites. Its immediate situation, between the fourth and the sixth, is perhaps injurious to its effect. When the mind has been agitated with the pathetic, or elevated by the sublime, it will not be fully satisfied with any thing which leaves it in repose, and unremoved from its own natural level.

Ver. 51.—He, by his mother, was of Dardan blood;
The damsel teeming by Crimissus' flood:

Of the parentage of Acestes the fables of Greece do not altogether agree in their account. But he is mostly represented as the offspring of a noble Trojan lady, who, with her two sisters, having been delivered by Laomedon to some Sicilian pirates, was conveyed to Sicily, where she became pregnant by the river-god, Crimissus. The name of this river, as it may be cursorily remarked, is in many editions of Virgil erroneously written Crinissus; for in the Greek it is Κρίμισος or Κρίμισσος. In the wild rhapsody of Lycophron, the god on this occasion is said to have changed himself into a dog; and the name of the girl's father to have been Phœnodamas, with whom the king was offended in consequence of his having contributed to the exposure of Hesione, the king's daughter, to the sea-monster. (v. Lycoph. Alex. l. 951.) These river-gods were amorous and prolific; and more than one of the Homeric heroes claimed them for their fathers. In much later times, the superstition, which at once gave belief to these intercourses, and suggested the means of their becoming prolific, was not wholly eradicated from the popular mind. The custom of maidens, previously to their marriage, bathing and offering their virginity to the god of the river, continued, as we know, to the most enlightened period of Greece: and *Æschines*, in one of his letters, relates the circumstance of a young Athenian, named Cimon, who was his companion, having personated the god, Scamander; and under this semblance having violated the beautiful Callirrhœ as she was making the accustomed offer to the sacred river. The story, which, as I believe, has been frequently cited, is to be found in the tenth letter of the *Athe-*

nian orator. In his time, at least, there were no doubts, as we may observe, respecting the existence or the course of the Scamander, which then remained invested with old and traditional sanctity, derived, as there can be little question, from the times of "sacred Troy." Whether the hot and the cold spring, to determine the site of this song-renowned city, were then discoverable, is more than I can decide: but I feel assured that Æschines could have ascertained the precise geography of the Troad, and have removed at once all those difficulties which have puzzled and baffled the researches of our modern travellers. Alexander would not have offered sacrifice at the tomb of Achilles on the shores of the Hellespont, if that hero had been the creature of fiction, or had fallen, according to Jacob Bryant's most fanciful notion, upon the plains of Egypt. By an indulgence of the habit of scepticism, men may bring themselves to doubt of the existence of every thing, which is not obvious to their eyes or cannot be grasped with their hands. Though Homerically sceptical, however, Jacob Bryant was a most firm believer, as is universally known, in all the truths of our holy religion. They, indeed, rest upon evidence which it is impossible for any learned and unprejudiced inquirer to reject. I am aware that doubts hang over the authenticity of these epistles of Æschines; and I am not prepared or disposed to defend it. But if they are forgeries, they are forgeries of an old date, and the circumstance of their being ancient (for nine of them were acknowledged and praised by Photius) will be sufficient for the greater part of my purpose in their adduction.

Ver. 115.—He ceased; when from the mound a serpent
glides,

That on seven radiant volumes proudly rides:

This description of the serpent, that issued from the tomb of Anchises, is very fine and poetic: but it must be allowed to be greatly inferior to that of the serpent in the ninth book of the *Paradise Lost*. There indeed it was requisite for the poet to exert his powers of description, and to bring to our eyes with as much ornament as he could, that creature by whose imme-

mediate agency the great catastrophe of the poem was effected, the disobedience of man and his expulsion from paradise.

..... and toward Eve
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
 And lovely: &c.

P. L. ix. 495, &c.

Ver. 277.—As the fleet dove, who, in the mossy breast
 Of a coved rock, broods fondling o'er her
 nest, &c.

This is a most apt and striking similitude; and the first agitation of the galley, from the increased exertions of the rowers, with her subsequent smooth progress through the open sea, could not have been more happily illustrated. This simile also is unborrowed; and it is expressed in diction which is highly ornamented and picturesque. *Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas*, is a line of uncommon felicity, the full beauty of which cannot be transferred to our language. I have done what I could to do it justice: but, ah! *non lingua valet*.

Ver. 352.—..... As doom'd to feel,
 On the mid road surprised, the crushing
 wheel; &c.

The hint of this description of a wounded serpent seems to be taken from Lucretius: [iii. 657.] but it is finely improved, and enriched with new circumstances. As a simile it is perfectly original, and most strikingly illustrative of its subject.

Verse 534.—Dreadful in fight your brother Eryx stood.

Eryx was the son of Venus by Butes, and consequently was the maternal brother of Æneas. He was killed by Hercules in a combat with the cestus. His father was not the Butes who was vanquished by Dares at the tomb of Hector, but a more ancient Butes, the son of Amycus; who, when his father was slain by Pollux, fled to Sicily, and there enjoyed the embraces of the Goddess of love. Bodily prowess, with a fondness for the cestus, descended from father to son in this Bcbrycian family, to whom their favorite pastime proved peculiarly fatal, for three of them, as it seems, perished by it. What would have been said and thought by our tender-hearted magistrates, who oppose so strenuously the rough sport of boxing with the naked fist, that consequence and encouragement of the manly spirit of the English, if they had witnessed the combat of the cestus, (a glove loaded with iron and lead) which was admitted by the Greeks as one of the games in their sacred celebrations at Olympia, at Delphi, at the Isthmus and at Nemea? and yet the Greeks were far from being a ferocious or cruel people. They abhorred and turned with disgust from the sanguinary exhibitions of the Roman amphitheatre; to some of which, perhaps, our savage amusements of cock-fighting, and bull-baiting, and bullock-hunting bear too near a resemblance. For bullock-hunting a *worthy* magistrate, as it appears from evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, has been heard to profess his particular predilection.

Verse 701.—On bitted steeds the boys, in just array,
Advance, &c.

This mock-engagement of the noble youths, formed into martial squadrons, was in great request, under the name of *Ludus* or *Lusus Trojæ*, with the warlike Romans. By Augustus it was frequently exhibited; till it was discontinued in consequence of the complaint of Asinius Pollio, whose grandson Æserninus had

the misfortune to break his leg while he was acting his part in it. This we learn from Suetonius, v. August. 43.

Ver. 837.—Till o'er the lofty banks and painted prows,
With torrent waves, the power of Vulcan
flows.

This event, of the Trojan fleet set on fire by the Trojan women, is related by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, b. i. 5. How finely the disastrous circumstance has been heightened and ornamented by the Poet must be obvious to every reader of sagacity and taste. Two goddesses are introduced as the excitors of the crime; and the king of the gods himself as the agent, who over-ruled the progress of its pernicious consequences.

Verse 1021.—Then, as he dared to check Pelides' course,
With gods unequal, and unequal force, &c.

So little was Virgil aware that his hero could be exposed to the imputation of deficient valor, and so little was he desirous of investing his Æneas with any sort of super-human prowess, that in this passage, and in one in the preceding book, he has exhibited him as twice vanquished by the heroes of Greece. But the poet was sensible that his hero, as represented by Homer, was sufficiently great to be adequate to the station assigned to him in the Æneis. In the first conflict with Diomedes, Æneas was vanquished, not by the superior prowess but, by the good fortune of the adversary; for he is disabled by the blow of an enormous stone; and, as soon as his wound is healed, he is immediately seen in his place amid the foremost heroes of Troy. In his subsequent encounter with Achilles, he is confessedly inferior to his antagonist: but that antagonist was a most extraordinary man πάντων ἱεταγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν, and it was not more derogatory from the heroism of Æneas to be inferior in bodily strength to Achilles, than it was degrading to Achilles that even his prowess was not equal to that of Hercules. That Æneas confronted this terrible chief, when he burst in all his

rage upon the Trojans, was surely a sufficient evidence of the rank which he possessed as a hero in the age of heroes.

Verse 1035.—High o'er their tossing heads the monarch stands; &c.

This description of the proud career of Neptune over the sea, admirably fine as it is, must be acknowledged to be inferior to that in the thirteenth book of the *Ilias*. The piece, indeed, in Virgil is charged with more figures than in Homer; and the train of the god is more numerous, various, and grand: the whales and the sea-monsters attend as his homagers; the Tritons and the Nereids encircle him as the ornaments of his state and the immortal subjects of his sovereignty; while the whole expanse of heaven glows with sunshine over his head. But these added circumstances, which are perfectly in harmony with the plan of Virgil, would have been at variance with that of Homer: for by the former, the god is represented in the quiet exercise of his dominion, when all the pomp of his placid royalty would naturally be displayed: but by the latter, he is exhibited as enraged, and as rushing, in solitary power, to contend against the Trojans and Jupiter. Under such circumstances to incumber him with the attendance of his vassal gods and goddesses would have been grossly injudicious; and if the aspect of the heavens had been noticed, it must have been described as scowling and black. But the lines of the Greek poet are inimitably beautiful; and the whole passage, of which it constitutes the concluding part, is of unrivalled sublimity; superior, as I think, to any thing even in the wonderful *Ilias*. The wide vision of the god from the summit of Samothrace; the trembling of the forests and the mountain beneath his feet, as he rushes in fury from his high station; the four strides which bring him to his golden palace in the depths of the sea at *Ægæ*; the brazen-footed and golden-maned horses which he harnesses to his golden chariot, imperishable alike with the steeds; and lastly his passage over the dividing billows, as it is described in the following verses, form in their combination such a grand picture as is not probably to be equalled in all the productions of poetry.

Βῆ δ' ἰλάαν ἱπὶ κύματ' ἄταλλε δὲ κήτι' ὑπ' αὐτῷ
 Πάροδον ἱκ κινθμῶν, ὅδ' ἡγιοίησιν ἄνακτα'
 Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δῖγατο· τοὶ δ' ἐπίτορτο
 'Ρίμφα μάλ', ὅδ' ἐπίνεθι διαίνετο χάλκιος ἄξων.
 v. 27.

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep:
 The enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the watery way;
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play.
 The sea, subsiding, spreads a level plain;
 Exults and owns the monarch of the main:
 The parting waves before his coursers fly;
 The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

POPE.

Fond as I generally am of Pope, I cannot say much in praise of the translation which I have cited; for, in truth, it is altogether an indifferent composition, diffuse, and faithless as well to the thoughts as to the character of his original. But that Dryden has treated Virgil still more scurvily, will, perhaps, be apparent from the following quotation of his version.

His *finny* team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws;
 And to the *loosen'd* reins permits the laws.
 High on the waves his azure car he guides:
 Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
 And the smooth ocean rolls *her* silent tides.
 The tempests fly before their father's face:
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
 And monster whales before their master play;
 And *choirs* of Tritons crowd the watery way.
 The *marshal'd* powers in equal troops divide
 To right and left the gods his better side
 Inclose; and on the left the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Ver. 1065.—To thee he comes: to thee upon his wings
 A dire repose, O Palinurus! brings.

In this narration of the death of Palinurus we may observe how the poet can elevate and ornament any subject. Exhausted

by watching, the Trojan pilot is overcome with sleep, and falls from the steerage into the sea. This is the simple fact, and thus it would be told in prose. But when this accident is made the subject of the poet, the death in question is foretold and claimed, as an atonement for the whole Trojan host, by one god; and is accomplished by the immediate agency of another. At the predestined time, Sleep descends silently from the stars, assumes the form of one of the pilot's friends, and endeavours to persuade him to resign for awhile the government of the ship, and to refresh himself with repose. When his arguments, to seduce the faithful pilot from his duty, proved ineffectual, the fraudulent god strikes the temples of his victim with a branch dipped in Styx and Lethe, and, having thus at last subdued him, falls on him and plunges him, with the still grasped rudder, into the waves. I cannot see what there is in this account to justify Spence, when he asserts that it "is in the strong oriental taste," and charges it as inconsistent with the account of his own death given by Palinurus in the subsequent book. He had fallen into the sea, without any consciousness of the divine agency by which he had been overcome, and, buoyed by the rudder, he had floated to the coast of Italy, where he was murdered by the barbarous natives. Surely then with perfect consistency might he tell Æneas that no god had been the cause of his death, and that Phœbus had not predicted falsely respecting his arrival in Italy. Dead slumber had instantly followed the effusion of the Lethean dews; the god, Sleep, had not killed him: and he had reached Italy. Spence was an elegant, though not a profound scholar: but the intimacy of Pope raised him into too much consequence; and his celebrity made him too self-confident and presuming as a critic. Very few of his critical observations have I found to be just, or to be worthy of much attention. Many men, beside Tom Warton, have been spoiled by too much accidental and disproportioned celebrity. Designed to be laborers, they are induced to become architects, and thus to lose reputation as the combiners of materials, when they might have preserved regard as the diggers and the hewers. Thank Heaven, I am not likely to be hurt in this way; or to be corrupted with inordinate praise! With respect to the political object of the *Æneis*, Spence herded in opinion with the crowd of his

times; but his name can give no additional strength to the party which he espoused. The death of Palinurus, as it may be observed, was an event which demanded the attention of the poet, and asked for his adorning hand. The pilot of Æneas was a character of dignity; and his death happens at the important crisis when the hero was within sight of Italy and just about to attain the object of his long pursuit.

Ver. 1099.—. and, seising her command,
 'Through the dark ocean steers with dauntless
 hand:

In this place there is a difficulty, which, as far as I can recollect, has not been noticed by any of the commentators. The *gubernaculum*, or steerage of the ship, had fallen, with Palinurus, into the sea. By what means, then, could her course, immediately on the discovery of the accident, be governed by Æneas? *ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis*. This surely is an oversight of the poet's, which betrays the want of his final revision. In the separation of this book from the next, *Tucca* and *Varius*, to whom the management is generally ascribed, appear to have acted injudiciously: for, *sic fatur lacrimans*, is parted too violently from the lamenting reflexion of Æneas; and *Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris*, seems to be the just conclusion of the book, when the fleet has finished its voyage from Sicily, and is now, at length, safe in the port of Cumæ.

BOOK VI.

By the unanimous suffrage of the critics, this book has been placed in the same superior class of merit with the second and the fourth, as shining, where all shine, with a lustre of distinguishing brilliancy. Its peculiar character is sublimity; and in no part of the *Æneis* is the inventive faculty of the poet more illustriously displayed. It was, as there is good authority to assert, one of the three books of the unfinished poem which were submitted to Augustus, in consequence of his pressing importunities: and, independently of its higher claims in the right of genius, it appears to be that portion of the poem, which has obtained the most polish from the hand of its great author. Throughout its whole extent, as it may be remarked, we find only one hemistich, and that only, where it may be regarded as most happily placed, in the oracular response of the raging prophetess. The attempt of Warburton to prove that by the descent of *Æneas* to the shades was intended his initiation into the mysteries; and that all the leading circumstances of this adventure are nothing more than figurative disclosures of the secret rites practised at Eleusis, is too generally known to require me to dilate on it. The mind of Warburton, naturally comprehensive and sagacious, was richly stored with erudition: but it was too bold and enterprising to be correct in its aims or secure of its objects. Panting after distinction, and never satisfied to walk in the same track with his fellow mortals, he is perpetually deviating; and his deviations are generally from the region of truth, which was too little for his ambition, into the brambles and quagmires of paradox. In his dissertation, on this book of the *Æneis*, he has discovered much ingenuity, and, with the assistance (as it must be confessed) of Meursius, a wide compass of learning. But with all his powers and his acquisitions, he has not succeeded even so far as to give speciousness to the produce of his exertions. To follow him through the long labyrinth of his sophistry would be an unne-

cessary labor, and would lead me also far beyond those limits within which I am confined. I will, however, give one instance of the mode in which he conducts his argument; that, *ex pede Herculem*, from this foot of the colossal phantom the reader may form a judgment of the whole shadowy frame. His first process throughout this whole argument (if argument it may be called) is to advance a bold and unauthorized assertion; the next is to deduce from this unsupported affirmation, as from a mathematical axiom, such consequences as may be adapted to his purpose. In this way he asserts, as a self-evident proposition, that all the descents of living heroes into Hades, the region of the dead, which are recorded by the poets, were actual initiations; and that Orpheus, Hercules, Theseus, and, by consequence, Æneas were all of them initiated; though the third of these chiefs, having obtained the initiation by violence, was condemned for his crime to eternal punishment. He then asserts that these heroes were initiated because they were legislators, to which character the holy ceremony of initiation was regarded as essentially requisite; and, for the roof of that which he thus affirms, he produces as incontestible authority, this line of Virgil, which speaks of Orpheus as having descended into the infernal regions,

Threiciâ fretus citharâ, fidibusque canoris—

“the harp,” as the bishop says, “being the known symbol of his laws, by which he humanized a rude and barbarous people!!!” When we read therefore that the Thracian bard descended into the realms of night, with his lyre in his hand, for the purpose of recovering his wife by the power of his melodies on the Stygian monarch, we are to understand only that he was one of the initiated, and a legislator! How the learned prelate would dispose of Eurydice, who constitutes a chief part of the story, is beyond my ability to conjecture. But if this fantastic hypothesis had been ever so speciously defended, still would it be overthrown by three very sturdy facts. The mysteries were not instituted in Greece till a period considerably subsequent to the days of Orpheus, Hercules, and Theseus: Virgil never visited Greece till a short time before his death, and consequently when he wrote the sixth book of his epic, could not

have been initiated; and, lastly, on the supposition of his having been anteriorly initiated, he could not have disclosed the secrets of the Eleusinian fane without becoming infamous, and exposing himself to the effects of a civil excommunication. But I have expended too much time in tilting with this most vague and shadowy of shadows. On some of the more remarkable passages in this noble book I may possibly offer a few occasional observations as we proceed.

Verse 8.—Some scour the woods for game.

..... *Pars densa ferarum*
Tecta rapit silvas :

If I could for a moment persuade myself that the meaning, assigned to this passage by Ruæus and some of the other commentators, was the meaning intended by Virgil, I would not hesitate to say that never did a little thought strut with such inflation and under such a disproportioned pomp of expression. *Pars colligit ligna*, (part gather sticks,) says Ruæus, and how well this interpretation will sound in English may be found in Dryden's translation, in which it is adopted, and where it is assisted by some adventitious circumstances.

Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed :
Or search for hollow trees and fell the woods.

I conceive that there can be no doubt that the sense of the passage is that which I have given to it. They rapidly traverse the forests, the thick coverts of wild animals, for the purpose of procuring game.

Ver. 205.—To all that breathe are barr'd the realms below,
Unless they first shall pluck the golden bough ;

This circumstance of the golden bough has been made the subject of much learned and curious disquisition; and it is seized with eagerness by Warburton for the support of his idle hypothesis. But, though perhaps it is the best adapted to his purpose of any circumstance in this book, he can make very little if any thing of it: for it was a myrtle crown which was worn by the initiated in the temple of the Eleusinian Ceres; and though this might be interwoven with gold, and might occasionally be

carried in the hand (neither of which asserted facts are proved by the learned prelate) its resemblance, after all, to the golden bough consecrated to Proserpine, cannot easily be discovered. This golden bough, indeed, seems to be altogether a fiction of Virgil's, the first hint of which was probably suggested to him by the golden rod of Mercury, with which he conducted the souls of the slain suitors to the realms of the dead, in the last book of the *Odyssey*.

.....ἔχει δὲ ῥάϊδον μίλᾳ χερσὶν
Καλὴν, χρυσεῖην, &c.

The golden reflection of the bough through the other branches seems to be taken from a beautiful passage in Apollonius, where the fleece is represented as throwing a flamy splendor over the countenance of Jason.

Καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ ξανθοῖσι παρῆσιν ἠδὲ μίλῳ
Μαρμαρυγῇ ληϊῶν φλογὶ ἱκελον ἶεν ἱερὺς
Ἀργ. iv. 172.

Ver. 309.—Heap'd incense and the flesh of victims burn;
And feeding oil, &c.

Turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo.

My learned friend, Mr. E. H. Barker, has favored me with some remarks, together with extracts from various commentators, on the precise meaning of the word *dapes*, in this passage, whether it be used here to signify the aliment of the fire, connected as it is with the *fuso olivo*, the oil: or whether it be the flesh of the victims (the *cæna feralis* mentioned by Apuleius) which was thrown, upon these occasions, on the funeral pile. Mr. Barker decides in favor of the latter opinion; and I conceive that no doubt can rest upon the subject. In the same paper, transmitted to me by my learned friend, is an extract from Fr. Liebgott Becher; in which this worthy critic expresses himself as much offended and even sickened (*NAUSEAMQUE creavit*, are Becher's words) by Virgil's application of the epithet, *ingens*, within the compass of a few lines, to Æneas and to Cerberus. I can only say that the sensibility of these German critics is greater than mine, and their stomachs more apt to be turned. I can discover no reason why *ingens*, in its direct

..... Fast we found, fast shut
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong :
 But long ere our approaching, heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song :
 Torment and loud lament and furious rage."

viii. 240.

Ver. 756.—Then, back upon their thundering hinges roll'd,
 Those portals of the fiends at length unfold.

I feel confident that this is spoken by the Sibyl in continuation of her narrative; and not, (as is supposed by Servius, Ruæus, and many other learned men,) told by the Poet himself as an actual opening of the gates at the time of her addressing Æneas. When a full confession of his guilt has been extorted from the criminal by the scourges of the Furies, then, at length, the dreadful gates of Tartarus are opened for his reception :

*Tum demum horrissono stridentes cardine sacræ
 Panduntur portæ.*

When the full process of conviction has been accomplished (and not before) *Tum demum*, then, at last, the execution takes place, and the wretch is consigned to final punishment. This is all in the natural course of the narrative; and that it is the continued narration of the Sibyl is confirmed by what immediately follows :

..... *Cernis, custodia qualis
 VESTIBULO sedeat? facies quæ limina servet?*

The Sibyl points the attention of the chief to the guard without the gate, and then proceeds to tell him of the more terrible monsters which are within :

*Quinquaginta atris inmanis hiatibus hydra
 Sævior intus habet sedem.*

Ruæus is followed by Pitt. Lauderdale and Dryden express themselves in this instance so vaguely that I cannot determine which side of the question they espouse; and Trapp and Heyne are with me.

Ver. 782.—There also Tityos, earth's vast son, I found, &c.

I will transcribe the Tityos of Homer, that the reader may compare him with the tortured giant of Virgil:

Καὶ Τίτυόν μιν ἰδὼν, γαίης ἱερικυδῖος υἱόν,
 Κείμενον ἐν δακίδω· ὃ δ' ἐπ' ἰνῖα χιῖτο πίλιθρα.
 Γῦπι δὲ μιν ἱκάλεσθαι παρημένω ἦπαρ ἔκλειρον
 Δίετρον ἴσω δύστητις· ὃ δ' ἐκ ἀπαμύνετο χερσὶ.
 Λητὴ γὰρ ἤλκησιν, Διὸς κυδρὴν παράκοιτιν,
 Πυθῶδ' ἱρχομένην, διὰ καλλιχόρῳ Πανοπῆος·
 λ. 576.

There Tityos, large and long, in fetters bound,
 O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground.
 Two rav'nous vultures, furious for their food,
 Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood:
 Incessant gore the liver in his breast;
 The immortal liver grows, and gives the immortal feast.
 For as, o'er Panope's enamell'd plain,
 Latona journey'd to the Pythian fane,
 With haughty love the audacious monster strove
 To soice the goddess, and to rival Jove.

POPE.—*Odys.* xi. 709.

Surely, on comparing the two descriptions, it must be admitted, by the most zealous idolater of Homer, that the Greek poet is in this instance excelled by the Roman:

..... *secundaque pœnis*
Viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore; nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis,

are expressions of unrivalled energy and beauty. The single Virgilian vulture seems to be more formidable than the two of Homer. In some of the preceding and in the twenty-seven succeeding lines Virgil is also unquestionably superior to his Grecian master. By the way I may remark, that the description of Tantalus, in this part of the Odyssey, beautiful as it is, is suspected as an interpolation.

Verse 981.—And few we are who gain these blissful seats, &c.

..... *exinde per amplum*
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus :
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, &c.

This passage, which, as it is now pointed, clearly implies either a continuation of the penal purgation or a renewal of it in Elysium (represented by Virgil as the mansion of perfect bliss) has puzzled all the commentators, without the exception even of the sagacious Heyne. Heyne indeed is for cutting the knot which he cannot untie; and would reject these verses, without the authority of a single MS. because he cannot explain them in consistency with the avowed design of Virgil. *Ut nunc versus se ordine excipiunt*, says this able commentator, *aut nova in Elysio fit, aut inchoata ante animarum purgatio in Elysio absolvitur : quod omnino novum est et insolens*. And then he proceeds to give his reasons for their expunction. The explanation of them by Ruæus, which depends upon an unauthorized meaning which he assigns to *donec*, cannot be admitted. Trapp proposes a different placing of the verses in question, and would read the passage thus :

Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni ;
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum atque auræ simplicis ignem.
Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus.

This disposition of the passage would give good sense, though not, as I conceive, the precise sense intended by Virgil: but unfortunately it is not supported by any MS. authority; and, without this, we have no right to alter for our own purposes, be these purposes ever so justifiable. But to me there appears to be no difficulty in the passage, nor any occasion to change it in any way. I would point it thus :

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*Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium ; et pauci lata arva tenemus
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, &c.*

and I would translate it according to its obvious meaning, viz.—The Manes of us all undergo expiatory infliction. We are then sent into spacious Elysium ; and few of us attain to these blissful fields till a long period, the circuit of time being completed, has effaced the concreted stain. In other words, few are allowed to enjoy Elysium till they have undergone a *long* period of purgation ; but some, among whom (as it would appear from the short interval between his death, and this interview with his son) was Anchises himself, are admitted to the blessed state after a *short* term of purifying punishment. No stop, or at most a comma, must be interposed after *tenemus*, and the emphatic words of the sentence are *pauci* and *longa*. Some were detained in this preparatory state a longer and some a shorter time : but the multitude continued in it for a long period. The hero's father was in purgatory with the rest : but he was soon dismissed into Elysium. If I have been tedious in my explanation of this passage, I trust that, in consequence of its importance, the reader will pardon me.

Verse 984.—And left, in all its native radiance bright,
The etherial sense of elemental light.

..... *purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum atque auræ simplicis ignem.*

Nothing can more forcibly demonstrate the incompatibility of the pure abstractions of philosophy with those palpable substances, which are properly the subjects of poetry, than the discordancy of this passage with all that immediately follows it, and occupies the remaining portion of the book. According to the sublime doctrine of Plato, we are here told that the Manes, on their release from those terrestrial bodies in which they had been incarcerated, are exercised and refined by a long process of purgation till they are reduced to the simplicity of that fine, etherial, elemental flame, that *auræ simplicis ignis* (a something approx-

imating as nearly to spirit as is conceivable by the human mind) which constitutes the essence of the soul. This is all purely philosophical and truly noble: but this is all too subtle and impalpable for the purposes of poetry; and, in the subsequent review of the chiefs of Alba and of Rome, we find these almost spiritual beings, these purified and naked souls, represented as human bodies, with human passion and action, nay, marked with the progressive effects of animal maturity and decay. One of these chiefs leans upon a spear; another holds an axe; some are distinguishable by their youth and vigor; one is known by his hoary beard, and one arrests the attention of the hero by the gloom which overcasts his countenance; whilst the old kings of Troy are amidst their planted spears, their empty chariots, and their unharnessed steeds. This sensible representation of its objects was inevitable to poetry; and Virgil himself could not at once be the philosopher and the poet. On the present occasion, he must have been the last: but whether prudence and consistency ought not to have dissuaded him from attempting to be the first, is a question on which I am rather puzzled to decide. The Elysium, in short, of Virgil is altogether material, while the doctrine, on which he builds it, is something very nearly spiritual. I am not aware that this inconsistency has been noticed by any of the commentators. In the *Life of Milton* I have remarked on the ill success of a somewhat similar ambition in our own mighty poet. He wished to make his superhuman agents spirits; and he could not represent them otherwise in action than as material beings.

Verse 1192.—Two are the gates of Sleep:

The idea of these gates of Sleep is derived from the nineteenth book of the *Odyssey*; where they are mentioned in the reply of Ulysses to Penelope, when she had related her dream to him. But the use which Virgil has made of the fiction must be regarded as unfortunate; for it has exposed him to the imputation of a meaning, which, of all others, he would have been, as I am satisfied, the most solicitous to avoid. This dismissal of Æneas and the Sibyl through the ivory gate, assigned for the transit of (*falsa insomnia*, not false or lying, as we may cursorily remark,

but insubstantial dreams) dreams, regarded as mere non-entities, has generally been considered, from the times of Ausonius and Servius to the present, as designed to inform us that all which had previously been said, respecting the descent of Æneas and the mansions of the dead, was nothing but fiction, the creation of fancy, illusive and unreal as a dream. For this conduct in the Poet the learned have accounted in different ways; and some, with the most plausibility, have ascribed it to the tenets of that sect of philosophy, the Epicurean, to which, for what good reasons I know not, he is supposed to have been attached. But, if such was in truth the intention of Virgil, nothing can be conceived at once more idle and more injudicious. To acquaint us that the descent of Æneas to Hades was a fiction, was surely very unnecessary; and for the poet to provide in this way against our possible credulity, and thus with one dash of his pen to undo what he had been endeavouring through the course of a long book, with the noblest efforts of his poetry, to accomplish, was an act, I will not say of erroneous judgment but, of frantic suicide, the suggestion of desperate insanity. Most fully am I persuaded that such could never have been Virgil's design; and that if the effect of the lines in question had once occurred to his suspicion, he would have altered the passage, and have discovered, whatever exertion the discovery might have cost him, some other mode of extricating his hero from the shades. The simple fact I believe, with Heyne, to be, that, at a loss how to reconduct Æneas and the Sibyl to this breathing world, the Poet recollected the Homeric gates of Sleep, as a fiction suited to his purpose; and, not aware of the consequence, too easily assented to its adoption. Having once made this incautious decision, he could not do otherwise than he has done. Through the gate of horn, real apparitions, or disembodied entities, alone could pass. This therefore was barred against Æneas and his companion, who were still in their mortal vestures. Only the gate of ivory then remained open for their egress; and this, as it may be observed, was in fact unoccupied; for it was appropriated to things (or rather nothings) unendowed with real existence.

To make this ivory gate subservient to his favorite purpose, Warburton, who saw the absurdity of the design commonly attributed to the Poet in his adoption of this fiction, discovers in

it the private mark to ascertain that the descent of *Æneas* signified his initiation into the mysteries, and affirms, that it could be no other than that sumptuous door of the temple through which the initiated came out when the celebration was over!! But this is all, like the far greater part of the learned prelate's dissertation, nothing more than gratuitous assertion. That there was a gate, through which the initiated left the temple, is most certain, for we are assured that they did not pass their subsequent lives in the fane; but whether this gate was the same by which they entered, or whether or not it was particularly *sumptuous*, we have no means of ascertaining. We might ask; also, whether *sumptuous* and *ivory* are necessarily the same.

Some apology perhaps may be thought requisite for a word which I have used in my translation of this passage, the word, I mean, "eburnean," which the reader may be apt to suspect as a coin from my own mint. Such, as I will confess, I considered it to be, when, wanting a word of that size to supply my rhythm, and conceiving also that the English language required such a word for the adjective of ivory, I first ventured to employ it. But, looking subsequently into the dictionary of old Bailey, *φιλολόγος*, I discovered that the word had already been adopted by our language; and, contrary to what happens in the case of most other criminals, that my thought had been guilty, but that my deed was innocent.

END OF VOL. I.

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München

Vergilius Maro, Publius,

The Aeneis of Virgil

Bd.: Vol. 1

London 1820

A.lat.a. 2611 h-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10243565-7